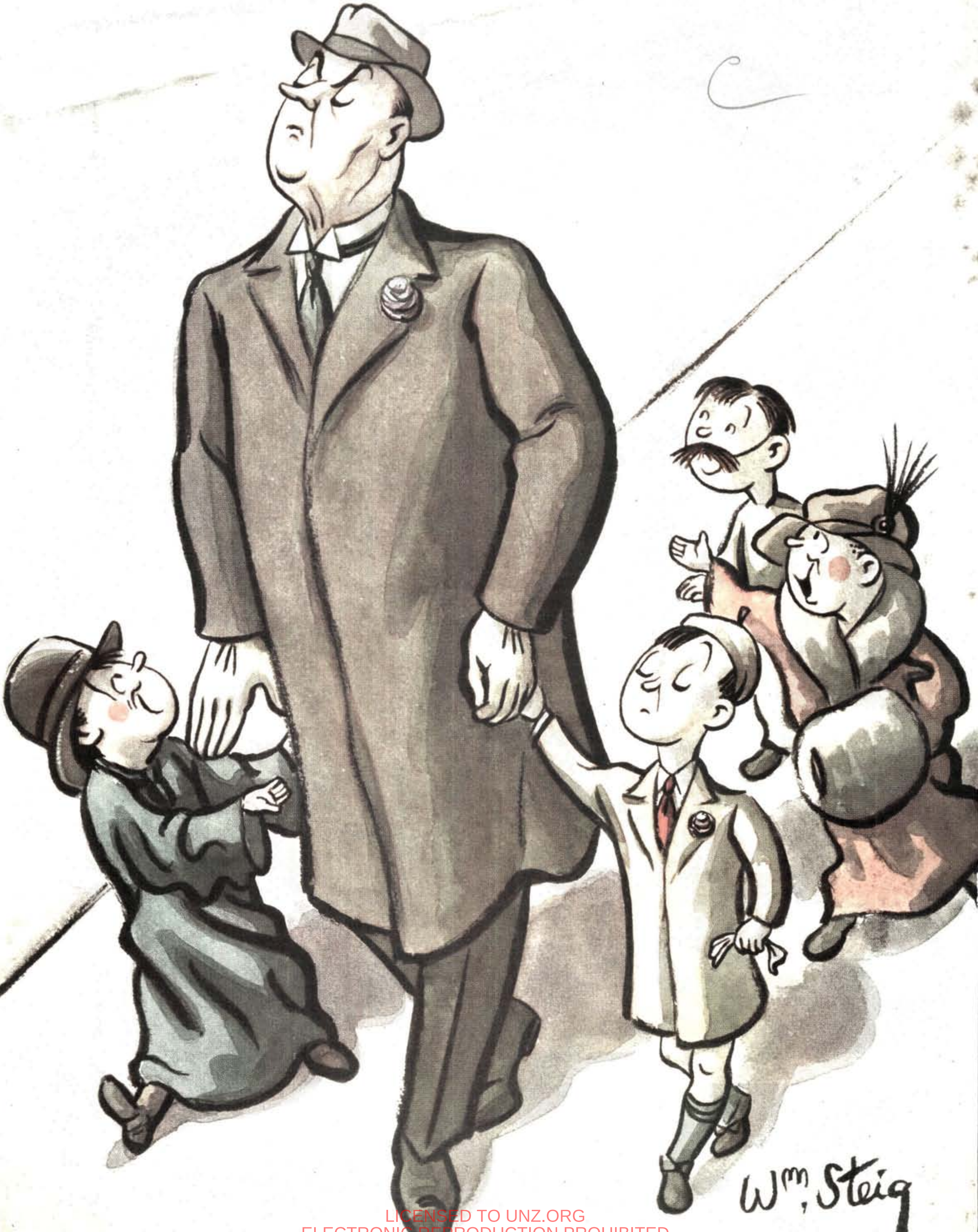
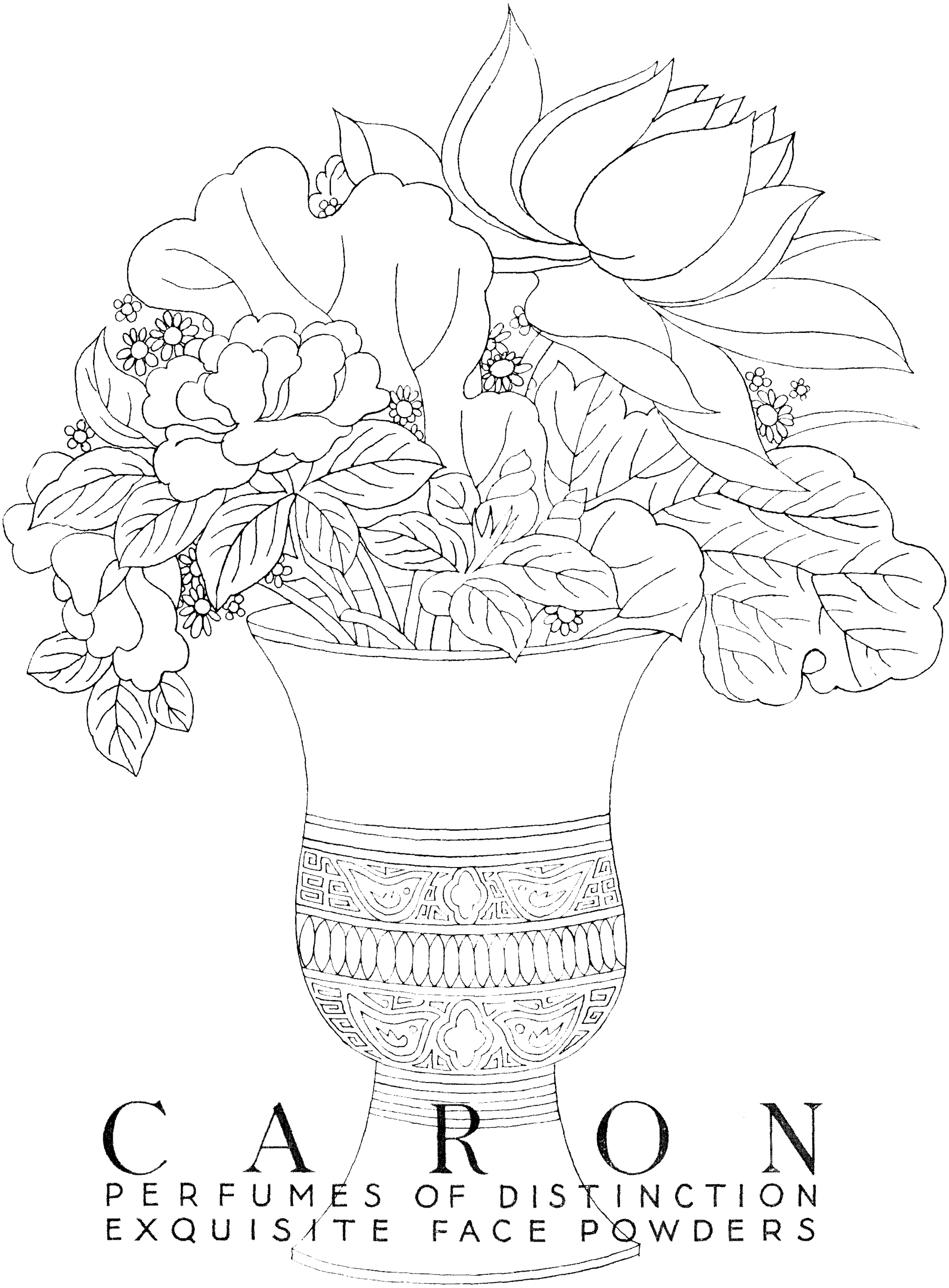
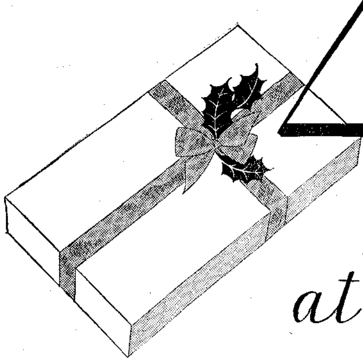
★ Nov. 19, 1932

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents




CARON
PERFUMES OF DISTINCTION
EXQUISITE FACE POWDERS



4 suggestions for Christmas Gifts of Wamsutta *at lower prices than ever before*

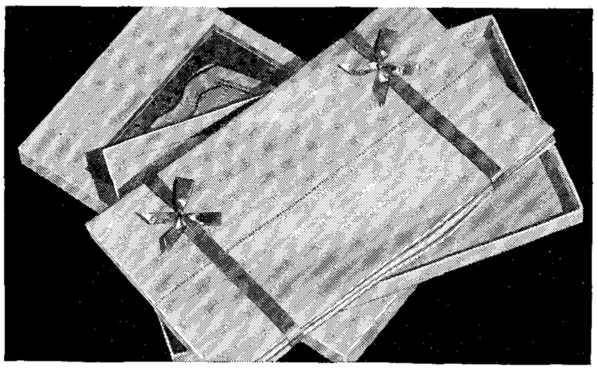
THERE is always a thrill in giving something of superlative quality—something unmistakably choice and worth having. When you give Wamsutta, for instance, you know that it will be not only joyfully used for its very loveliness, but treasured as an enduringly beautiful possession.

Even a single pair of Wamsutta pillow cases, in one of these handsome Christmas boxes, carries with it the implication: *"I want you to have the best."*

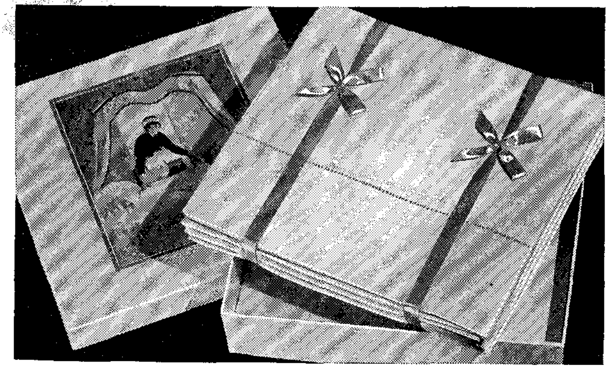
Your selection need not be either elaborate or expensive. In fact Wamsutta Boxed Sets are lower priced this year than they have ever been, although they offer you a wider choice of combinations and styles and a greater variety of exquisite colors.

The Wamsutta-North Star Catalog will help you harmonize your sheet and blanket colors. May we send you one?

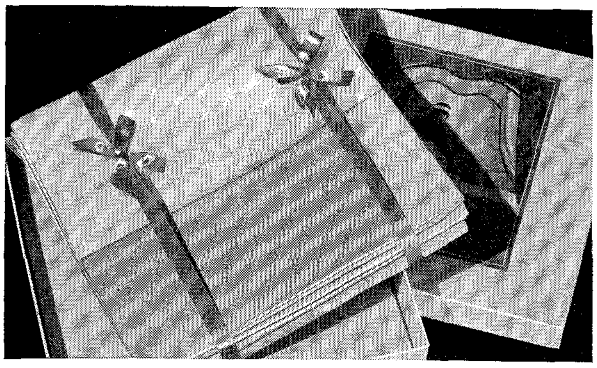
WAMSUTTA MILLS, *Founded 1846,* New Bedford, Mass.
NEW YORK SALES OFFICE, 180 Madison Avenue



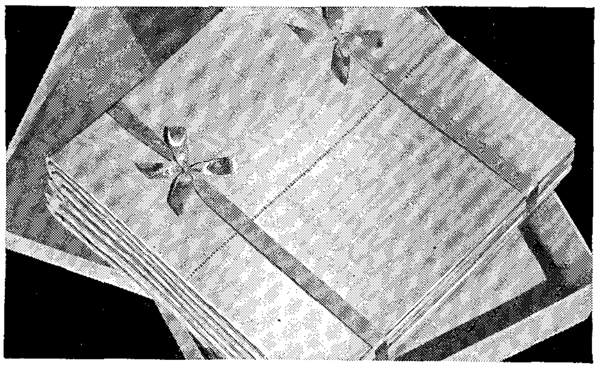
$1.80 *A Single Pair of Pillow Cases. In Plain White. Hemstitched.* 45 x 38½.



$3.90 *One Sheet* (72 x 108). *And One Pillow Case* (45 x 38½). *Plain White. Hemstitched.*



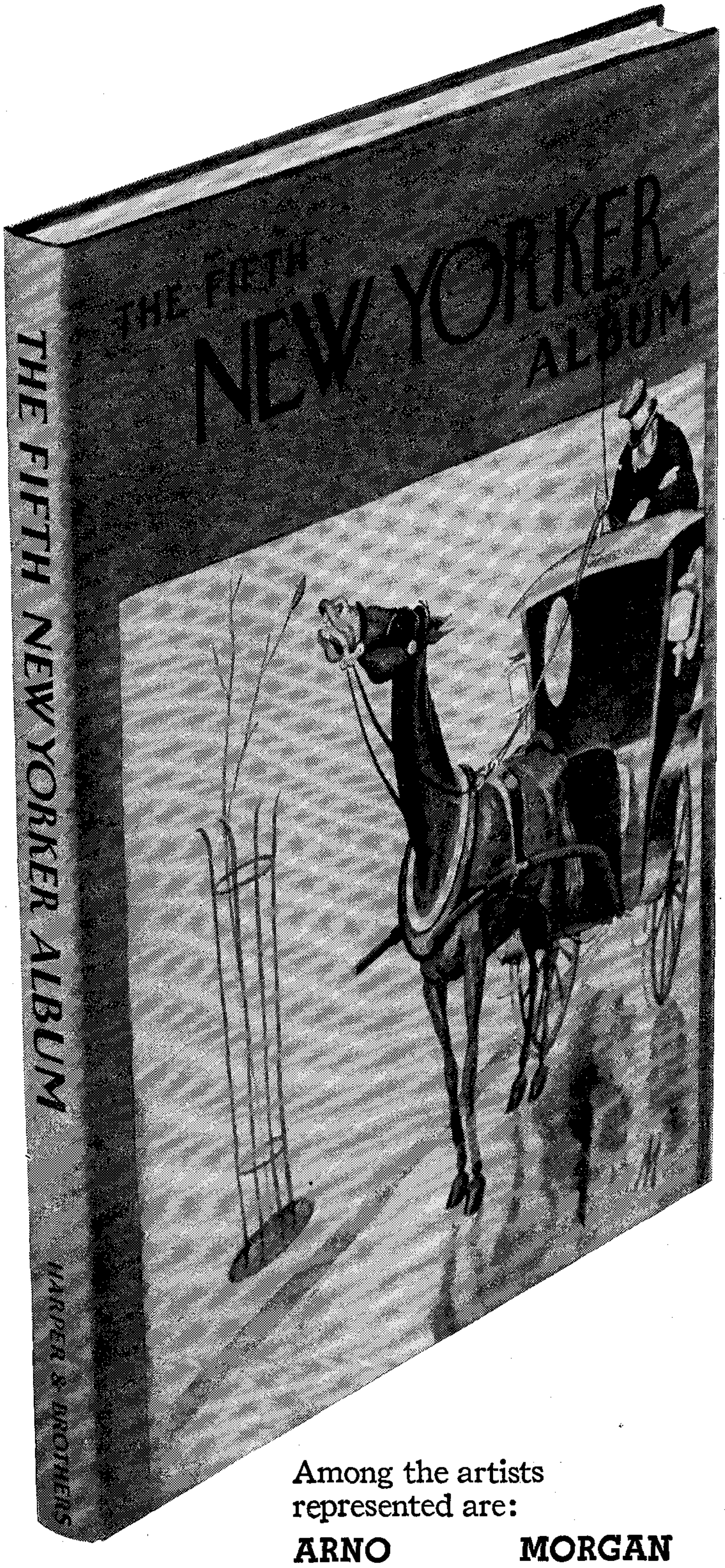
$5.25 *One Sheet* (72 x 108). *And One Pillow Case* (45 x 40½). *With Pastel Colored Hems.*



$12.00 *A Pair of Sheets* (72 x 108). *And a Pair of Pillow Cases* (45 x 40½). *Solid Color.*

WAMSUTTA SHEETS

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS


THE FIFTH NEW YORKER ALBUM
THE FIFTH NEW YORKER ALBUM
HARPER & BROTHERS

Pictures

Pictures

Pictures

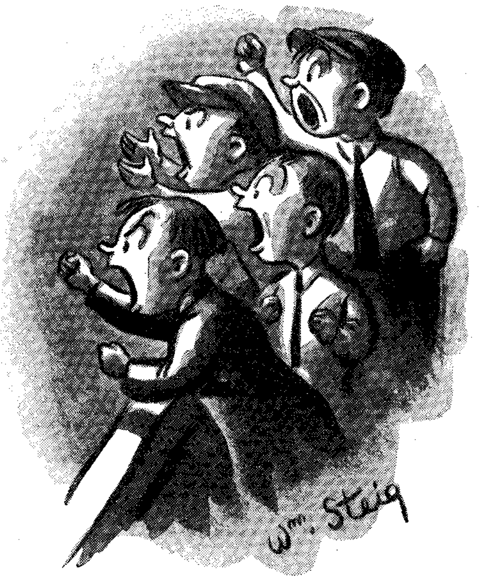
220 of them

Once again the cream of a year's wit and satire of The New Yorker has been collected in this volume—a big hilarious book which you will glance through again and again relishing its timely comments on the American scene. Here, if you can bring yourself to give it away, is the ideal gift for Christmas, for birthdays, or for week-end hostesses, or for any other person or occasion.
$2.50 at your bookstore.

Among the artists
represented are:

ARNO	**MORGAN**
DUNN	**PRICE**
FRUEH	**REA**
GALBRAITH	**SHERMUND**
HELD	**SOGLOW**
HOKINSON	**STEIG**
IRVIN	**THURBER**
MARSH	**WILLIAMS**

WORTMAN



Publishers
HARPER &
BROTHERS

THE FIFTH NEW YORKER ALBUM

The New Yorker, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VIII, No. 40, November 19, 1932. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1932, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

A FOX USED CLEVERLY

by

Bergdorf Goodman

Von Horn

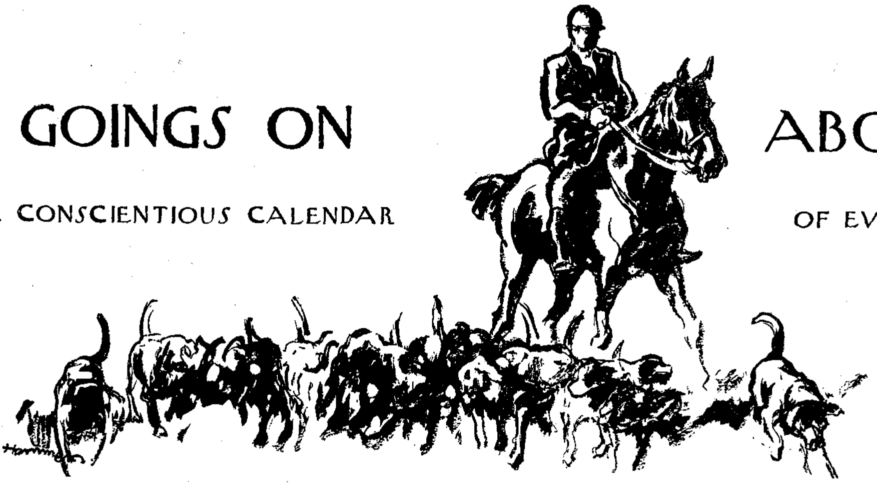
The evening dress of pervenche blue crinkly satin is one of those deceivingly simple things cut to fit marvelously around the waist. Its sole trimming is a perfectly straight band of grey fox, mounted on the separate cross-over satin sash. From our winter collection of made-to-order and ready-to-wear.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

BERGDORF
GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 P.M., for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Another Language—A play of family life so true that it hurts. With an excellent cast which includes Glenn Anders, Dorothy Stickney, Margaret Wycherly, Margaret Hamilton, and John Beal. (Booth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

Civic Repertory Theatre—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and others. "Dear Jane," Eleanor Holmes Hinckley's play about Jane Austen: Fri. Eve., Nov. 18; Tues. and Sat. Eves., Nov. 22 and 26. "Peter Pan": Sat. Mats., Nov. 19 and 26: "Liliom": Sat., Mon., and Thurs. Eves., Nov. 19, 21, and 24; Wed. Mat., Nov. 23. "Camille": Wed. Eve., Nov. 23. "Cradle Song": Fri. Eve., Nov. 25. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Clear All Wires!—Goings-on in a hotel room in Moscow. A funny satire on newspaper tactics, with a good cast headed by Thomas Mitchell. (Times Square, 42, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

Counsellor-at-Law—Paul Muni very dynamic in Elmer Rice's play about a successful lawyer who dodged his Nemesis. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Criminal at Large—A murder mystery which, after a slow start, surprises you not only with its dénouement but by being so well acted. Alexandra Carlisle, Emlyn Williams, and Katherine Wilson head the cast. (Belasco, 44, E. Mat. Thurs.)

Dangerous Corner—What happens when people get to telling what they really have done. J. B. Priestley's play, with Colin Keith-Johnston and Jean Dixon. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:50 P.M. Moves to Avon, 45, W., Mon., Nov. 21.)

Dinner at Eight—The Kaufman-Ferber exposé of a dinner party, showing just what everybody has done before they even start in on the soup. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

I Loved You Wednesday—Not what you would call an important play, but a little something nice about a lady who had a choice of people to run away with. (Harris, 42, W.)

The Late Christopher Bean—What would happen if a painter like Cézanne were to be posthumously discovered in New England. Sidney Howard has made an amusing adaptation from the French and an excellent cast headed by Pauline Lord and Walter Connolly makes it even better. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

Mademoiselle—Grace George and Alice Brady in something from the French about a governess who helps her charge have a baby, making up into a very pleasant evening all around. A. E. Matthews assists, but not in that way. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

Success Story—An impressive tale, by John Howard Lawson, of a boy who goes far up the ladder and finds nothing but grief. It is a play to see, by all means. Beautifully acted by Luther and Stella Adler. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

When Ladies Meet—This comedy starts on West Tenth Street and goes all the way up to Connecticut, so you can imagine what fun it is. Very polite and amusing, and nicely played by Frieda Inescort, Spring Byington, Selena Royle, Walter Abel, and Herbert Rawlinson. (Royale, 45, W. Extra Mat. Thurs.)

●

Ruth Draper—Last of a series of benefit performances: Fri., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Nov. 18, 19, and 20; Sat. Mat., Nov. 19. (Ritz, 48, W. 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

Cornelia Otis Skinner—In her new dramatic sequence, "The Empress Eugénie": Tues. and Wed. Eves., Nov. 22 and 23; Wed. and Fri. Mats., Nov. 23 and 25. . . . "The Wives of Henry VIII": Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Eves., Nov. 24, 25, and 26; Sat. Mat., Nov. 26. (Lyceum, 45, E. 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

Earl Carroll's Vanities—A naked but not a dirty show, about as much fun to watch as the average street accident. In the cast are Harriet Hoctor, Milton Berle, and Helen Broderick. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

Flying Colors—Well-behaved people like Charles Butterworth and Clifton Webb settling down for the winter in a very pretty Howard Dietz revue. (Imperial, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Of Thee I Sing—A musical satire on our national government, taking a crack at everything in hilarious fashion, if you don't mind being a schoolboy again. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Music in the Air—One of Jerome Kern's loveliest scores, with a book which draws very pleasant tears from sentimental folk, including this deputy. Reinald Werrenrath, Natalie Hall, Tullio Carmanati, Walter Slezak, Katherine Carrington, and Al Shean. (Alvin, 52, W.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify the dates.)

Autumn Crocus—C. L. Anthony's London success, with Francis Lederer and Patricia Collinge. Opens Sat., Nov. 19. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Firebird—A play from the Hungarian of Lajos Zilahy, adapted by Jeffrey Dell, with Judith Anderson, Henry Stephenson, Ian Keith, Montagu Love, Reginald Mason, and Nita Naldi. Opens Mon., Nov. 21. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

George White's Music Hall Varieties—With Harry Richman, Lily Damita, and Bert Lahr. Opens Mon. Eve., Nov. 21. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50. 8:30 P.M.)

The Dubarry—An operetta from the German, with Grace Moore and Howard Marsh. Opens Tues., Nov. 22. (Cohan, B'way at 43. 8:30 P.M.)

Take a Chance—Schwab and DeSylva's new musical show, with Jack Haley, Ethel Merman, and Jack Whiting. Opens Wed., Nov. 23. (Apollo, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Gay Divorce—Fred Astaire in a comedy with Cole Porter music. The cast also includes Luella Gear and Claire Luce. Opens Tues., Nov. 29. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

The following were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Chrysalis—A play by Rose A. Porter, with Osgood Perkins, June Walker, Humphrey Bogart, and others. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

The Dark Hours—A play by Don Marquis, presenting the last episodes in the life of Christ. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:40 P.M.)

The Perfect Marriage—Fay Bainter and Edith Barrett in a comedy by Arthur Goodrich. (Bijou, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

●

For Children—The Clare Tree Major Co. in "Huckleberry Finn": Sat. Morn., Nov. 19, at 10:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University.) . . . The Charlotte Lund Opera Co. in "Cinderella": Thurs. Morn., Nov. 24, at 11. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin's ha-cha orchestra, songs by Georges Metaxa, and dances by George Murphy and Julie Johnson.*

Club El Patio, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—Gaily redecorated, this smart after-theatre rendezvous offers entertainment by Rosita and Ramon, Endor and Farrell, and Frances Maddux. Henry King's orchestra.*

El Garrón, 159 W. 49 (Circle 7-2627)—Where you will find Leon Belasco's orchestra, a swell tango band, amusing songs by Dora Maughan, and dances by Fontana and Ludmilla.*

Mayfair Yacht Club, 450½ E. 52 (Plaza 3-1456)—Supper dancing to Meyer Davis music in a room that looks out on the East River. Songs by Ross and Sargent.

Montparnasse, 6 E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9025)—Emil Coleman and the Yacht Club Boys, in an elaborate but cosy interior.*

Place Pigalle, 201 W. 52 (Columbus 5-5946)—Enric Madriguera's dance music, with entertainment by Veloz and Yolanda, Peppy De Albrew, and Deslys and Clark.*

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—After-theatre dancing in the Grill Neptune. William Scotti's Hotel Pierre Orchestra.* . . . "La Bohème" supper dances in the Georgian Room Sat. Eves. only. Must dress.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—People who have the St. Regis habit never seem to get over it. Anson Weeks and his orchestra play in the Seaglade; dances by Caperton and Biddle. Must dress.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Jack Denny and his orchestra play for supper dancing in the Empire Room.* . . . Le Reisman provides the music for the Pierrette Club Supper Dances, Sat. Eves., in the Sert Room. Must dress.

Bohemia, B'way between 52 and 53 (Circle 7-5778)—A new place, with a Tony Sarg show at 11:30 and 1:30. No cover charge.

Greenwich Village—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), with Eddie Davis' music. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8.

Harlem—You'll have to ask a friend where to find the various low-down dives, but two well-known places are: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687); and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630). Revues start at about 12:30 and 2 A.M.

Hungarian—The Gypsy Trail, 228 W. 52 (Columbus 5-9066), recently opened, with a Hungarian band and singers. . . . Csarda, 203 E. 92 (Atwater 9-9505), where cimbalom and gipsy music give that romantic touch.

Russian Motif—The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (Tompkins Square 6-9784), for Russian food; singing by Adia Kuznetzoff and Tamara.

Spanish Atmosphere—El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646), with a new

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

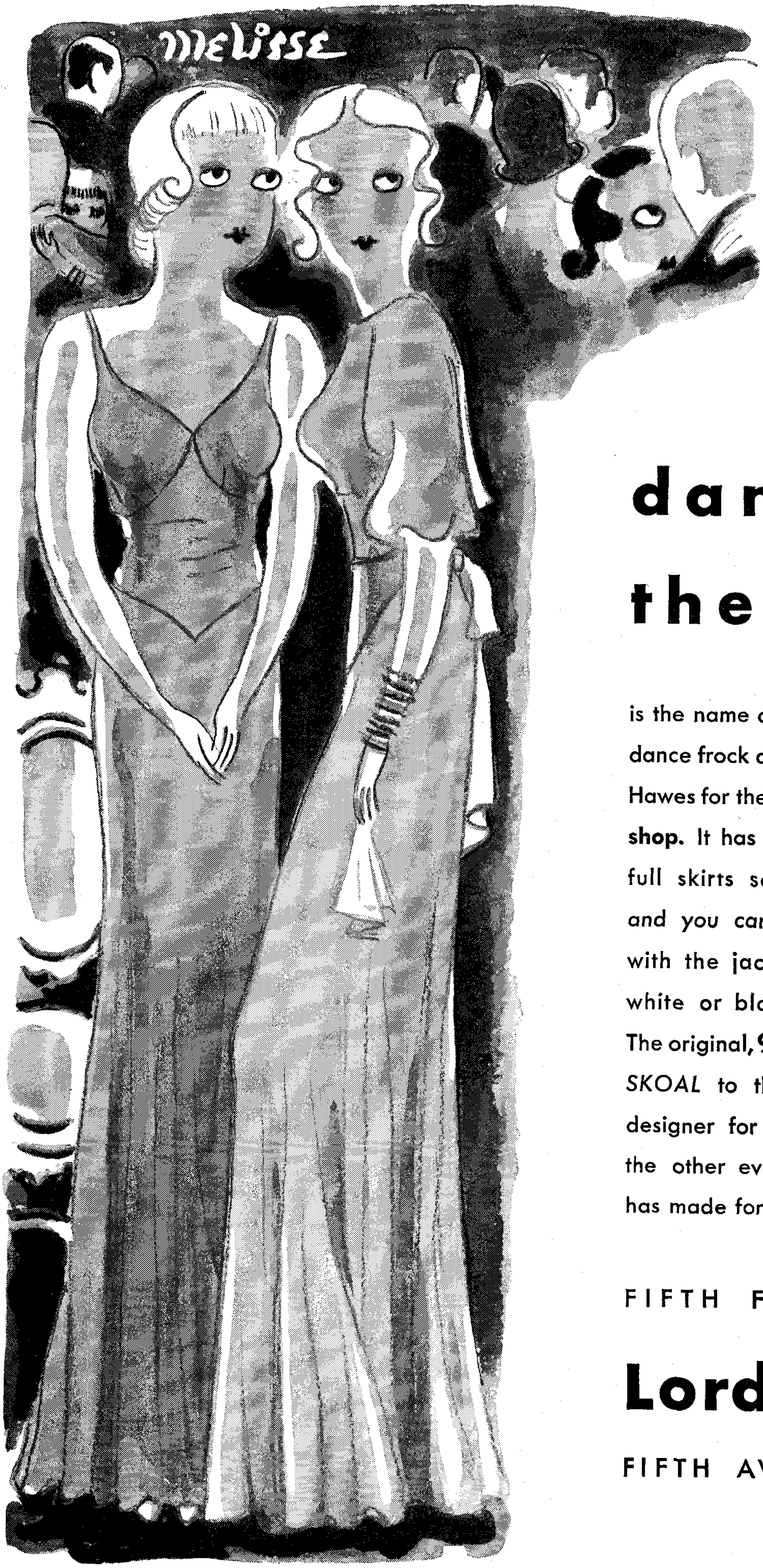
Page

OF ALL THINGS 16
THE THEATRE 22
PROFILES 24
PARIS LETTER 32
SHOUTS AND MURMURS 38
THE WAYWARD PRESS 40
OVER THE WAVES 45

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:

PARIS FASHIONS CABLE 48
FEMININE FOIBLES 48
KIDDIES' KHRISTMAS KORNER 50
MUSICAL EVENTS 59
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS 61
FOOTBALL 63
THE CURRENT CINEMA 65
THE RACE TRACK 67
THE ART GALLERIES 69
BOOKS 73

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200



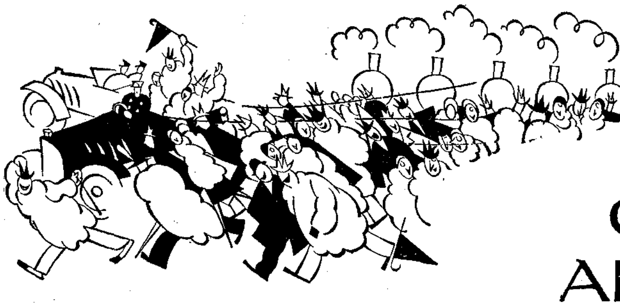
dancing in the dark

is the name of a misty grey chiffon dance frock designed by Elizabeth Hawes for the **young new yorkers' shop.** It has one of those flower-full skirts so fine for dancing; *and you can put on informality* with the jacket. In grey, flame, white or black. Sizes 11 to 17. The original, **95.00** Copies, **39.50** *SKOAL* to this young American designer for the above and for the other evening successes she has made for us!

FIFTH FLOOR

Lord & Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26.]

(Continued from page 4)

show. . . . El Gaucho, 245 Sullivan, at Wash. Sq. (Spring 7-0875), small and intimate.

Notes on Dance Orchestras—Paul Whiteman plays in the Supper Room of the Biltmore, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920).* . . . Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are at the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45 (Vanderbilt 3-9200).* . . . You will find George Olsen at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000). . . . Harold Stern is at the St. Moritz, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800). . . . Ted Weems plays in the Pennsylvania Grill, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000). . . . Harry Barris is at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 55 (Circle 7-8000). . . . Don Bestor and Art Jarrett are at the Silver Grill, Hotel Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Harry Rosenthal provides the music for the Music Box Sunday Dinner Dances at Sherry's, 300 Park (Plaza 3-0200).

MOTION PICTURES

Downstairs—John Gilbert, brighter than usual, in a rather lively comedy. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., Nov. 18; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Grand Hotel—The big Garbo picture turns up again, probably for the last time hereabout. (Lenox Little Theatre, 52 E. 78; Sun., Nov. 20, continuous from 2 P.M.; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 21 and 22, 7:30 and 9:30 P.M.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang—This may startle innocent optimists and it won't cheer them up. A forceful picture, with Paul Muni. (Strand, B'way at 47; continuous from 11 A.M.)

Kameradschaft—An accident in a German coal mine, with many scenes of pictorial value. English subtitles. (Europa, 154 W. 55; continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

Maedchen in Uniform—The distinguished German picture which everyone should see. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat., Sun., and Thanksgiving at 6 P.M.)

Rain—This is afraid of the facts of the story, but may please some. With Joan Crawford and Walter Huston. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Lexington, Lexington at 51; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 18-20; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Smilin' Through—Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard in an old-fashioned sob story with some style. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 18-20; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Strange Interlude—The O'Neill saga with Clark Gable and Norma Shearer. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat., Sun., and Thanksgiving at 6 P.M.)

Trouble in Paradise—Something Lubitsch has whipped up which proves to be quite savory. With Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

Note—"Dishonored," with Marlene Dietrich, will be revived at the Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, Tues. and Wed., Nov. 22 and 23; continuous from 1 P.M.

Also recommended, if you run across it: "The Old Dark House," something to satisfy the lovers of a good mystery story.

●

The Kid from Spain—Eddie Cantor's new picture; scheduled to open too late for review in this issue. (Palace, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. daily.)

ART

Americans—"American Painting and Sculpture, 1862-1932": Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Archipenko—New paintings and sculpture by one of the original leaders of the modern movement: John Levy, 1 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 19.

Boutet de Monvel—Portraits and landscapes by Bernard Boutet de Monvel: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Sat., Nov. 19.

Cassatt—Pastels by the great American contemporary of Renoir and Degas: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 19.

Early American—The Isabel Carleton Wilde collection of Early American folk painting: John Becker, 520 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Kuhn—Seven circus paintings by Walt Kuhn: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 26.

Marin—New paintings by one of our most important contemporaries: Stieglitz' An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Marinot—Sculpturesque glass by a French craftsman: Brummer, 53 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Metropolitan—The Michael Friedsam Collection, notable paintings and objects of art: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Miró—Paintings on paper, and drawings, by an abstract modern: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 19.

Photographs—Art forms in nature by Blossfeldt: Weyhe, 794 Lexington. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Radicals—Revolutionary social interpretations by Gellert, Gropper, Lozowick, Soglow, and others: A. C. A. Gallery, 1269 Madison, at 91. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Sculpture—Annual exhibition of the National Sculpture Society: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Miscellaneous Contemporaries—Reisman and Vagis: *Painters and Sculptors Gallery, 22 E. 11.* . . . Bernhard Gutmann: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. . . . Nathaniel Dirk: Eighth Street Gallery, 61 W. 8. . . . Jerome Myers, John Noble, and others: Macbeth, 15 E. 57. . . . Max Ernst: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Note—The outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will continue through Sun., Nov. 20.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Harriet Cohen—One of the most ingenious programs so far this season, played by a distinguished pianiste: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 18.

Poldi Mildner—American début of a young pianiste who comes with excellent references: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 19.

Fritz Kreisler—Maybe this isn't sold out yet, but don't count on that: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 20.

Harold Bauer—One of the established masters of the piano: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 20.

Jeanette Ysaye—The young widow of the famous violinist carries on the tradition: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 20.

Beethoven Association—Chamber music and other intimacies by stars who have a free evening: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 21.

Musical Art Quartet—Sweet sounds for four string instruments: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov 22, at 8:45.

Feodor Chaliapin—Plenty of excitement: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 23.

Robert Goldsand—Modern music completes his triptych of recitals: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 23.

Katherine Bacon—Musicianship with a piano: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 26.

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 18, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8:45; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 25, at 2:30. . . . Children's Concerts, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morns., Nov. 19 and 26, at 11.

Boston Symphony — Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 19.

Manhattan Symphony — *Mannes conducting:* Waldorf-Astoria, Sun. Eve., Nov. 20, at 9.

Musicians' Symphony—Harmati conducting; soloist, Felix Salmond: Metropolitan Opera House, Tues. Eve., Nov. 22.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8:45.

Musicians' Emergency Aid Festival Concert—Damrosch conducting; soloist, Heifetz: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Nov. 26.

OPERA

Metropolitan—Opening week of season: "Simon Boccanegra," Mon. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Wed. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8:30; "Lakmé," Thurs. Aft., Nov. 24, at 2:15; "Götterdämmerung," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 24, at 7:45; "Andrea Chenier," Fri. Eve., Nov. 25, at 8:30; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat. Aft., Nov. 26, at 2; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Eve., Nov. 26, at 8.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Nov. 18 and 25, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stokowski conducting; soloist, Josef Hofmann: Fri. Aft., Nov. 18, at 2:30, over WABC.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Nov. 20, at 3, over WABC. . . . Children's Concerts, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morns., Nov. 19 and 26, at 11, over WABC.

Clarence Adler—Pianist; and Eddy Brown, violinist: Sun. Eve., Nov. 20, at 9, over WOR.

Ernest Hutcheson—Pianist, with concert orchestra: Sun. Eve., Nov. 20, at 10:30, over WABC.

Metropolitan Opera—Part of "Lakmé": Thurs. Aft., Nov. 24, at 3:15, over WJZ.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stokowski conducting: Sat. Eve., Nov. 26, at 8:15, over WABC.

Football Games—Sat., Nov. 19: Yale vs. Harvard, at 1:15, over WEAF and WABC; Notre Dame vs. Navy, at 1:45, over WJZ; Columbia vs. Syracuse, at 1:45, over WOR. . . . Thurs., Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving): Brown vs. Colgate, at 11, over WABC; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at 1:45, over WABC and WEAF.

SPORTS

Boxing—Primo Carnera vs. José Santa, heavyweights: Madison Square Garden, Fri. Eve., Nov. 18; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. . . . Amateur Boxing Tournaments, Christmas Fund benefit: Madison Square Garden, Sat. and Wed. Eves., Nov. 19 and 23, at 8:15.

College Football—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Nov. 19—Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven, 1:30 P.M. . . . Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field, 2 P.M. . . . Fordham vs. Oregon State, Polo Grounds, 2 P.M. . . . Manhattan vs. Holy Cross, Yankee Stadium, 2 P.M.

Thurs., Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving)—N.Y.U. vs. Carnegie Tech, Yankee Stadium, 2 P.M. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M.

Sat., Nov. 26—Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, 1:30 P.M.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Polo Grounds: take 8 Ave. subway to 155 St.; 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; or Bus No. 3. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11 A.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

Hockey—Games at Madison Square Garden, 8:40 P.M.—Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun. Eve., Nov. 20; Americans vs. Montreal, Tues. Eve., Nov. 22; Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 24.

Wrestling—Ed "Strangler" Lewis vs. George Calza, for world's heavyweight championship: Madison Square Garden, Mon. Eve., Nov. 21; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M.

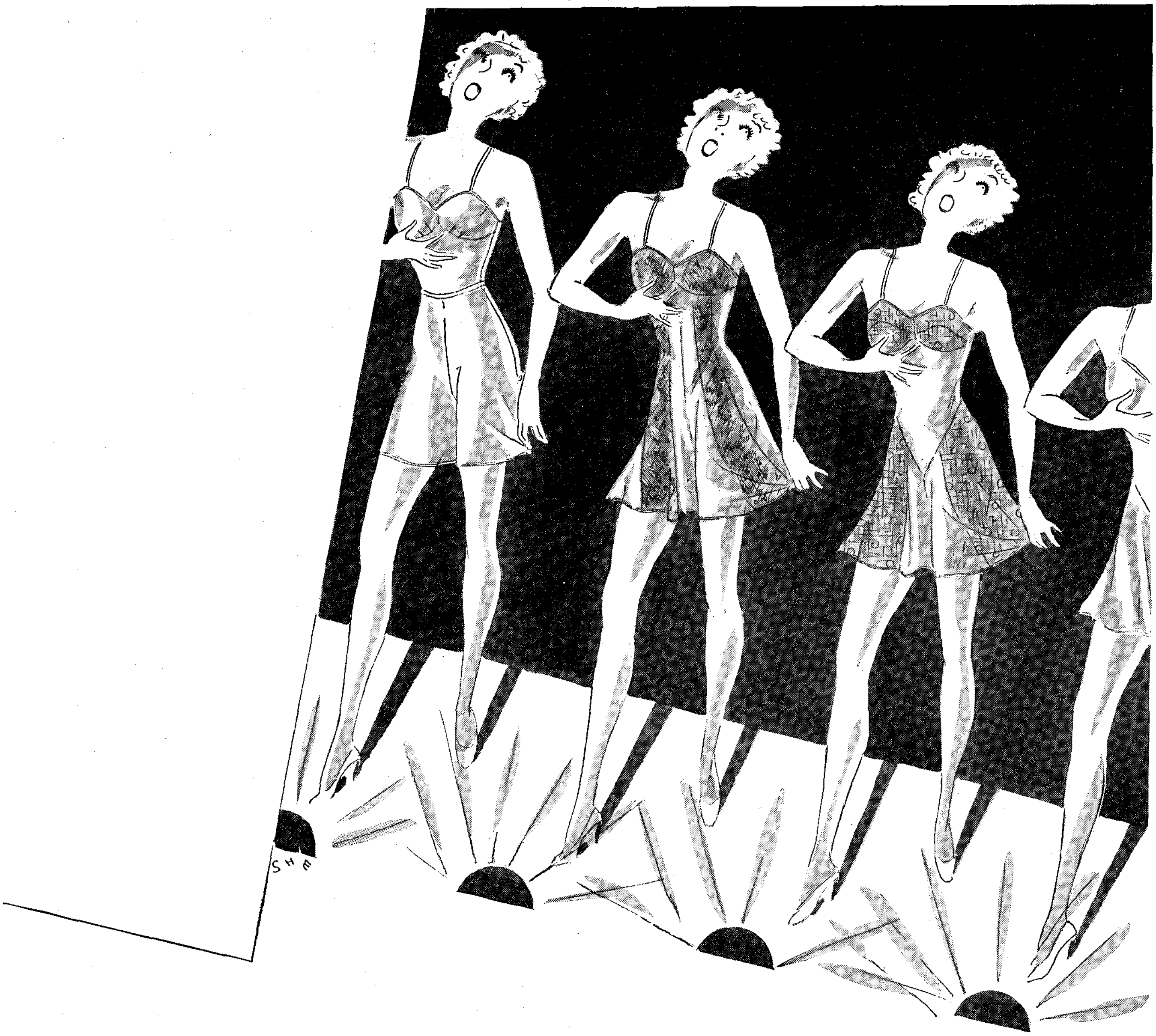
OTHER EVENTS

Pet Show—All sorts and sizes of pets: Madison Square Garden (49 St. entrance). Opens Tues., Nov. 22, at 12 noon; daily thereafter 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 26.

Seventh Regiment Review—Full-dress review of the Seventh Regiment and an exhibition drill by the Knickerbocker Greys. Admission $1.50, for the benefit of the Emergency Unemployment Relief: Armory, Park at 66, Fri. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:30.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Important paintings by Rubens, Rembrandt, Goya, and many others, collected by F. Kleinberger: Fri. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:15. . . . French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, collected by Mr. and Mrs. F. Kleinberger: Sat. Aft., Nov. 19, at 2:15. . . . Paintings, period furniture, tapestries, and objects of art, collected by Frederick Bucher: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 25 and 26, at 2:15, and Fri. Eve., Nov. 25, at 8:15.

At J. C. Morgenthau & Co., 23 W. 47—Japanese and Chinese ivory carvings, ancient glass, pottery, etc.: Fri. Aft., Nov. 18, at 2.



Solo* by Kayser . . .

CHORUS OF PRAISE BY EVERYBODY!

Kayser's "Solo" is a grand all-in-one. A combined Bandeau, Pantie and Vest. Gives you sleek, suave, unbroken lines under your new reveal-all dresses. Fastens cleverly on the side—not a ridge, not a wrinkle fore or aft. In three dapper styles: Wide-legged Panties; Panties with narrower, buttoned legs; Bloomers.

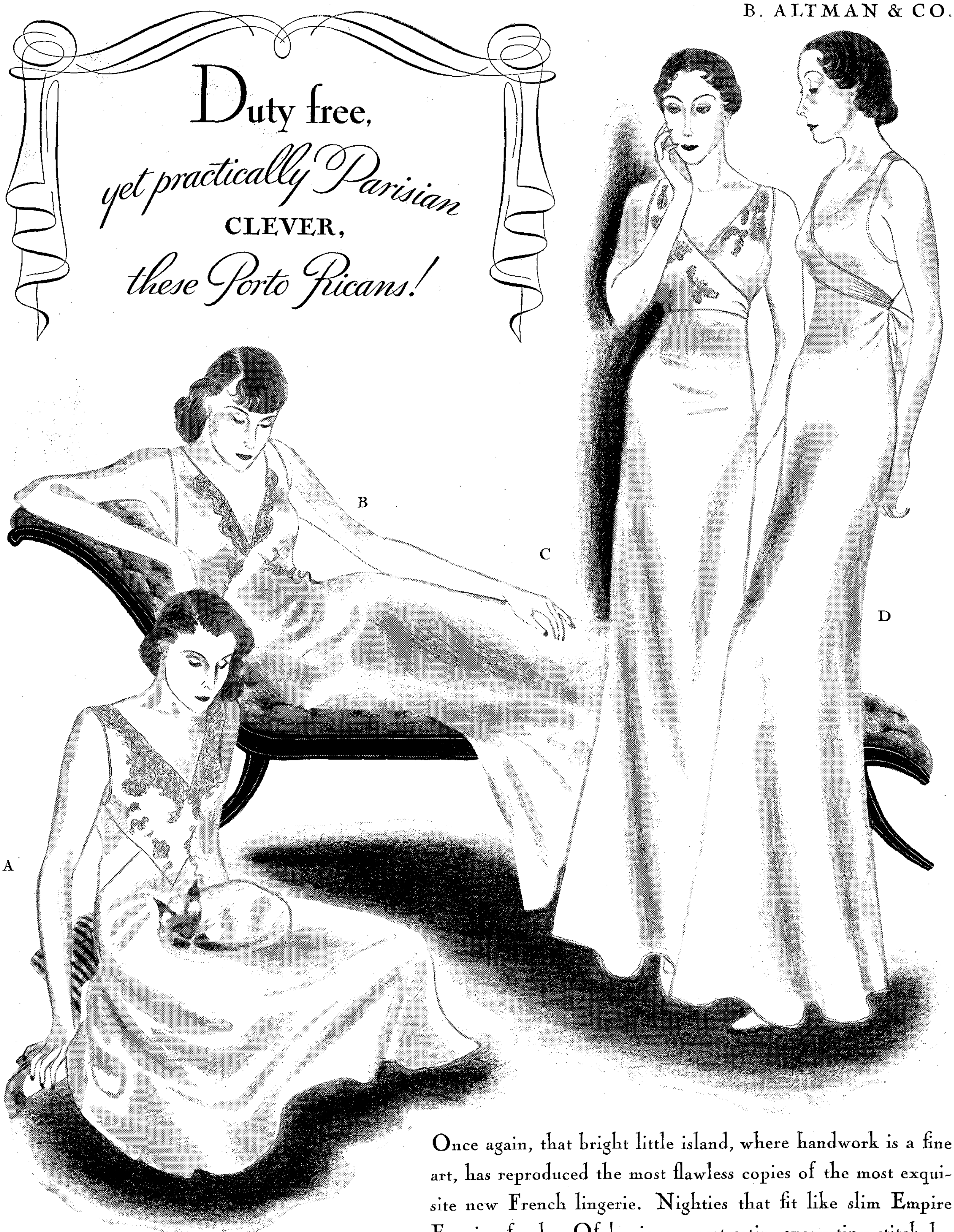
The trimmings? Ha! Trig, unadorned "Solos", smart of cut and slick of line . . . $1.00 to $1.95. Dainty ones, with lace insets or embroidery hither and yon. Lacy, meshy, frivolous affairs, too, for Big Occasions . . . $3.95. All wonderfully long-wearing. Exquisitely cut. Carefully tailored, for Kayser sews a fine seam! *TRADE MARK

KAYSER

QUALITY FOR HALF A CENTURY

At All Smart Shops and The Kayser Stores • 473 Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, New York • 584 Madison Avenue at 57th Street, New York

B. ALTMAN & CO.



Duty free, *yet practically Parisian* CLEVER, *these Porto Ricans!*

Once again, that bright little island, where handwork is a fine art, has reproduced the most flawless copies of the most exquisite new French lingerie. Nighties that fit like slim Empire Evening frocks. Of luscious sunset satin, every tiny stitch by hand, French seams, baby tucks, Alençon lace with hand-rolled edge—in fact as French as if they'd come straight from Paris.

A—5.75 *satin* B—7.95 *crepe* C—7.95 *satin* D—5.75 *satin*—Lingerie, Second Floor

B. ALTMAN & CO., FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET, NEW YORK • ALSO EAST ORANGE AND WHITE PLAINS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS is a nice time to be remembering it, but it has just occurred to us that the name we wrote in on the ballot was William McFee. That's the trouble with us as a voter—muddy thinking.

One of the curious relics of the campaign is a tiny victrola record called "Compliments of Herbert Brownell, Jr." It came to us in the mail prior to Election Day, and we now prize it highly as a souvenir. It starts: "Hello, voters of the 10th Assembly District!" We often sit around the apartment playing it, for the feeling of nostalgia it engenders. They say Mr. Brownell got elected, too, but we would like the record just as well if he had been defeated. "Hello, voters of the 10th Assembly District!" Takes us right back to the days when people were thinking about the country's Destiny.

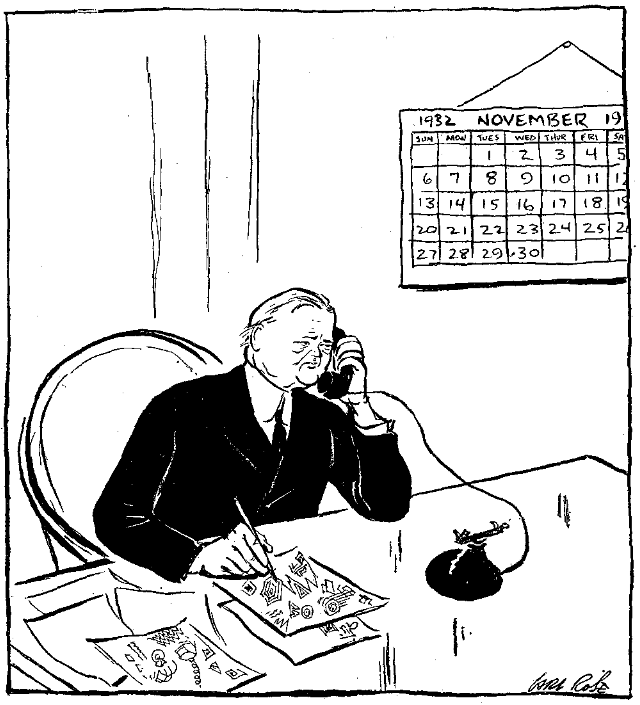
A NEW magazine came out last week, called the *Metropolitan Mothers' Guide*, devoted to the welfare of children in New York private schools and selected suburban schools. They wrote us a letter, saying that "while the publication is not in any way a competitor of The New Yorker, it does go to 50,000 mothers living in and about New York." Not a competitor, eh? We should like to remind the editor of the *Mothers' Guide* that every female subscriber to THE NEW YORKER is a mother, some of them many times over, and that we shall regard the *Guide* strictly as a competitor. Also, we should remind the *Guide* that it is competing directly with *Babies: Just Babies*, edited by the First Mother-Elect of the Land. Do you call that supporting the new administration? Do you call that getting behind the party for the common good?

MAY we call to the attention of the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee an advertisement which appeared in the *Times*? "LUMBER WANTED, will exchange Hispano-Suiza automobile." Some shelterless person apparently trying to get a roof over his head.

One way to put some men to work would be to set a gang digging over on the East Side around Thirty-fourth Street, to see if they couldn't locate the tracks of the Long Island Railroad, which must be buried there somewhere. We have always thought that the Long Island was extremely secretive about their old tracks. The trains dive into darkness at Seventh Avenue, almost Eighth (which is a long way west), and emerge into the light on the other side of the East River. Those trains must go under the town somehow; and we should like to suggest that the Long Island provide a station on the East Side for the convenience of East Siders who would like to travel to the eastward to their beloved Paumanok without first travelling to the westward almost as far as the Post Office.

TWO heartening things will make Thanksgiving Day this year truly a day for giving thanks. One will be the opening of the new vehicular viaduct over the Jersey marshes, and the other will be the closing of the George Washington Bicentennial celebration. The latter has lasted for nine months. It has been a tough nine months for all of us; not even the old Pilgrim Fathers suffered more. But the harvest is here; we can rejoice and take down the Stuart portraits from the windows and deck our homes with bay, and once more resume the even tenor of our depressed way.

IT would be interesting to know what commuters' wives think of the New Haven's new counter car, which serves coffee and bacon in the morning on its way to town, and a pick-me-up returning on the 5:35 at night. The cornerstone of subur-



"Hello, Governor Roosevelt. You haven't got a good idea for a Thanksgiving proclamation, have you?"

ban wifehood used to be the Empty Stomach of the male. A commuter was expected to arrive home not merely tired but Hungry. The wife, in the conventional scene, had to have an appetizing meal waiting for him, and was glad she had to because it was something she could do—gave her a grip on the situation. The Empty Stomach was the essence of suburbia, the crux of commutation. Look what has happened now! A husband can joggle home on the 5:35 gorging himself to satiety on pasties with his cronies. Later, at dinner, he will in all likelihood sulk through the meal, pick at everything, and (worse) draw comparisons between the home food and the food on the train. Psychologists will soon be encountering a new neurotic: the woman who is jealous of an entire railway system.

Tweet!

A SHOPPER was surprised to find one of the toy counters at Bloomingdale's totally eclipsed by two big policemen Tuesday afternoon. Each was blowing a toy whistle. They put these down and frowningly tootled on a couple of other styles. "This is class, Mike. Listen," said one, and he blew a silvery twer-leep on a blue whistle. The other cop hadn't found what he wanted yet. He asked the saleslady if she had any other kinds. She fetched up from somewhere a big gold whistle with a chain on it. The two policemen examined it together, then took turns blowing on it, critically. Then they handed it back and walked off. You see, cops got to stick to the regulation police whistle, even though their interest may extend through the entire whistle world.

No More Misses

THE phone company, in a great burst of intimacy, is going to start calling most of the unmarried ladies in town by their first names, beginning with the winter directory. Nothing personal. It's just a cold, economic idea to save paper. The phone people figured out that there are thirteen thousand women listed as "Miss" in the Manhattan directory and that eliminating the "Miss" would confine most of them to one line instead of two, with a total saving of ten pages, which runs into money.

Late in October, its heart beating fast, the company wrote a note to each of the thirteen thousand women, explaining the plan. Take Smith Dorothy X Miss. They told her she was going to become plain Smith Dorothy X. They told her further that there was one way she could retain the Miss; she could become simply Smith D X Miss. Oddly enough, hundreds of women wrote back that they preferred keeping the Miss and losing their first names. (Imagine asking a lady in the moonlight what her name was and having her answer "Miss W. K. McGuffy!") Most of the women didn't bother to reply and lost their Misses automatically, retaining their first names in full.

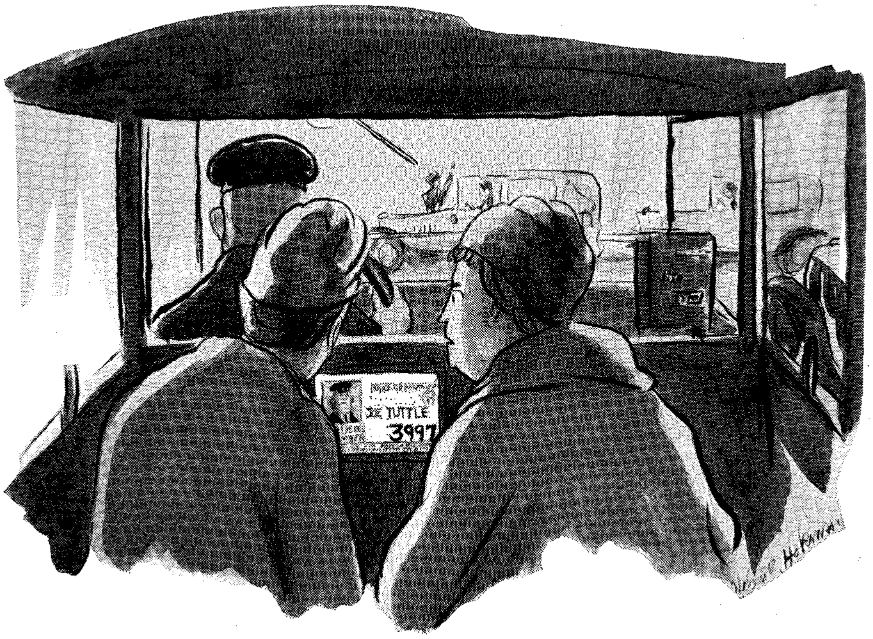
We heard about only one lady who complained. She wouldn't want her name bandied about, so we'll call her Rosemary Randolph. She has a pretty name and doesn't want it cut to initials, and she got pretty hot about dropping the Miss. She wrote a sharp protest. An official phoned her the next day, explaining that they were "working for uniformity." She explained she didn't care what they were working for and wanted to keep the Miss *and* her first name. The man said finally that he'd leave the listing as it was. Then she got a letter from the company saying a representative was going to call on her. He hasn't yet. If he does, she's going to line up the Misses Anne Morgan, Juliana Cutting, and some others to talk to the phone company. After all, the phone company isn't going to have absolute uniformity anyhow, on account of ladies named Evelyn, Leslie, etc., which might be a man's or a woman's. The company hopes to persuade these people to accept initials, but then it's always been a hopeful company.

Last winter's Manhattan directory was 1,094 pages; this year it will be ten pages fewer on account of the new Plan, and a lot more fewer because so many people gave up phones during the hard times that preceded the election of Roosevelt. The book won't fall below a thousand pages, though, the phone company says proudly. Things aren't *that* bad.

The company isn't going to do anything about eliminating titles, such as Prince, Baroness, etc., as, for instance, Marie Grand Duchess 14 Sutton pl S Eldorado 5-6273. Her name takes up two lines. Well, it isn't our problem, but if it were we'd do something to triple-name people like Harold Bell Wright (who isn't in the book, darn it). He'd be Wright H. B.

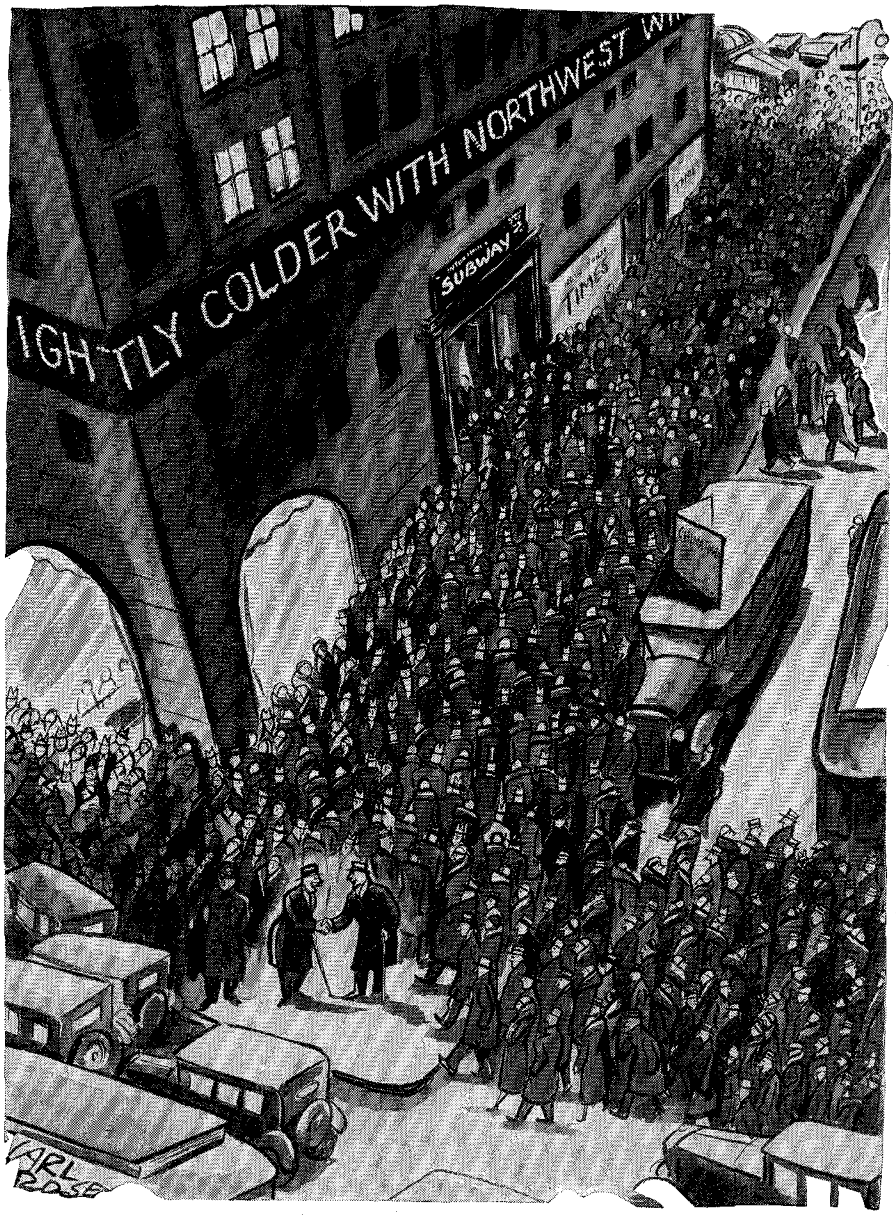
All Busted

FROM Newport, Rhode Island, a lady writes us that, on a Sabbath not so long ago, the small daughter of a naval officer attended Sunday school there. Afterward, when she arrived home with the solemn, far-looking expression of puzzled youth just released from worship, her mother asked her what the lesson had been about. "It was about ten commanders and they were all broke," said the daughter of a seagoing father. The lady who told



"My dear, didn't Louella Saunders' oldest girl marry a Tuttle?"

us this said she got it from the rector himself, just last Tuesday, so don't go writing in that your great-aunt pulled it at Long Branch in the eighties.


IGHTLY COLDER WITH NORTHWEST WI
SUBWAY
TIMES
CARL ROSE

"Always a pleasure to meet a fellow-Republican."

Gunboat

ALL the howling which followed the Sharkey-Schmeling decision this summer made Gunboat Smith, who refereed, pretty mad and he thought of suing somebody. Never did, however, and didn't suffer professionally, getting the Canzoneri-Petrolle fight assignment the other evening just as if nothing had happened. He keeps right on, refereeing as many fights and wrestling bouts as anyone else in these parts, taking tickets and acting as a guard at the Garden, acting occasionally in motion pictures, and working twelve hours a day for Appenzellar, Allen & Hill of 55 Broadway. He wasn't half as busy twenty years ago, when he had his day as the leader of the white hopes, knocked Jack Johnson down once while serving as his sparring partner, flattened Jess Willard and Bombardier Wells, among others, and thought he might be champion. He never was—too easy to hit and too light.

But instead of going to seed afterward, Gunboat—real name, Edward Irenaeus Smyth, and nicknamed not for naval service but for his feet—kept in the limelight. Got his Wall Street job and is head runner for his firm. He tried to teach Arturo P. Ramos the business after Ramos married Millicent Rogers, but Ramos, while a good guy, wasn't interested. Gunboat found time to play in the "Wall Street Follies" and in Shakespeare—amateur performances staged by the company. ("I was a sort of a bum, see, and I went around with a bear. You know the piece I mean. It was an old-time one. There was a guy with a bear skin on that played the bear.")

He also acted in the movies, with Richard Dix, Eddie Cantor, and Lya de Putti. Only recently he acted in a two-reel comedy, yet to be released. Usually doesn't get around to see the movies he appeared in, but likes movies generally, although some of the films bore him. He prefers fights and things at the Garden to all else. When he isn't third man in the ring, or doing some other work around the place, he has a special seat in a far corner of the upper balcony, where he keeps order rigorously. Saves newspaper clippings and doesn't mind being quoted as is, or any other way, but he was pretty hurt because people seemed to think it was his fault the Schmeling-Sharkey fight wasn't more exciting.

Between fight- and wrestling-refereeing he has no choice; wrestling is harder work physically but fighting takes more out of the mind. His admirers think he is better in the wrestling ring, however, where he does remarkable acting, registering surprise, rage, and other emotions suitable for helping things along. Better actor than most of the wrestlers, many think. He weighs now just what he did when fighting, 182. No gray hair, but some fine gold teeth; just a little cauliflowered around the ears. Nose somewhat bent. "Some map," says Gunboat, appreciatively. Usually wears a cap well down. He almost had a fit a few years ago when the brokerage house decided to dress all its employees in smocks. When he started acting in the movies, it was with a clause in his contract that no effort was to be made to beautify him.

To Whom It May Concern

A TOWNSMAN whose domestic affairs got as far as his lawyer put one of those bed-and-board notices in the paper, saying he wouldn't be responsible. Within the next few days, his mail brought the following: Five communications from moving-and-storage companies, three letters explaining the cheapness and quickness of Mexican divorce, five solicitations from private-detective agencies (one offering to trail the wife, another expressing the conviction that the gentleman's mail was being opened by someone), seven cordial-shoppe and speakeasy cards, four hotel circulars, several bids from laundries specializing in bachelor work, and three offers of choice rooms with most of the comforts of home. The Forgotten Husband seems, indeed, to lack but one ready and willing service: A firm which will tell him how to find his dress-shirt studs.

Nebuchadnezzar

OUR personal representative at the launching of the new French liner is back with a report that the newspapers here got right such things as the tonnage of the ship and its dimensions, but never adequately informed their readers about the champagne for the boat's christening. A double jeroboam (or eight-bottle bottle, known as a nebuchadnezzar in wine circles) was ordered blown and filled, by the Paris officials of the French Line. Then somebody decided it might be dangerous; might spray broken glass on the christener, Madame Lebrun, wife of the President of the Republic. So the nebuchadnezzar was de-commanded and a single jeroboam, or four-bottle bottle, ordered sent around. (This is a stock size.) Then, the day before the ceremony, somebody recalled that Madame Lebrun was related to the great Pommery-Greno family, and the jeroboam was not Pommery *sec*; it was plainly labelled Paul Bernard *brut*. A *joli cornichon*, or pretty pickle. At this time the official party was climbing aboard the special train, orchids were being presented, and the President had on his official voyaging top hat. The next day, Mme. Lebrun broke a magnum, a measly two-bottle bottle, of something or other, cried "I baptize thee Normandie," and blew the sliding boat a kiss. At almost exactly the same time, back in Paris, the members of the French Line's staff who had been left behind invited everybody in the building down, pulled up their chairs around the steam heat, and polished off the jeroboam, or half-nebuchadnezzar, of Paul Bernard.

There was also some confusion about choosing the boat's name. From the time the keel was laid, the press referred to it as the Super Île-de-France. The builders coarsely dubbed it the T6. Patriots voted to name it the Paul Doumer, after the assassinated President, but Mme. Doumer demurred. A new tea-trade ship which runs to China, where Doumer started his public career, was named after him instead. Then a hands-across-the-sea fan suggested calling the liner the Benjamin Franklin. The patriots demurred, proposing an amendment that the boat be called Pasteur-Benjamin Franklin. To this the owners demurred and came forth with Normandie.

Two-Car

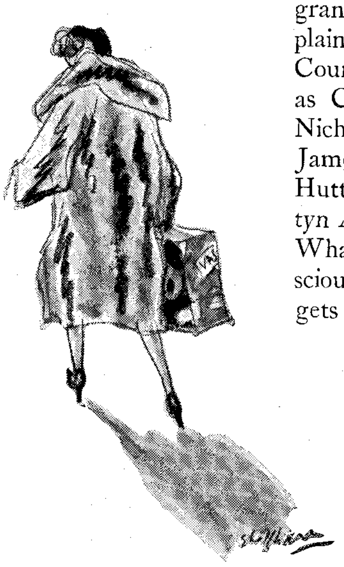
A FRIEND of ours who has an income—and do we boast about him!—moved into the country a few weeks ago, having decided to live modestly on coupons until something happened. He took along his family and the family car, a Buick five or six years old, still reliable but looking its age. He hired a man and wife to look after things and, on the day of the family's arrival, the new servants drove up, too. They came in a brand-new 1932 Nash, shiny from the showroom. Our friend gulped and showed them the garage and they put their car in.

A week or so later, the house was ready for its first guests and the master told the man to drive in to the station and pick them up. "Yes, sir," said the man. "I'll tend to it, sir." Then he paused and looked a little doubtful. "Will it be all right, sir, if I take the Nash?" he inquired. "It will look better to the guests, don't you think, sir?" There was no argument.

Big Cleanup

NEXT time you come across a sidewalk littered with newspapers or grapefruit rinds, call Volunteer 5-4514 and tell Miss Helen Schwarz. Miss Schwarz is a pretty young woman who comes to town every day to act as corresponding secretary of the Outdoor Cleanliness Association. She'll send out a cop to warn the offending janitor, or whoever, right away. Mulrooney, no less, has placed seventy-seven policemen at her disposal.

The Association was founded only two years ago, but has cleaned up thousands of messes. The gas in its engine is Mrs. Arthur B. Claflin, its founder and president, its mentor and goad. She is seventy-five but amazingly energetic. Her passion is cleanliness in God's out-of-doors. She can talk for hours about "legitimate litter," "illegitimate litter," etc. She lives on Park Avenue, speaks meticulous English, is the mother-in-law of the Earl of Gosford, and has always been a terror to litterers. "I had a Dutch grandmother," she explains. On her Association Council she has such people as Clarence Mackay, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, James Speyer, Mrs. E. F. Hutton, Mrs. Henry Martyn Alexander, and Grover Whalen, all rubbish-conscious. The Association gets dues from five hundred dirt-hating members, and also profits from dinner dances it sponsors at the St. Regis.



Every couple of weeks, ten or twelve women members (the women are more active than the men) take what is known as a "district walk," led by Mrs. Claflin. They pick out a certain street and, with two or three policemen, march along, poking at ashcans, rubbish, old tires, bed springs, and janitors. The policemen warn the janitors to straighten things up. Janitors used to talk back, but Mrs. Claflin was a match for them. They all know her now and hold their tongues. She's a woman of great force and dignity.

Mulrooney got interested after attending a couple of the St. Regis dances. His cleanup cops—one for each Association precinct—speak at schools, telling children about outdoor cleanliness. Their heart is in their work, Mrs. Claflin says. Lieutenant Benton in Harlem, the only colored cleanup cop, leads them all in giving out summonses. He won't stand for any woman's throwing bones and corncobs into the backyard, or broken banjos, old derbies, and playing cards into the street.

An interesting problem of the Association is cast-off automobiles. Last year, using men hired by the Gibson Committee, Mrs. Claflin's forces hauled ten thousand truckloads of abandoned automobiles out of Queens to wherever they are hauled. And almost as many from the Bronx. The Association says that as many as six cars a week are left to founder along First Avenue alone. Around four A.M. is the favorite hour for leaving an old car somewhere, and it's pretty bad for littering in general. The most rubbishy places in town are the Fulton Fish Market and the garment section in the West Thirties.

No matter who you are, the Claflin finger will be on you if you are careless with trash. There's an ordinance that you can't sweep sidewalk dirt into the streets after eight A.M. Mrs. Claflin has had to speak to the Waldorf and Altman's both about that. Only once, though. They hadn't realized.

Doctor's Orders

DR. M. is telling this story. One of his male patients is convalescing in a hospital and, following a visit to him the other morning, he told the nurse that the man was to be allowed to get up and walk about a bit. "Put him on a short tether and let him walk around," the Doctor said. The nurse, a competent lady within her range, is a literalist; life has made her one. Thus it was that Dr. A., the interne in charge that day, read on this patient's chart that he was to be put on a short tether. Seeing the possibilities in the situation, he told the nurse to go to a drugstore and get a short tether. Either a Squibb or Parke-Davis short tether, he said.

The drug clerk had never had such a request before but he didn't want to admit ignorance, so he fussed around on the shelves for a while and then came back and told the nurse they were all out of short tethers. Big demand for 'em in this weather, he mumbled.

The patient had a wabbly walk about the corridors and at the end seemed fine, even without the tether. But his nurse didn't want to admit failure. Hence, when Dr. M. made his call upon the convalescent next morning, he read this entry upon the chart: "Patient walked around on short tether. Condition satisfactory."

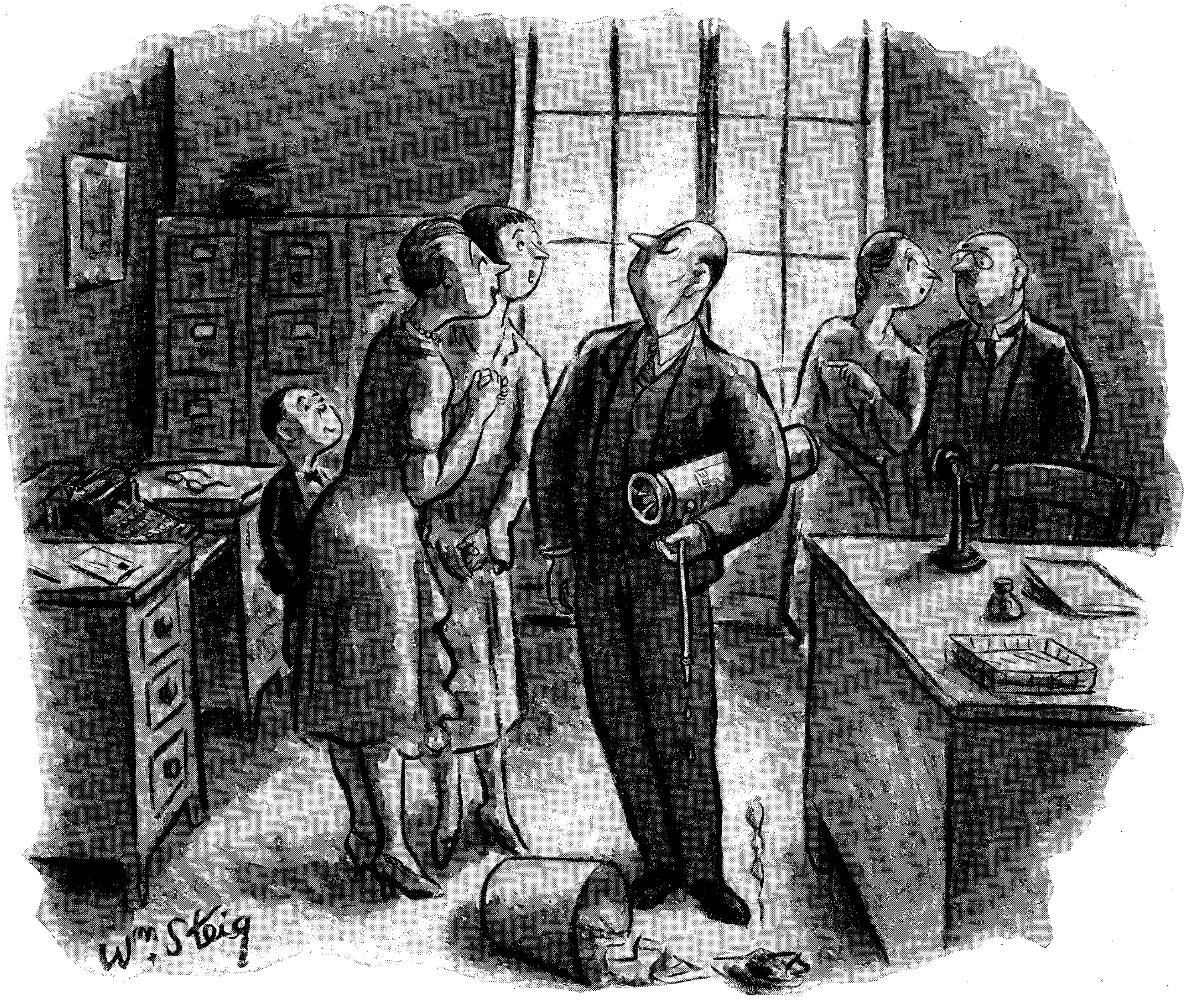
No Sale

FROM Pasadena a man writes us that a lady out there was driving around town with her daughter when she saw a sign on a little shop reading:

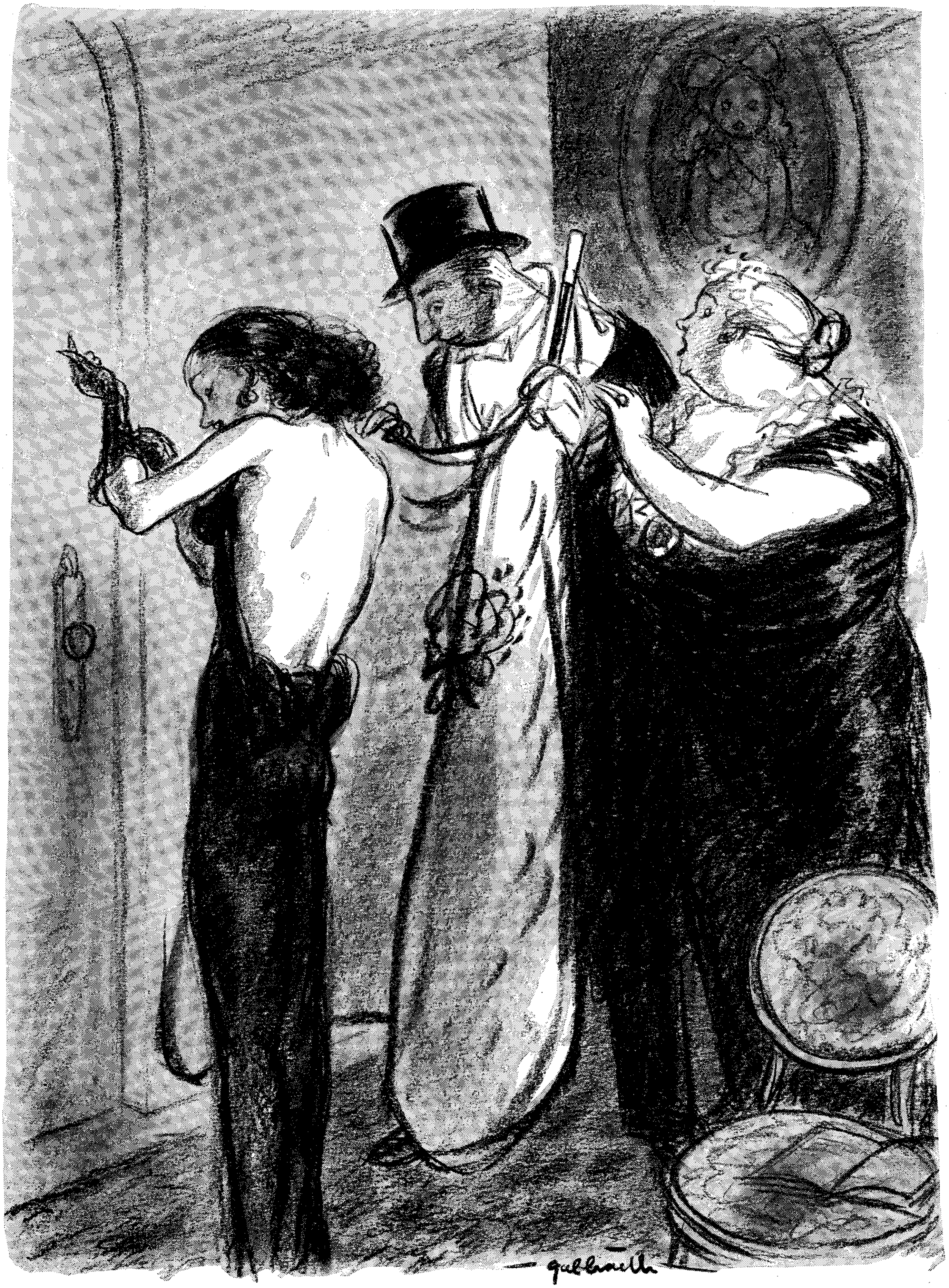
Perechos
Enchiladas y Tamales

The car was stopped and the lady sent her daughter in to buy some tamales. When the little girl returned with them, the mother, who had been studying the sign, sent her back to find out what perechos were and to price them. A lank and solemn Mexican girl came out to the car. She was embarrassed no end by the questions. "You can't buy that," she explained. "That's my father."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"You were wonderful!"



"Now promise me you'll keep an eye on my little girl."

MRS. NORTH'S MIRACLE

Mrs. North parked the car briskly and came gaily up, full of autumn air and wonder at the color of the leaves. Never, Mr. North observed, did she seem to grow accustomed to the duly routine changes that came over foliage. In the spring each new leaf excited her; in the fall she was as delighted when reds and browns took the place of green; soon, now, she would be exultant at the first real snow.

He asked if she had had a good day and she told him about it. She had driven, he calculated, at least a hundred and fifty miles, probably more; she had had a flat and had gone down a steep country road and then backed up again, discovering that the road ended in a lake. She had found a new four-lane road and done seventy on it. In short, a splendid day.

"I'd better take the car over to the garage before dinner," remarked Mr. North, when she finished. "No use leaving it out."

Mrs. North absently agreed. "There isn't much gas left," she said. "The little red marker is clear down to the bottom." Mr. North nodded.

"Probably get me three blocks," he said, and went down and got in. The motor started, he shifted and swung out into the middle of the street. He shifted up, stepped on the gas, and the motor stopped. He made suitable efforts to get it going again, meanwhile coasting slowly to the curb. Then he got out and looked at it, wonder overcoming him. It was out of gas.

He went back, chuckling in an amazed way, and telephoned to the garage to send over a man with a tin. When he had finished he looked at Mrs. North with surprised appreciation.

"That," he said, then, "is the most amazing thing I ever heard of. Do you realize just how amazing it is?"

"What?" said Mrs. North, politely.

He told her.

"Do you realize," he said, "that you drove two hundred miles and stopped in front of your door with enough gas left to get you ten feet farther? Ten feet? I counted them. You go two hundred miles, or maybe two hundred and fifty, and you run out of gas at your doorstep."

As he phrased it, it seemed to Mr. North more and more miraculous.

Mrs. North looked rather puzzled. "I don't see that it's so strange," she said. "I thought I'd probably run out of gas somewhere."

"But—" said Mr. North. He paused, in bewilderment. "But that's just the point. You go two hundred miles and run out of gas somewhere and *where* you run out of it is your own house. That's what makes it so amazing. You might have run out of gas anywhere; you run out of it here. You go"—Mr. North figured rapidly—"you go, say, a million feet and you get home with just ten feet to go. The chances are—" He stopped to consider the laws of chance, which he had never understood. "Well," he said, "a thousand to one, anyway."

"I don't see it's so strange," said Mrs. North, gently. "I had to run out of gas somewhere."

Mr. North leaned forward intensely. "Look," he said. "You might have run out of gas in front of any house in New York. You run out in front of your own house. How many houses are there?" The question proved rhetorical. Neither of them knew. "Well," said Mr. North, "a lot, anyway."

"But I didn't go by every house in New York," said Mrs. North, reasonably.

"All right," said Mr. North. "But you might have run out of gas in the Bronx, mightn't you?" Mrs. North shivered slightly.

"Well," she said, "I didn't. I bought a gallon."

Mr. North looked at her in disbelief. "Why just a gallon?" he inquired, tensely.

"I only had twenty cents," said Mrs. North. "I only had twenty cents and I thought I might need a little gas so I bought some."

"Where?" inquired Mr. North. Mrs. North thought Danbury. He leaned forward beseechingly.

"That makes it a miracle," he insisted. "You had only twenty cents, although why you go out with only twenty cents I can't see. We've got more than twenty cents, haven't we?"

"I forgot to take any," said Mrs. North.

"Well," said Mr. North, "you go out and drive two hundred miles with twenty cents and you buy a gallon of gas with it and you have just enough gas to get you to your doorstep. See?" He waited breathlessly. Mrs. North was looking at the dinner table.

"Oh, honeydew!" she said, excitedly. "I'm so glad we have honeydew. Isn't it wonderful that Elizabeth should know I just had to have a melon tonight?"

Mr. North looked at her, realizing that there was no chance whatever that she would appreciate her miracle. He looked in envy at a woman geared to miracles, and sat down to melon.

—Richard Lockridge

"Can I help it if Yale is lousy?"

•

The new William Faulkner, "Light in August," is coming this week. October 6 is the date; Harrison Smith will bring it out . . . . Ben Ames Williams' "Money Musk," mystery story, will be published by a fast-moving, cleverly put together Dutton on October 15.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The publishers are up on their toes, these days.

THE DEPRESSED

SENT out to the sun-porch to get acquainted, Eleanor, Sister, and Bibs inspected one another appraisingly.

"You go to school?" Sister asked.

"Of course I do," Bibs said. "I go to public school."

"I go to Miss Garthwaite's," Eleanor said. "That's a private school."

"I went to a private school last year," Bibs said. "But this year I go to public." There was a superior gleam in her eye. "My father's lost a lot of money."

"I go to private school," Sister said. "But I guess I won't be able to keep it up. My father's had two cuts in his salary."

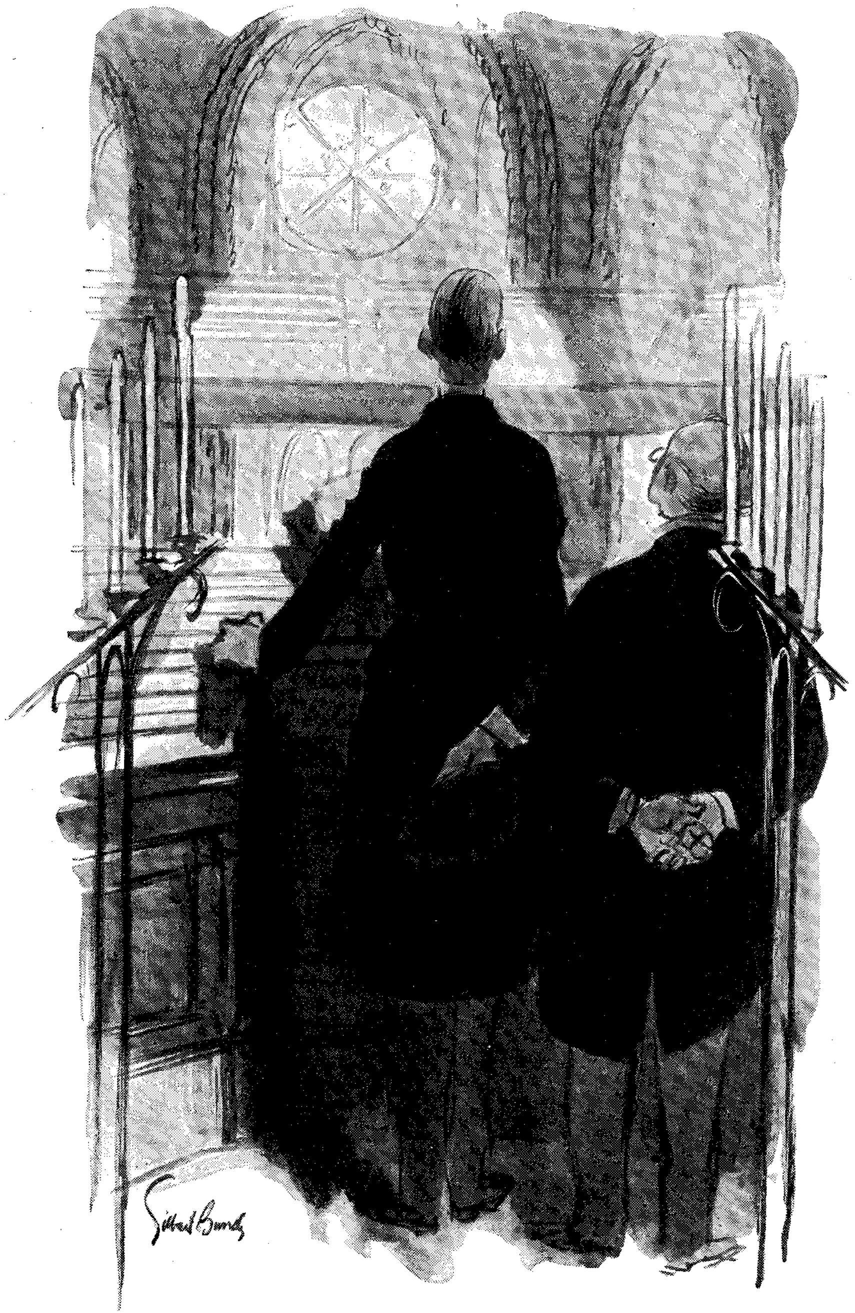
Bibs looked interested. "Times are very bad," she said. "That's why I go to public school. I'd rather, anyway. My teacher's the strictest thing."

"Mine's not a bit strict," Sister said gloomily.

"Mine's awful strict," Bibs said. "She hollers at us to keep quiet. She says there's no sense in making such a racket."

"Teachers aren't supposed to be strict," Eleanor argued. "They're supposed to let you do anything you want, so you'll develop naturally."

"Oh, well," Bibs said placidly, "I like a strict teacher once in a while. It isn't as if I was a nervous child."



"Not a bad place you have here, Joe."

"I'm very nervous," Eleanor said.

"I'm very nervous, too," Sister said. "I'm very nervous and high-strung."

"Well, I'm pretty nervous," Bibs declared. "I guess everybody's pretty nervous when times are so very bad. We had to move to a smaller apartment this year. It's the smallest thing! It's because business is so bad. My father's lost so *much* money."

"So has mine," Sister said. "He's lost an awful lot."

Bibs spread her skirts with satisfaction. "This is just an old dress," she said. "I can't afford to have so many new ones."

"Neither can I," Sister said proudly. "I have to economize such a lot. I wear the oldest dresses of any girl in my school."

"I have to economize, too," Eleanor said. "All the time. I bet I don't get hardly anything at all for Christmas."

Bibs and Sister looked at her pityingly.

"We're not even *talking* about Christmas," Sister said.

"I should say not," Bibs said happily. "We've got hard sledding in my family, just to keep going."

"Well, I don't care." Eleanor's voice was desperate. "If the upturn doesn't come pretty soon, *my* family might lose *everything!*"

—Frances Warfield

• •

OF ALL THINGS

EVERYONE credits Hoover with making a valiant fight to the end. Nobody can say that he didn't try, or that he got much support from the help.

•

As our Governor says, this was a victory which transcended party lines. He was elected by Republican old grads who were not satisfied with the way the team was run.

•

Maine pointed the way to Democratic triumph but did not go along. Guideposts are like that.

•

Crumb of comfort for Republicans: Probably Roosevelt's term will end in January, 1937. Who would bother with such a temporary job?

•

Mayor O'Brien, we take it, will furnish love and kisses for the kiddies and classical quotations for the grown-ups. That part is all right, but will he keep the streets well mowed?

•

After the wet victory, the return of the old-fashioned saloon is not so unthinkable as it was a short time ago. Many citizens are already saying: "Make mine an old-fashioned."

•

Roosevelt can now give up being the horny-handed hick of Krum Elbow, and the President doesn't have to be Bert, the blacksmith's boy, any more. It must be a relief to get back into street clothes.

•

Professor Piccard admits that nothing of scientific value has come as yet from his trips to the stratosphere. That is why many of us prefer scientists to politicians. They are poorer claimers and better conceders.

•

The silencers have mercifully been removed from Messrs. Garner and Curtis. They can speak all the pieces they want to now.

•

There is much opposition here to the proposal to build good low-priced houses in the Bronx with the aid of R.F.C. money. Real estatesmen feel that the scheme violates the right of freeborn Americans to take what they can get and be satisfied.

•

Those who cast a protest vote for McKee do not feel that their day was wasted. They proved that they were not mice but men; also, poor spellers.

•

We thought we could put campaigns away and forget them, but now a women's organization is going to make us vote for a national tree. There will be primaries, nominating speeches, and such repulsive things.

•

Dolly Gann says that if the Republican party needs her, she will be ready to do anything. Yes, but is she willing to sit anywhere?

•

It turned out that this was not a costly campaign as these things go. The committees adopted a program of rigid economy through, to coin a phrase, no fault of their own.

•

That was a pathetic story about Insull playing with a string of beads in an Athens hospital. Even so, that is probably better for the public than having him play with a string of public utilities.

—Howard Brubaker

TEANECK EXPRESS

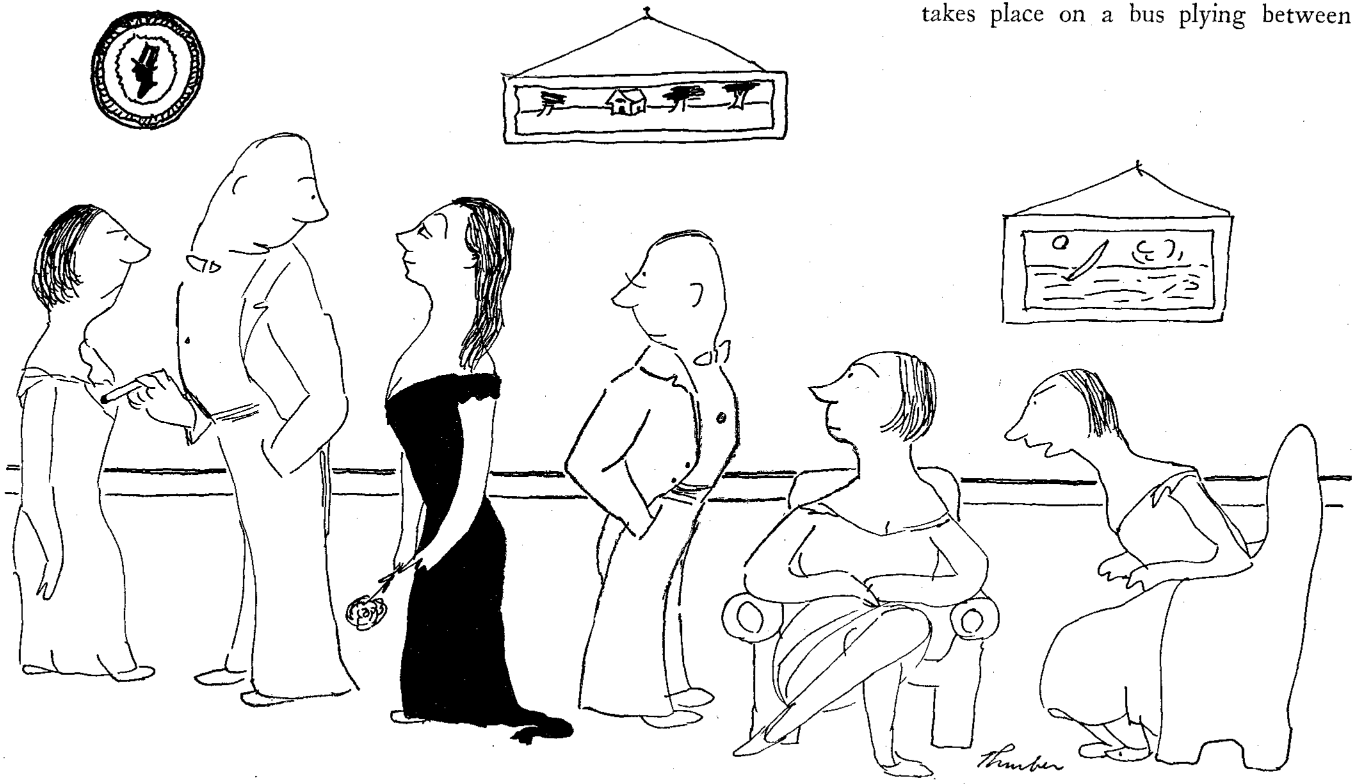
OR, BLOOD WILL TELL

SINCE "Shanghai Express" made a hit, the bearer of this communication has viewed a series of talking pictures in which ladies of Eastern Standard Virtue are rescued from Manchurian bandits by excessively virile heroes who are either English or American. The bearer has therefore been inspired to write his own picture based on "Shanghai Express."

The heroine will be a glamorous creature known to all Shanghai as "The Boatswains' Mate." Her real name is Marlene Dietrich Quick Wallingford. Little is known of her past; that is to say, little that has not been revealed by Walter Winchell. She was born Marlene James and had three husbands: a Mr. Dietrich, a Mr. Quick, and a Mr. Wallingford. Little is known of any of these husbands except Wallingford, who was found dying on the floor of his Shanghai igloo one night, murmuring "She shot me" as his wife stood over him, a smoking revolver in her hand. She was acquitted, sued his estate for slander, and was awarded $20,000 damages.

The hero will be a strong, silent man of the Clive Brook or Richard Dix type. Let us call him Richard Brook.

The action of "Shanghai Express" took place on a train, but my picture takes place on a bus plying between



"She's been this way ever since she saw 'Camille.'"

Shanghai and a town that would correspond to our Teaneck. Among the passengers are the hero and heroine, a breezy American drummer, a fussy old maid from England, and a secret agent employed by the Chase National Bank to watch salaries, overhead, and general production expenses.

The drummer and the old maid furnish the comedy relief. Let me illustrate:

The old maid says to the bus-driver: "Do you ply this bus between Shanghai and Teaneck?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Does that fellow beside you work on the bus, too?"

"Yes, Ma'am. He's my relief driver."

"Ah. A *pair* of pliers."

NOW then, to get back to the picture. As the bus is about to leave, a dispatcher enters and announces that O Land, the Manchurian bandit, is on the Ram Page.

"You mean Warner O Land?" queries Richard Brook, the hero, with a laugh. (As the picture progresses, it will become increasingly difficult to determine who is furnishing the comedy relief: the hero and heroine or the drummer and the old maid, much to the irritation of the two latter.)

So the bus goes off. They get it back on, and start. A day passes. Then Richard Brook turns and notices Marlene Dietrich Quick Wallingford's leg in the aisle. He recognizes it and pales.

"You!" he cries, to Mrs. D. Q. W.

She gazes at him through half-closed eyes, smiles a slow and inscrutable smile, lights a cigarette, blows the smoke in his face, and passes on. Next day she answers him.

"Yes," is her answer. "Have I—changed?"

"Change." Brook gives a hollow, desperate laugh. "You, of all people, to have the effrontery to use that word."

She winces.

"You are—cruel," she says, gently, blowing smoke at him.

"Cruel?" he echoes. "It is you who were cruel. Yes, cruel. Cruel, cruel."

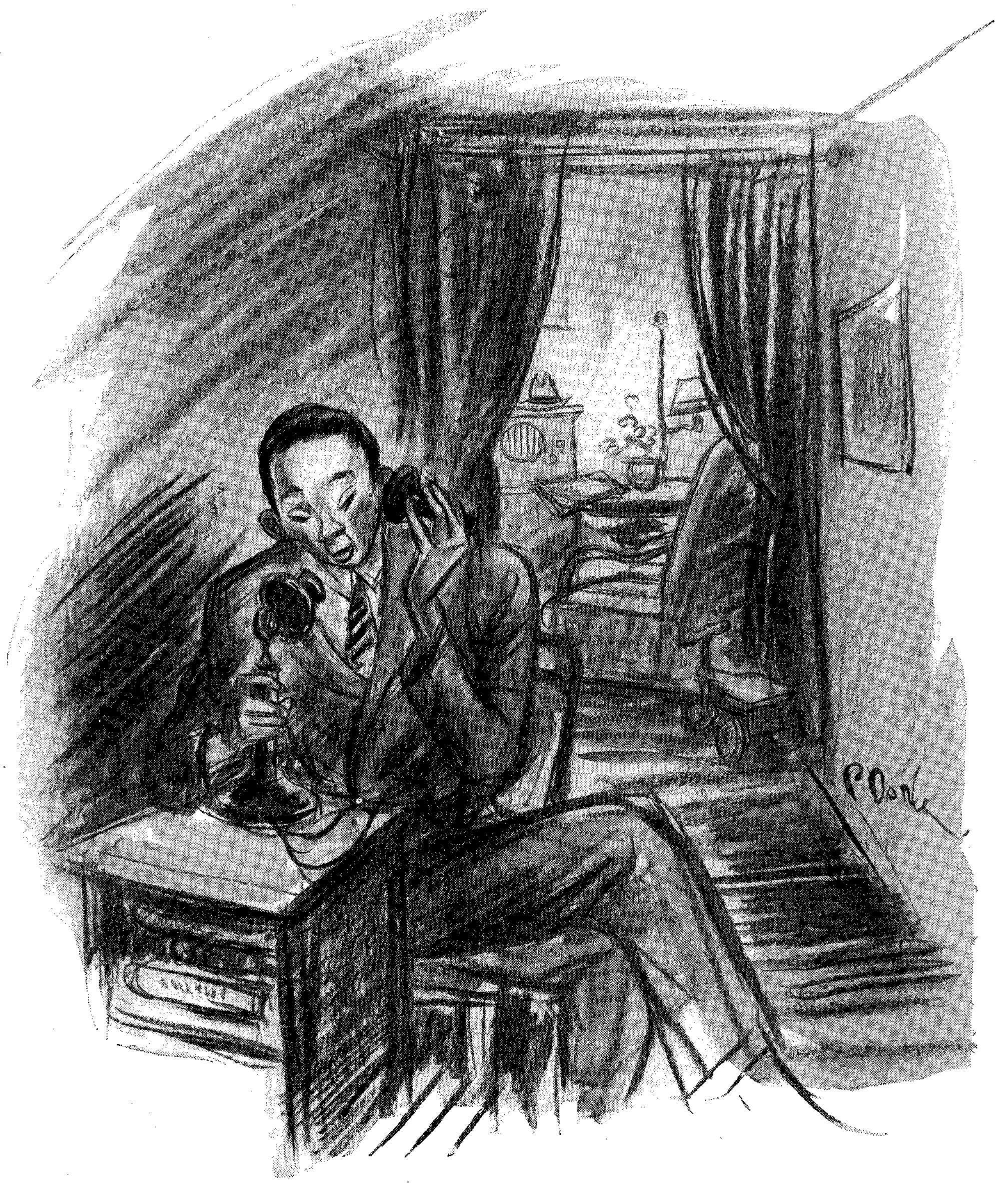
She buries her face in her hands.

"Cruel," he adds, as an afterthought.

She moans.

"Are you still doing business—at the same old stand?" he taunts her.

"Why must you torture me so?" she cries, her eyes, full of misery, pleading with him. But he is adamant.



"Listen, Grandma, Helga and I want you to come over for Thanksgiving dinner."

• •

"My poor fedora," he cries. His voice breaks and now *he* buries *his* face in *his* hands. She reaches toward him, tenderly, but draws back. His face comes out of his hands.

"You—you—" he blazes at her.

Pale but erect, she faces him.

"Say it," she challenges. "Why don't you say it? Call me it. Hat-check girl. Hat-check girl. Hat-check girl."

Now, at this point comes what I hope will prove to be one of the most effective bits of business in the picture. She buries her face in her hands and blows smoke at him—*at one and the same time.* (Garbo has never been able to do this.)

We gradually learn the story of Brook and Mrs. D. Q. W. It is the story of the relations between a Man and a Woman—a man who took his pleasure where he found it, and a woman who lost an ideal and, in losing it, found herself. She had been a hat-check girl at a fashionable night club in Pawn Beach, Florida. He was a young blood, heady with the wine of youth. He had everything—wealth, health, youth—until he started checking his hat with *La Belle Dame sans Merci,* as they called Marlene at Pawn Beach. Gradually she got all his hats, including a priceless fedora that had belonged to his grandfather. That was the last straw. In despair, he started going around hatless. He caught a cold in the head and pneumonia developed. Months later, broken in health and in wealth, he crept to Shanghai—to Forget.

Only after he had gone did Marlene

discover that she loved him alone. She followed him to Shanghai to creep into his arms—and Forget.

THUS it is that they meet in the bus—she loving him but too proud to admit it; he still bitter with the memory of his lost fedora. O Land and the bandits come. They line up the bus passengers.

"I suppose you want—money," suggests Brook, contemptuously.

O Land, unperturbed, smiles his inscrutable, polite, Oriental smile.

"There are some things more precious than money, Effendi," he explains, with a leer and a bow toward Marlene.

"You mean?" Brook inquires.

"Exactly, Huzoor," says O Land. "I mean that this charming lady will do me the honor to accompany me to my mountain fastness."

"All right," says Brook.

Now it is O Land's turn to be astonished.

"You're not going to fight me for her?" he asks Brook.

"Why should I?" says Brook.

"Well, this is a funny picture," says the bewildered bandit. "The bandit and the hero always fight, just about here, over the glamorous heroine."

"I won't even match you for her," says Brook, gazing bitterly at Marlene. She winces.

"All right," says O Land. "It's all the same to me. I always have to lose to the hero, anyhow."

Suddenly his voice breaks and there is the suspicion of a tear in his eye.

"I wish," he half sobs, "I do wish that some day, just once, someone would write a picture in which a Manchurian bandit would get a break and win a fight."

Anyhow, O Land kidnaps Marlene. But two days later, hatless and dishevelled, he rushes to the bus and demands that she be taken back. It seems she has already demoralized his business. She has been checking the bandits' fur hats every time they went in to dinner and already has half the band's ransom takings for the preceding year and a half.

Brook refuses to take Marlene back. So they have the Big Fight after all. O Land loses. Just then there is a commotion in the distance. It is Marlene, driving up with a truckload of fur hats, pursued by shrieking bandits.

From now on, things begin to happen. Marlene raises her arm to wave to Brook. O Land perceives a certain mole on the under side of her arm.

"Where did you get that mole?" he cries.

"Macy's basement," says the drummer (comic relief).

It turns out that O Land has a long-lost sister who had just such a mole; that, in fact, Marlene is that same long-lost sister. Half-sister, rather. She is a full daughter of Jesse James and O Land is a son of Jesse James by a half-caste Chinese girl. Jesse was only half-full at the time, so that is why he married a half-caste girl.

Brook begins to Understand now, and to Forgive.

"So that's why you're a hat-check girl," he says.

"Yes," she replies, smiling at him through her tears.

"Blood will tell," says O Land, happily, surveying his half-sister with pardonable pride.

Everything thus comes out all right. Brook and Marlene Find Each Other. She gives him back his grandfather's fedora. And O Land makes his sister a very good offer of a half-interest (because she is his half-sister) in his bandit business. Brook agrees to join the band, too, as he was once a customers' man in Wall Street and believes he can make good.

The last scene is where Brook and Marlene are sitting on the back of the bus, looking into the setting sun. You just see their backs, but you hear him say to her, softly:

"Darling, we have found Happiness. We were just two chips, floating amid the flotsam and jetsam of Life's Sea."

And her voice:

"No, Beloved. You were the chip. I was the chippie."

Organ. Fadeout.

—Frank Sullivan

• •

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF REVERSES

I

In the mornings I
peruse
my orange juice:
I did not choose
this juice,
nor yet excuse
its clinical
continual
use.
Do I refuse,
however,
or become obtuse
with muttered *phews!*
or by some simple
ruse
upset the
cruse,
in the end
I lose.
More juice,
by my porringer,
and oranger!

II

Good days
I'm out,
bad days
I'm not;
and that's
about
how far
I've got.

III

Everybody has
a lap—
*Verbum
sap.*

IV

To be
adult
is the
ne plus ult.

V

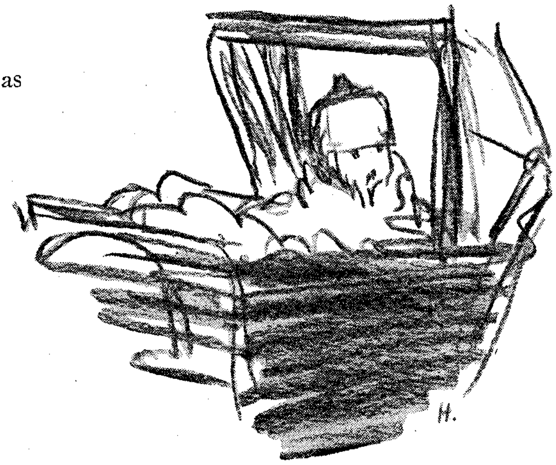
On my perambulator
I could make notches
for every second-rater
who shows me watches.

VI

Night's a crime
in early prime.

VII

Each rib
of my crib,
things like
a bib,
and being
the prize exhib.,
annoy me
ad lib.



VIII

As to naps:
They're all right
for saps,
perhaps,
to fill in
their gaps.
But real
chaps,
even in lace caps
and wraps,
don't collapse.

IX

People—and a lot
I don't care for,
and wouldn't give a stewed fig
or the juice of a pear for—
will try to make friends,
as like as not,
as if that's what
I take the air for.

—David McCord

KIDDIES' HOUR AT THE SURROGATE'S

[AFTER READING REPORTS OF SURROGATE O'BRIEN'S SPEECH, "A KIDDY IN EVERY HOME," AND THE ONE ON "KEEP THE KIDDIES IN SCHOOL"]

SURROGATE O'BRIEN received the newspapermen yesterday afternoon at his home. They were given little linen books to read while they waited for him.

"Listen t' this," said the City News man, who kept squinting one eye to keep cigar smoke out. " 'I wish I was a rabbit, and—' "

"Cut it, here he comes," said another reporter.

The Surrogate came beaming into the room. They began to ask him questions all at once.

"What about transportation, Mahat—Surrogate?" asked the *Times* man.

"Ha, ha, that reminds me of a game I play with the kiddies," said the Surrogate. "I ride them on my back. 'Horsie,' we call it."

"Do you think the banks would continue to give credit to the city in the event—?" began someone.

"Tell you what I'll do for you fellows," said the Surrogate, slapping his knee. "I'll recite 'Little Boy Blue' for you, if I can remember how it starts. I know so many of these jingles."

" 'The little toy soldier is covered with rust,' " prompted a reporter.

"Ah, yes, of course," said the Surrogate. "James Whitcomb Riley. Too bad he's gone."

"WHERE do you think Sherwood is?" somebody asked, bluntly.

"Do you know," said the Surrogate, looking eagerly around the group, "my kiddies *all* have *one* favorite story. Can you guess what it is?"

"The Mamma Bear and the Papa Bear," said the *Daily News* photographer, who looked like Wallace Beery.

"No, sir!" said the Surrogate, slapping his knee again. "Robin Hood! I have to tell 'em the story every night—Friar Puck, John Silver, all the characters."

"Can you recite 'I wish I was a rabbit'?" asked the City News man.

"Oh, yes," said the Surrogate.

"What's the second line? I bet you don't know the second line."

"Start me off on it again," said the Surrogate.

" 'I wisht I was a rabbit,' " said the *Daily News* photographer.

"Not 'wished,' " said the Surrogate, " 'wish.' The kiddy *wishes* he were a rabbit. Do you fellows happen to know the book called 'Itsy Bitsy Betty and the Dwagon'?"

"The what?" asked the *News* man.

"Dwagon," said Mr. O'Brien. "Smart as a whip, kiddies. Bright as a dollar. One day we were walking past Sherman's horse. 'What is that horse made of, Father?' one of the kiddies asked. 'Bronze, I suppose,' I told him. He thought a while. 'What kind of a horsie do they make out of Manhazzan?' he asked. Get it?"

"I don't get any of it," said the *Daily News* photographer.

"Don't you get the part about the bronze?" asked the Surrogate.

"You mean where the kiddy says 'bronze'?" asked the photographer.

"The *kiddy* doesn't say 'bronze,' the kiddy says 'Manhazzan,' " explained the Surrogate. "*I* say 'bronze.' It's like this. We were walking past Sherman's horse, see? You know Sherman's horse?"

"I don't know it; I know who it is," said the photographer.

"Good. So one of the kiddies—"

"How about municipal finance?" asked the *Sun* man.

A scowling reporter shouldered his way through the others and confronted the Surrogate. "Yeah, how about Itsy Bitsy Finance?" he demanded, savagely. "How about Itsy Bitsy Twansportation? How about—?"

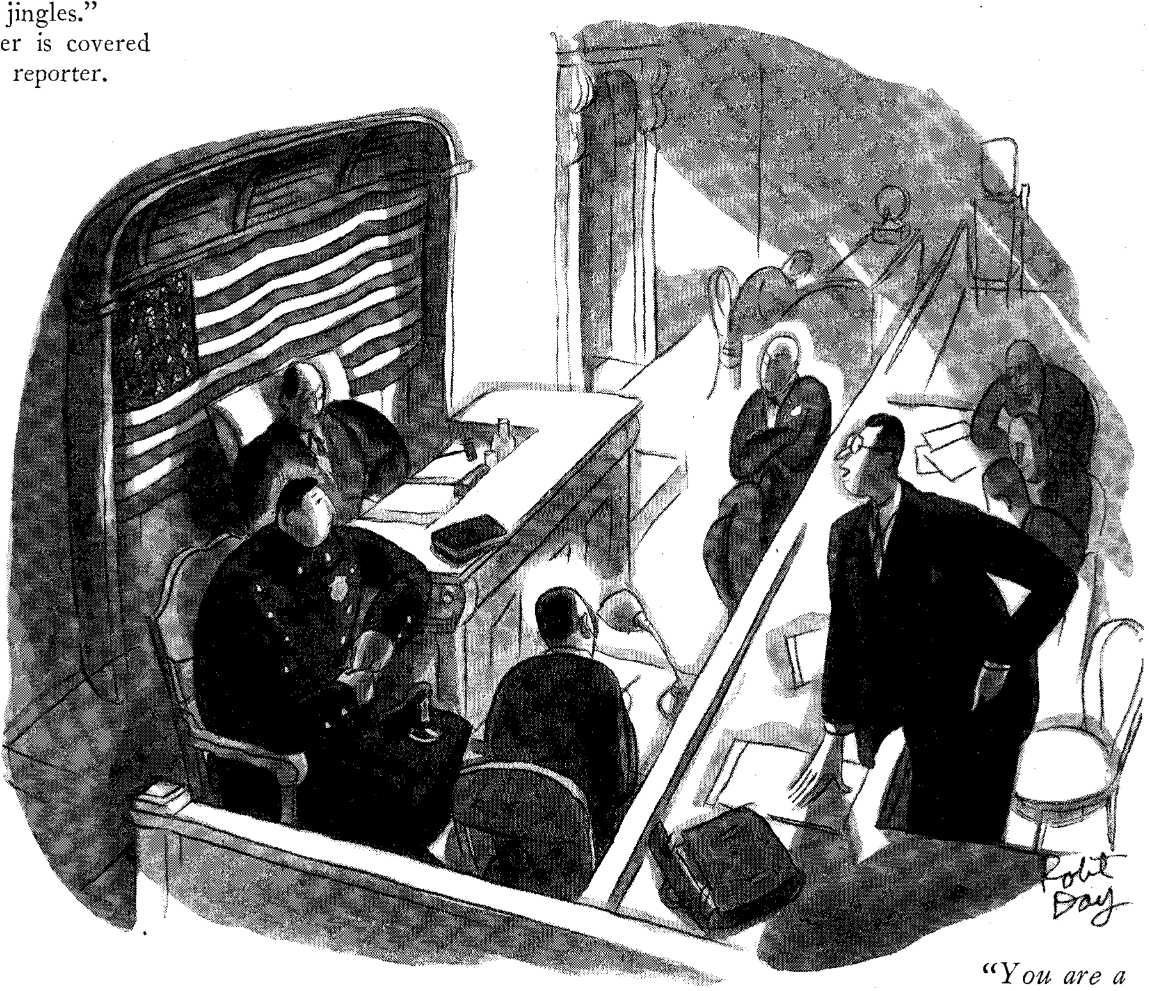
The Surrogate, hurt and puzzled, arose and left the room. The City News man was still reading his linen book.

"Here's one, fellas," he said. " 'When Twistmas turns again—' "

They took the book away from him.

"Let's all-l-l doh out and det a tupple dozen Manhazzans!" squealed the *Daily News* photographer.

—JAMES THURBER



"You are a police officer, are you not?"

THE LANDSLIDE

A NEW ANTHOLOGY OF HOPE, COMPILED FROM NEWSPAPER REPORTS THE MORNING AFTER THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY AT THE POLLS

Growth of Clarity

With the election uncertainties ended, the real improvement in business which has occurred this fall should be clearer, Hornblower & Weeks, Stock Exchange firm, declared today in a special analysis of the business outlook.—*The World-Telegram.*

Trapping Season a Success

Fall River, Mass. (AP)—Fifteen voters and a policeman were hurled into the basement of a polling place here today when a portion of the floor collapsed. As a result several went home without voting.—*The Times.*

Revival of the Gubernatorial "Me"

London (UP)—"It looks like an overwhelming victory for me," Mr. Roosevelt told the Daily Herald in a transatlantic telephone interview early today.—*The World-Telegram.*

Clarion-Call Chances Good

This election day in the United States should be as a signal flare to Americans, bidding them put their hands firmly to the duty which lies nearest, while calling out, each man to his neighbor: "Lift up your hearts!"—*Editorial in the Times.*

Birds Well Represented in Southwest

Texas boasts more varieties of birds than any other state in the Union. Approximately half of all the species of birds to be found in the United States have representatives in that state.—*Detroit News.*

Limit to Everything Suspected

On the wall of Eileen H. Miller's office hangs a chart which shows that depressions do not last forever.—*The World-Telegram.*

Steamship Lines Busy

John Gilbert, moving picture actor, arrived yesterday in the White Star liner Majestic, with his bride, Virginia Bruce, a film actress.—*The Times.*

Cosmic Schedule Kept, Pending New Deal

Asbury Park—Sun rises at 6:36 A.M.; sets at 4:44 P.M. For high tide at Asbury Park, N.J., deduct 15 minutes from Sandy Hook time.—*The Times.*

Famed Rule Proved by Exception

The stock market moved lower yesterday, thus destroying a precedent which has stood for thirty-six years.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Love of Country Unusually Strong

Isaac Newton Lewis, 95-year-old resident of Jamaica, Queens, who cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln, violated his doctor's orders yesterday in order to go out and vote for a Republican candidate for President. Afterwards he flung medical caution to the winds and celebrated the holiday.—*The Times.*

Thirst for Knowledge Waxing

May I ask you the correct initials to use in preparing my bridal linen?—*Letter to Elinor Ames of the Daily News.*

Bay Shore Jubilant Over Result

Bay Shore, L.I.—The Bay Shore High School girls' soccer team vanquished the Port Jefferson girls 2-0 today.—*The Times.*

Canapé on Firmer Basis

Moscow (Science Service, by Mail)—The addition of minute quantities of certain ferments will preserve caviar from decomposing in the absence of chemical antiseptics, Mme. Jermoljewa, a woman scientist at the Bach Institute for Biochemistry at Moscow, has found.—*The Times.*

Society Is on the Jump

Mrs. Huntington Merchant has left 610 Park Avenue and is at 55 East 65 Street for the winter.—*The Times.*

Skies Smile on Little Animals

"Due to exceedingly favorable weather conditions during the breeding season, we have the most unprecedented supply of small game ever recorded."—*Letter from Adolph Muller, president of the Pennsylvania Board of Game Commissioners.*

Common Decency Encouraged

The practice of the bride and bridegroom kissing at the altar after the wedding ceremony is condemned by St. Luke's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Chicago.—*The Times.*

Frivolity a Fizzle

New Rochelle—Will Rogers got one vote for President here yesterday. In the third ward his name was written in.—*The World-Telegram.*

Fine Cars in Everyday Use

James J. Walker came into the city yesterday from the unannounced place where he has been staying, cast ballot 304 at the polling place at 16 Clarkson Street, in Greenwich Village, and then drove away in a Rolls-Royce limousine.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Nation's Health Habits Good

"I'm going to bed at nine o'clock in spite of everything," Garner said.—*The Herald Tribune.*

People Not Greedy

523 MILLION ACRES LAND IN U.S. STILL UNWANTED —*Headline in the Herald Tribune.*

—E. B. W.

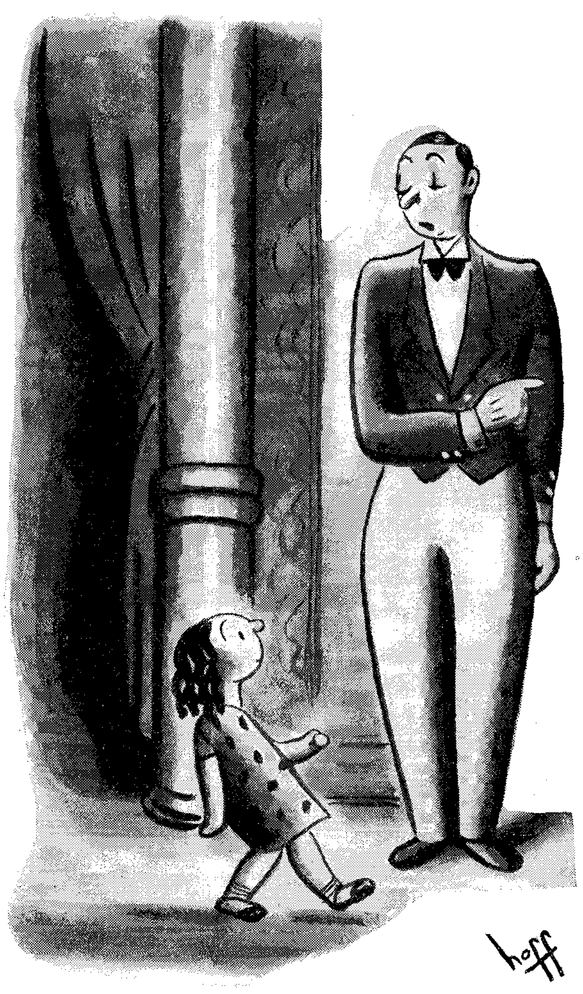
THE THEATRE

A GOOD CRY

IN explanation of any tear stains on this page, it may be said that I am a pushover for little German *Lieder*. The littler they are and the more tinkly, the more spectacular is my collapse. This is doubtless that old Scotch-Irish-Welsh streak coming out in me. In the Jerome Kern score of "Sweet Adeline" several seasons ago there was a little number called "Es War Schon Damals So," into which Mr. Kern had put all his, or some old Minnesinger's, best heartaches, and my family still blushes at the memory of the maudlin demonstration I put on during its rendition. Later in the season, I also could be induced to sing it myself, if the company was just right.

The score of "Music in the Air" is full of little German songs, so I am perhaps not capable of judging calmly whether or not it is a good show. I think that it is. I know that at the opening a very nice usher with brown eyes had to ask me to step out into the lobby and see if I couldn't get hold of myself a little better. When the orchestras around town get the music, I shall have to be publicly whipped, I am afraid, or else sent right upstairs to bed. It seems to me to be one of Mr. Kern's loveliest scores, which is saying a great deal, if you will think back.

AS for Mr. Hammerstein's book, I was swept into its sentimental mood by the music (and Mr. Russell Bennett's liquid orchestration did nothing to keep me on my feet, either) and I was quite willing to be sorry, to the point of throwing myself out the window, for the Reder family, who came up from Edendorf to Munich to make musical history, and then went back to Edendorf again. It was good for once to see a young lady who did not make a sensation on her opening night, and it was even better to see how Mr. Hammerstein throughout kidded his big scenes, especially those in which Miss Natalie Hall and Mr. Tullio Carminati took part. Both Miss Hall and Mr. Carminati turned in nicely humorous performances, in addition to which Miss Hall has just the right kind of soprano voice to play that particular rôle. The fact that Mr. Walter Slezak is a Bavarian himself may have had something to do with the complete illusion of his being Bavarian, but I also have an idea that he is a good actor as well, and he, with Miss Katherine Carrington, made a couple of youngsters to whom one would have hated to see any harm come, even musical-comedy harm. It is a long jump from "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" to the German music-master which Al Shean does so sympathetically here, but it is an even longer jump from the Four Marx Brothers, who are, unless my memory is doing me a trick, his little nephews.



As an added attraction, "Music in the Air" boasts the presence in its company of Reinald Werrenrath, the most misspelled baritone in American musical history. Not enough use is made of Mr. Werrenrath's splendid voice, and calling him an old bird-fancier doesn't really explain why he has to wander on and off with nobody ever speaking to him (it couldn't have been his pants that they minded, for everybody wears pants like that in Bavaria), but the very fact that he is there, within hailing distance, is a great comfort to any audience.

JUST why I should have been bored at "The Cat and the Fiddle" and not bored at "Music in the Air" I do not understand, for they are both of the same genre, the Awfully-Nice-Music-But-No-Laughs group. As a rule, I can take this sort of thing or leave it. But on thinking back over "Music in the Air," I remember distinctly laughing (or maybe laughing distinctly) quite a number of times, which more or less vitiates the above generalization. However, the fact remains that, what with laughing and crying, and crying and laughing, I had an elegant time at "Music in the Air," and I don't see why a lot of people shouldn't, especially now that it looks as if Münchner were coming back.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

WATCH THE LEAF

This is the slumber of man,
The gray leaf and the tan.
This is sleep to him
Of the tired limb.

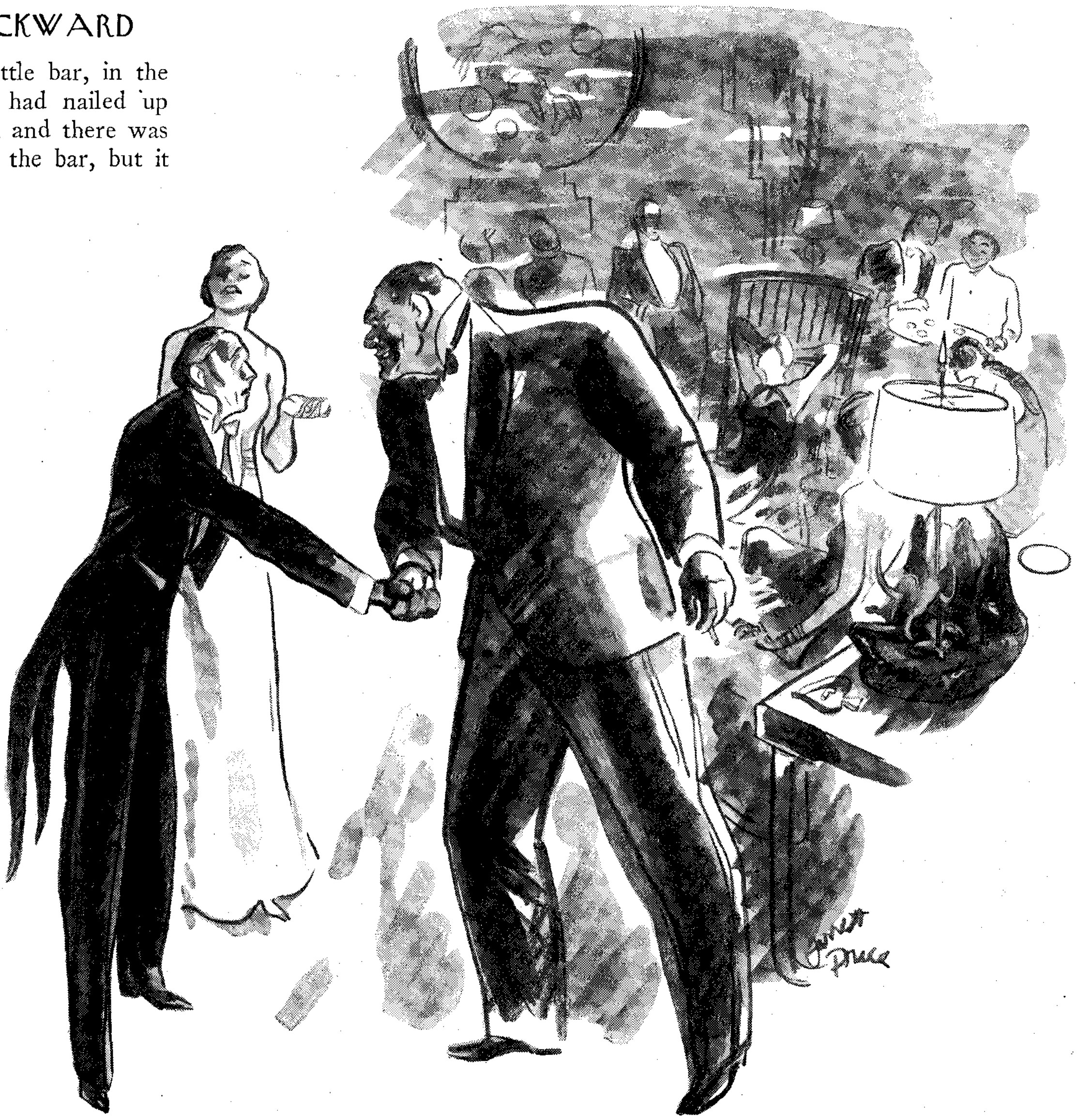
Not in the summer sun,
Sweating, undone
By the thought of time—
The hours that climb and climb—

Does man remember this,
And how good it is,
How good it is to stand,
Dropping the calloused hand,

Lifting the sleepy eye
To the darkening sky
And watching how
The dry leaf breaks from the bough.

—HARRISON DOWD

LOOKING BACKWARD



"This is Mr. Bashion. I was just telling you about his tremendous grip."

IT was a gloomy little bar, in the first place. Kirk had nailed up a red Chinese fan, and there was a striped awning over the bar, but it was still too dark, and the air was stale and heavy. Just the same, Kirk liked the joint; or did until that Friday when he came in with a strange, still expression on his face.

He took off his coat, and as he hung it up you could see that he was watching his own hands. Then he looked at himself and felt of his face. Three customers were drinking beer, and one of them asked: "What's the matter, Kirk? Don't you feel right?"

"I feel all right," Kirk said. "How do you feel?" But he didn't wait for an answer. "Do you feel *anything?* Can you hear my voice all right?"

"Certainly I can. What's the idea I shouldn't?"

"What do you think when you see me?" Kirk asked him. "Do you think you see me?"

"I'll have rye," the customer said; "the good rye, and you better have one with me."

Kirk took down the bottle and two glasses and poured out the drinks. Before he put the bottle back, he spun it around in his hands, staring at it, and he felt all around the glasses.

"Those are glasses, Kirk," one of the customers said.

"You sure?" Kirk asked. "I'm not so sure. You think this is my joint and it's afternoon, don't you? But could you *prove* it?"

"I got to be going," one of the customers said, and he put some money on the bar and walked out.

Kirk paid no attention. "I think I feel queer," he said. "I've been thinking I feel queer for two days now."

Nobody said anything.

"You see it was like this," Kirk said. "He was a prophet. He said he was. He had a beard and he talked on a corner out my way for a long time. He said the world was coming to an end on last Wednesday. *Last Wednesday.* Thursday, I went around to his corner but he wasn't there. I knew where he lived so I went there, and found him sitting on his bed looking between his knees at the carpet.

"I was trying to kid him, so I said: 'Hello, Doc. This is Thursday, isn't it?'

"'Is it?'

"'Sure it is.'

"'Thursday of what?' he asked.

"'Of the week.'

"'What week?'

"'This week,' I said. 'And here we still are.'

"'Where?' he asked.

"'Here,' I said.

"'Where's that? And who's we?' he wanted to know.

"I started to laugh, and I said: 'Doc, you told us the world was coming to an end Wednesday.'

"He let himself sink backward on the bed, and he lifted his feet up after him, turning his back. After a while, he twisted his neck to get a long look at me.

"'It did,' he said."

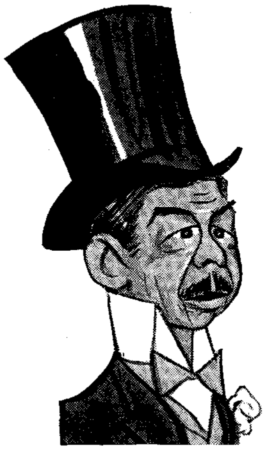
For a couple of minutes there wasn't a sound in the bar. Finally, one of the customers asked: "So what?"

"That's all," Kirk said, feeling his face, and looking around him slowly.

—NORMAN MATSON

PROFILES

THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE—IV



Romanoff

Prince Michael's first expedition to Hollywood took place in March, 1927. It was strange that Mike had not visited Hollywood earlier. His career had been one long series of movie gags. A graduate of the New York Hebrew and other orphanages, dauntlessly sticking to the Romanoff imposture in spite of countless exposures, Mike was constantly entangled in new complications from which he escaped by inventing new climaxes. Few men have lived so much farce and melodrama. His qualifications for the cinema also included wit, humor, and imagination.

Mike was discovered for the screen by Mal St. Clair, Adolphe Menjou, Harry D'Arrast, Richard Dix, Tom Moore, and other movie celebrities who used to meet him when they dropped into the late Dan Moriarty's place on East Fifty-eighth Street on the route to the Paramount studio in Astoria. A collection was taken, and a non-transferable, irredeemable one-way ticket to Los Angeles purchased for Mike. He was vexed and rebellious when he learned that the newspapers had been invited to send photographers around to the Grand Central to picture the late Czar's relative who had hearkened to the call of Hollywood. No cameramen appeared, however, and just before the train started, Mike began to shout from the rear platform: "Where are those damn photographers? Where are those damn photographers?" Mike left New York in an upper berth. The legend is that he arrived in Hollywood in a newly-acquired friend's private car. This is in character, but caution is necessary, because some of the Romanoff enthusiasts try to improve on the sacred truth about their hero.

Southern California lay before Mike as Italy before Napoleon. He arrived without funds, moved into the Hotel Ambassador, and entertained lavishly. The region abounds in wealthy widows, Mike's specialty. He placed himself on a sound financial basis at the expense of the widow of a Western meatpacker. One of the first things the Prince did in Hollywood was to give himself two promotions: he rose to be half-brother of the late Czar, instead of cousin; he became the man who killed Rasputin, instead of the son of the man who killed Rasputin. Mike's nearness to the Russian throne varies as the square of the ignorance of the community he is in. At Harvard, he was five removes from the Czardom; in New York, three removes; in Hollywood, one remove; in Tijuana, he was the rightful Czar himself. Mike was welcomed in the highest Hollywood circles. He summoned Los Angeles reporters and gave the imperial impressions of America. He rode horseback as a guest of the Hollywood Breakfast Club and broadcast from the club's radio station, uttering, among other things, a warning that synthetic gin was an enemy to the complexion of women.

Warner Brothers were in search of an authority on British military life in the Sudan. Mike recalled that he had been a British army officer in the Sudan. He produced a photograph of a caravan crossing a desert. He pointed to a faint blur in one corner, saying: "This is I." Mike was engaged as technical director for the picture called "The Desired Woman," and he travelled into the Arizona desert to help make it. It was a good picture. Mordaunt Hall, a former British officer, said, however, in a review in the *Times*, that it embodied grave misconceptions of British military life in the Sudan. Mike later sold a scenario. It was said to be a powerful thing, but was not picturized, because it was found that Mike's idea had been plagiarized from him twenty years earlier by John Galsworthy. Mike was decoyed from Warner's by Fox. Altogether, he worked in several studios. His last employment was as technical director of a film dealing with prewar Russian life. Mike made a hit with his superiors. Heavy expense was incurred in preparing thousands of photographs and thrilling newspaper releases featuring "His Imperial Highness the Prince Michael Alexandrovitch Dmitry Obolensky Romanoff of Russia." In his capacity as technical director of the picture, however, Mike had to direct many real Russians. They found him aloof and unapproachable. Theodor Lodijensky, a former Russian general, felt himself insulted when Mike refused to talk to him in Russian, and hired a detective agency to investigate Mike. The agency's report traced Mike through many orphanages, jails, and various stages of his career, and Mike was summoned to the offices of the studio. He listened to the charges, inspecting General Lodijensky with princely amusement.

"I think I remember you," said Mike. "Were you not a restaurateur in New York?"

The General admitted it.

"I think you had a place in Fifty-seventh Street known as the Russian Eagle?"

The General admitted that, too.

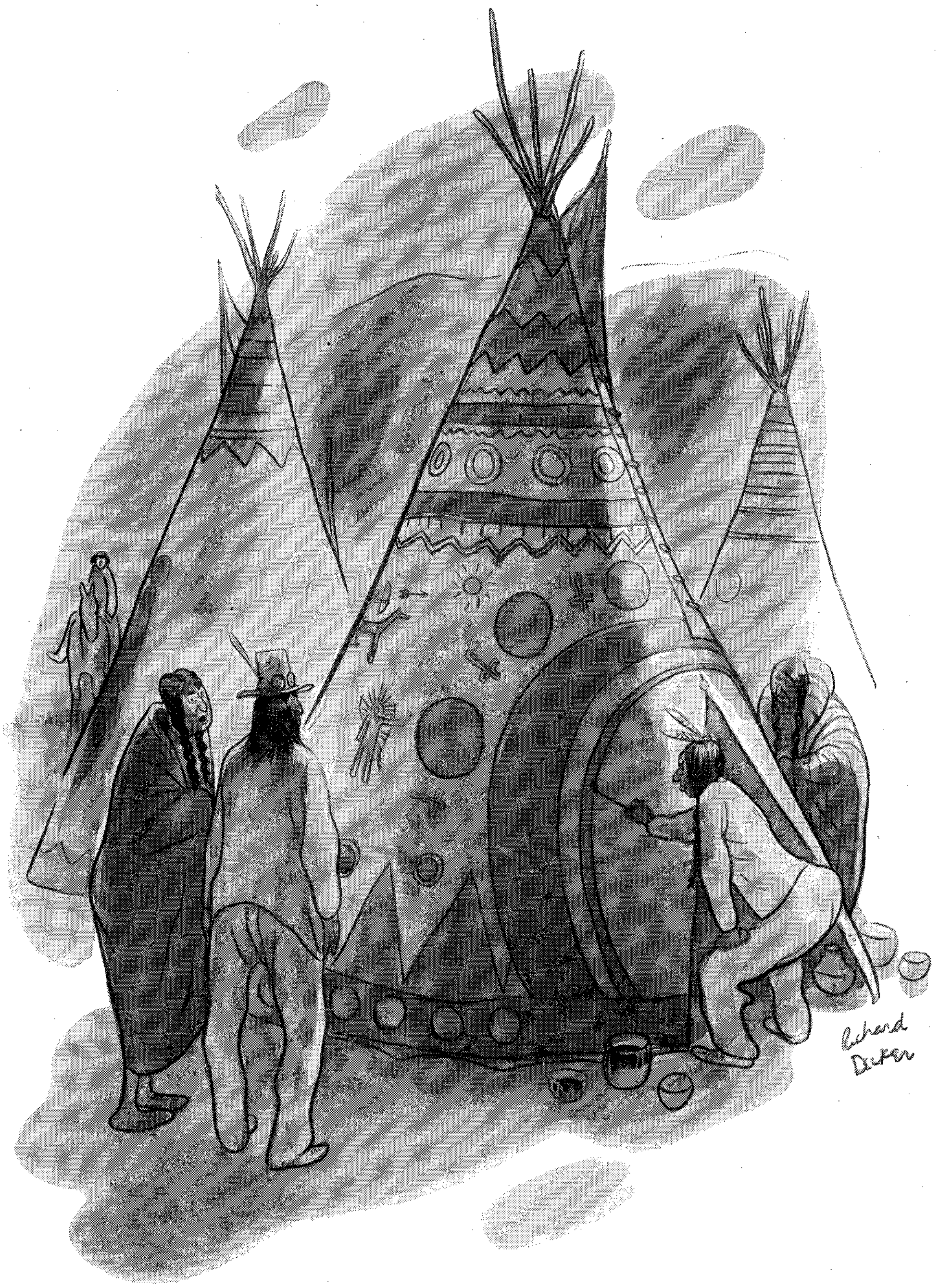
"I believe I used to buy my liquor of you," said Mike. The General protested vehemently against being put in the light of a bootlegger.

"Gentlemen," said Mike, quietly, informatively, "a Romanoff never degrades himself by having a controversy with an inferior."

Mike bowed and made a splendid exit. The General, however, was not through. He turned his documents over to the Los Angeles *Examiner*, which printed a full-page exposure of Mike. The Prince was hurt to find that this made an unfavorable impression. In New York, his friends never noticed such things. There is a touch of real Americanism in the New York attitude: here it is considered more creditable for a man to be a Romanoff by his own efforts than by accident of birth. The exposure, however, flustered Hollywood's immature aristocracy. Mike's dupes hung their heads. His first Hollywood campaign was over. He could no longer finance himself; the "No funds" stamps of Mike's New York banks had a rest. The Prince was soon sleeping in the open air.

Mike's return to New York was a typical Romanoff *coup d'état*. A friend in Los Angeles lent him fifty dollars; Mike got his trunk with his wardrobe out of hock and expressed it to the Hotel Langdon, off Fifth Avenue. Bearded, bronzed, travel-stained by three thousand miles on the brakebeams, Mike arrived in New York a few weeks later. Borrowing a few dollars at his old speakeasy headquarters, he had a shine, shave, and haircut; bought a new shirt and put it on in the back room of the haberdasher's, leaving the old one; sat in undress reading the papers in a tailor shop while his suit was being freed from dust and train oil, patched, and pressed; walked a few blocks to get rid of the gasoline fumes; registered at the Fifth Avenue hostelry, had his trunk sent up to his suite, and remained there two weeks on credit. He had entered the speakeasy at four P.M. a hobo; he reëntered at eight P.M. in top hat and tails.

Mike had a glorious welcome, but he still found it difficult to finance himself in Manhattan. After a round of joyous reunions, he disappeared again, but returned in a short time quilted with money. He seized a Tom Collins that a friend was drinking, poured it out, and ordered champagne. "I have sold a patent on a new color process to the Eastman Company at Rochester," explained Mike. It soon came to light that Mike actually had been in Rochester: he spent two days in a Rochester jail for non-payment of a hotel bill. He had, however, made his money in Cleveland, where he sold a municipally-owned Old Master that hung on the wall of the Cleveland Museum of Art to an elderly Cleveland lady for fifteen hundred dollars. Mike had told her that it was one of the items of his Romanoff Collection and that he had been allowed to hang it there by the courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce and the City Commission, but that the Shylocks would rob him of the old family heirloom if he failed to raise fifteen hundred dollars at once. The lady and her chauffeur later narrowly escaped arrest at the hands of a museum guard when they were caught trying to remove the canvas from the wall. On other occasions, Mike returned, temporarily wealthy, from dashes into what he called the Interior. The details of these raids are seldom aired in court, as Mike enjoys an almost magical immunity from prosecution, an immunity often due to the fact that publicity about his escapades would embarrass distinguished persons.



"I don't like it. Too much gingerbread."

HIS genius for meeting uncommon situations was put to a severe test on the morning of January 27, 1928, in a suite at the Hotel Astor where a party was held by B. W. Morris, Jr., in connection with the Beaux-Arts Ball of that year. A lady complained that she had missed her gold cigarette-lighter and several other gold objects from her toilet-case. A guest of giant stature seized the diminutive Romanoff, turned him upside down, and shook him by the ankles. The missing articles rolled on the floor. Mike scrambled to his feet roaring with laughter. "You planted those on me," he cried. Pointing the finger of suspicion at one after another, he laughed himself into tears.

The Prince at this period was increasingly afflicted by his chronic trouble: lack of suitable revenues. He had outgrown his old vocation of finding new papas and mammas. Up to the age of thirty-five, he had been a perpetual promising child, adopting new parents from time to time, but alienating them by his strange capers. Now, verging on forty, he was getting somewhat old and stringy to be a little jewel to brighten new foster-homes. His credit was in a bad state; prejudice had developed against his promissory notes. Finally, Mike's morale broke; he decided to work. As America's greatest industrial centre, Pittsburgh received the preference. Mike had made a brief trip to Pittsburgh the year before as the guest of Paul Mellon, son of the Ambassador to England. Young Mellon had taken the Prince there for the wedding of David K. E. Bruce and Ailsa Mellon on May 29, 1926. At the last

KITTENS
For SALE

"Of course some cats have eight kittens but I never have more than six."

• •

minute, however, Paul Mellon asked Mike to absent himself from the wedding. The Prince was angry and humiliated at first, but he restored his self-respect by stealing Mellon's suitcase. On his return to New York, Mike summoned his friends to his room to see his magnificent gold military brushes. "What does the 'P. M.' stand for?" he was asked. "Prince Michael, of course," replied Mike.

Revisiting Pittsburgh, Mike looked over the industrial opportunities and accepted a position as laborer in a construction gang. A few months later he arrived in New York a shadow of his former self. He was making a poor convalescence from fractured ribs and internal injuries. Friends sent him to a hospital, where he slowly regained his health. He explained that he had risen meteorically from common laborer to foreman by voluntarily working overtime to impress his superiors. One day when, from pure ambition, he kept on working after the bell, a scoop shovel opened, he said, and dropped tons of débris on him. Mike said that he had saved six hundred dollars and it all went to pay doctors and nurses. When he sought workman's compensation, his claim was denied, he said, on the ground that he had been wantonly working after hours and that the company was therefore in no way liable.

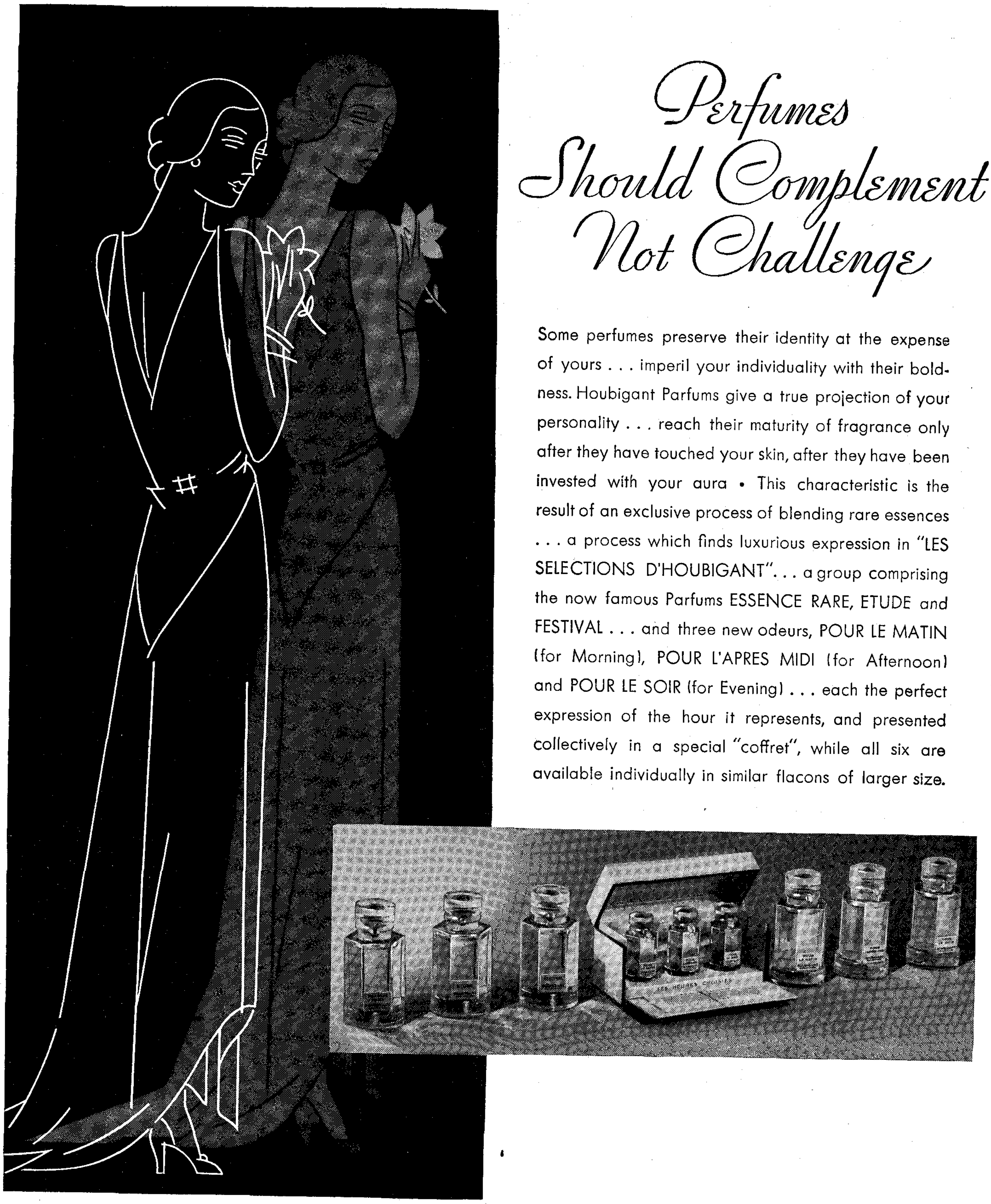
Rockwell Kent sent Mike to the Kent place at Ausable Forks, N.Y., to complete his recovery. Kent knew that Mike was no prince but believed that he had been an officer in the Cossacks. Mike was expected to be invaluable about the Kent stables, but it became quickly apparent that the Prince was grossly deficient in hippology. He was promoted to the position of "factor," a high office of obscure duties, in the Kent ménage. He showed no special talent until Kent started to build a tennis court. Then the Prince displayed an unlooked-for knowledge of masonry. He chipped stones well.

Mike was profoundly influenced by Kent. He imitated Kent's mannerisms and began to dress like him—exactly like him, for he had access to Kent's wardrobe. He tried to write and draw like Kent. He became as good as Kent in one form of writing, the writing of Kent's signature. He began to drop in at bookshops in Syracuse, Binghamton, and elsewhere, saying "I'm Kent," collecting acclaim and hospitality and running up small bills with the tradespeople. For a time, the Kent and Romanoff identities struggled for the possession of Mike's personality.

BOSWELL wrote five volumes about Dr. Johnson before he could bring himself to state that the great man had not always been virtuous. In similar fashion, it must now be conceded that there are some dark spots on Mike's record. Once, at least, he acted as a trapper for a detective agency; and once, at least, after swindling a wealthy benefactress, he stopped prosecution by hinting she had been his mistress; for a brief period in 1929, he was a customers' man for a bond house.

The blackest chapter in Mike's history came later, when he was hired to create statutory grounds for divorce. A wealthy industrialist desired his freedom and felt obliged to obtain evidence against his wife. The Prince was selected to decoy her and a series of traps were laid that might have ensnared Diana. First a stranger named Legrand called on the unsuspecting wife, saying that he had a letter of introduction from a friend of hers living in Paris. He called a second time and took her to dinner. That was the last she saw of Legrand. However, before he had passed out of her life, Legrand had presented one Willie Harris. Willie took her to dinner and then vanished in his turn, but not until he had introduced a Mrs. Grace Wilkins. Grace vanished in her turn, but not until she had introduced Prince Michael Romanoff. Legrand, Willie, and Grace had merely set the stage for the entrance of the imperial Russian. Mike thereupon started briskly to work to win the heart of the industrialist's wife.

Mike was put on an expense account as he courted his victim. He took a suite at a Fifth Avenue hotel, sent out for tubs of caviar and cases of champagne, and summoned all his friends. "Go right up," said the hotel clerk when a guest asked to be announced. "The Prince is expecting everybody." In the intervals between his cocktail parties, Mike paced the floor dictating to two stenographers. He was a statesman one minute, a playwright the next. He had an order, he said, to turn "The Brothers Karamazov" into a drama in seven days, and he was engaged at the same time in mighty negotiations pertaining to the reënthronement of the Romanoffs. He barked dialogue and stage directions from one corner of his mouth, world

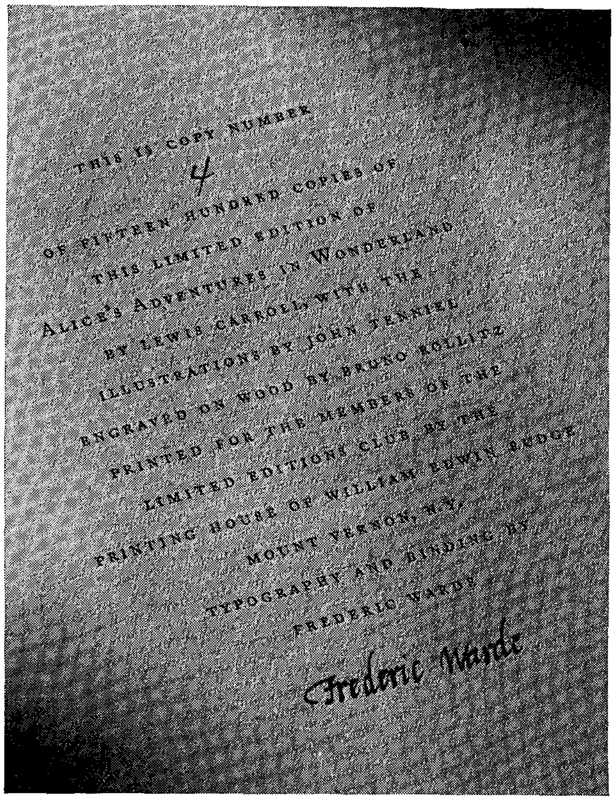


Perfumes Should Complement Not Challenge

Some perfumes preserve their identity at the expense of yours . . . imperil your individuality with their boldness. Houbigant Parfums give a true projection of your personality . . . reach their maturity of fragrance only after they have touched your skin, after they have been invested with your aura • This characteristic is the result of an exclusive process of blending rare essences . . . a process which finds luxurious expression in "LES SELECTIONS D'HOUBIGANT". . . a group comprising the now famous Parfums ESSENCE RARE, ETUDE and FESTIVAL . . . and three new odeurs, POUR LE MATIN (for Morning), POUR L'APRES MIDI (for Afternoon) and POUR LE SOIR (for Evening) . . . each the perfect expression of the hour it represents, and presented collectively in a special "coffret", while all six are available individually in similar flacons of larger size.

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

"Book designers
by appointment
to discriminating people"



THIS IS COPY NUMBER
4
OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED COPIES OF
THIS LIMITED EDITION OF
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND
BY LEWIS CARROLL, WITH THE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN TENNIEL
ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY BRUNO ROLLITZ
PRINTED FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE
LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB BY THE
PRINTING HOUSE OF WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE
MOUNT VERNON, N.Y.
TYPOGRAPHY AND BINDING BY
FREDERIC WARDE
Frederic Warde

This final page obviously does not *create the value of The Limited Editions Club volume in which it appears; but it is a visible outward expression of the volume's inherent value.*

JUST as the ancient silversmiths marked each piece they produced with their initials and with the "hallmark" which was the government's certification of quality, so the famous designers, illustrators and printers of the volumes made for The Limited Editions Club place this colophon, and their signatures, on the last page of each volume.

For the members of The Limited Editions Club are assembling a library of examples of the finest work now being done in bookcraftsmanship: work produced on three continents by the leading artists-of-the-book in each. The whole is virtually a panorama of the Art of the Fine Book today, shown in the work of its leading exponents.

And each edition is made expressly for—and only for—the members of The Limited Editions Club. This is the crux of the unique plan which has saved book collectors a very substantial sum for three years past and which will again, during the publication of a Fourth Series, make possible to them a further definite saving on each book they add to their libraries of limited editions. For the first time in the history of fine printing, books which are collector's items as soon as they are issued are acquired by a group formed for the purpose of receiving them, without the speculative mark-up of the commercially distributed edition.

There will be, starting with the Fourth Series, a very few memberships in The Limited Editions Club open to new applicants. The total membership is limited to 1500. We will be very happy to explain to you by correspondence the way in which membership may benefit you, and to send you a list of the books which are planned for the Fourth Series and the men who are at work upon them. Simply write asking for the Prospectus, which will be sent without obligation. Immediate application, however, is necessary.

Write today to Mr. NELSON YOUNG,

THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB

551 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

politics and dynastic schemes from the other. Now and then he took a cavalry revolver out of a bureau drawer and assured himself that it was well oiled.

The victim of the divorce conspiracy was impressed with the greatness of the Prince, although she complained later in an affidavit that his clothes were baggy and he was somewhat dirty. He took her to teas and dinners. Finally—after putting knockout drops into her coffee, according to the victim—Mike delivered her at an apartment which had been provided. A mammoth raiding party led by the husband crashed the love nest. As the door was smashed, Mike is said to have cried: "Who enters the bedchamber of Romanoff?"

The industrialist started his divorce action. The wife hired a lawyer and fought the suit. A library of material on Romanoff was gathered by the Schindler detective agency. The conspiracy was so thoroughly exposed that the divorce suit was dropped. The wife then started suit against her husband and Romanoff for a million dollars. The trial of the civil suit would have revealed grounds for criminal proceedings. There was only one legal method of halting the suit, and that method was adopted. The husband proclaimed that he was insane and for that reason could not be sued. A jury trial was later held to determine whether he was sane or insane. The jury rendered a verdict that he was sane. The husband is now appealing the verdict.

Mike's presence in New York became a peril. He had repented and tearfully begged the lady's pardon. There was great danger that he would tell all. To avert this danger, the Prince was provided with funds and placed on a westbound train.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(*This is the fourth of a series of articles on Prince Michael Romanoff. The final article will appear next week.*)

•

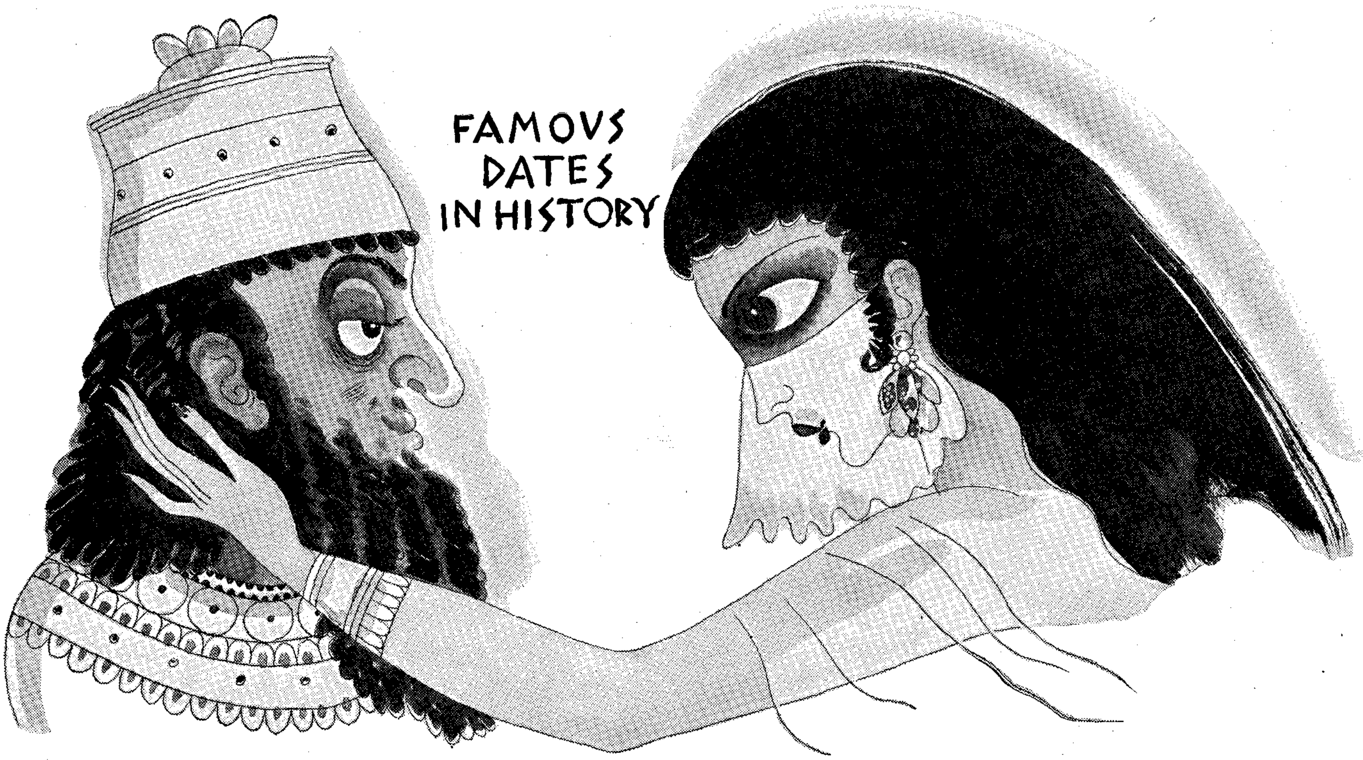
LOST—Black and white fox terrier, contains papers of value to owner only. Reward, return to American Trust and Savings Bank, Hammond.—*Adv. in the Hammond (Ind.) Times.*

We had one once that contained a rare old print and three paper-clips.

•

Approximately 20 percent of all our alumni who received bills last year paid them. This notable record far surpassed the expectations of the Archons.—*Letter from Phi Gamma Delta.*

Oh ye of little faith!


FAMOUS DATES IN HISTORY

SOLOMON (Solomonly): Knowledge is better than much fine gold.

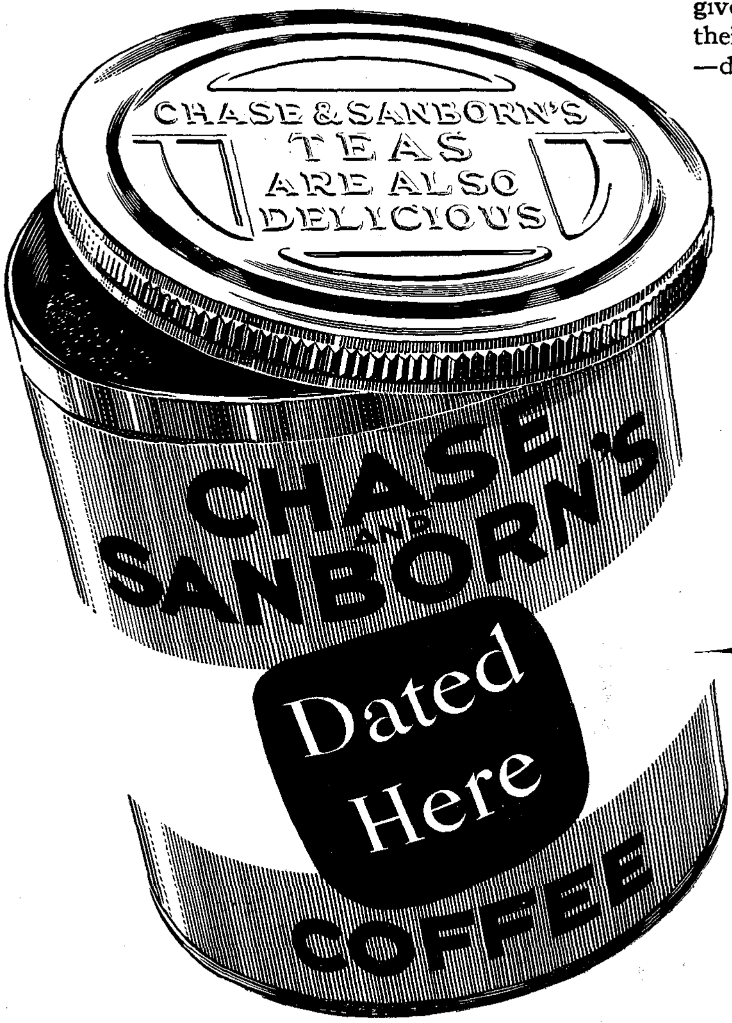
QUEEN OF SHEBA: But lookit my goldilocks!

SOLOMON: Wisdom is better than rubies.

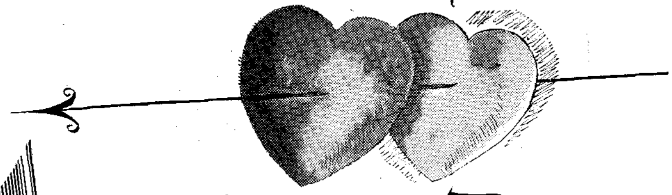
QUEEN OF SHEBA: Aw, get wise to my ruby lips.

SOLOMON: M-m-m-m-m-m. Ya, a treasure also to be denied—sweet as honey comb and fresh—as Dated Coffee.

That a wise girl watches her dates is no new proverb. In fact, watching your dates can save you the headaches, insomnia and indigestion that are often caused by the rancid oils in stale coffee. Coffee is really a fresh food—just like butter and eggs. Its delicate oils turn rancid soon after roasting. That's why Chase & Sanborn give you Dated Coffee and rush it to your grocer by their famous "fresh-food" delivery. Don't take a chance—drink Dated Coffee.


CHASE & SANBORN'S TEAS ARE ALSO DELICIOUS
CHASE AND SANBORN'S
Dated Here
COFFEE

Look for the DATE



on the Can

Copyright, 1932, by Standard Brands Inc.

We have

☆ **STELLA ADLER**—Whose remarkable impersonation of the flaming young stenographer in "Success Story" is one of the high spots of the play. "I find Lux Toilet Soap delightful for keeping the skin always smooth and youthfully soft," she says.

☆ **VERA MARSHE**—at right—Fairest of the fair in that carnival of melodious fun, "Ballyhoo of 1932." "Lovely white Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin marvelously refreshed and satin-smooth," she says.

☆ **ALLA NAZIMOVA**—Her triumphs on the stage and screen have won her world-wide fame—today she is winning new laurels in that epic of the Chinese soil, "The Good Earth." "For years I have been faithful to Lux Toilet Soap," she declares. "It is a marvel."

elected these dazzling stars

on the platform of lovely complexion—they win by a landslide

☆ FRIEDA INESCORT—With the light, sure touch of her aristocratic art she recreates that charming anachronism—a Lady—in the comedy, "When Ladies Meet." "I always use Lux Toilet Soap—it leaves my skin feeling cool and fresh and smooth," she says.

LET tariffs rise and fall—let the country go wet or dry as it will—our candidate is always the girl with the lovely skin.

Not merely the kind of skin that stands good, hard wear in a rainstorm. No! We believe a girl's skin should be ornamental as well as useful. And one hundred men out of every hundred vote with us.

So if you want to be the kind of Young Person who never has to sit at home and mope—begin now to cultivate a smooth, soft, gloriously fresh and alluring complexion. Take a lesson from these lovely stars! *They* know that a beautiful skin is essential for a woman—whether she's a brilliant Broadway success or a lowly débutante. And they've learned that the safest and surest way to guard complexion beauty is the regular use of Lux Toilet Soap.

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap," says Frieda Inescort. "Keeps the skin always clear and youthfully smooth," says Stella Adler. "Keeps the skin youthfully alluring," agrees Vera Marshe. "For years I have been faithful to it," declares Nazimova.

Nine out of ten screen stars—countless stage stars—are using Lux Toilet Soap today. This matchlessly fine, fragrant, white soap has been the favorite complexion care on Broadway and in Hollywood for years. It is official in all the big film studios. And it is found in theatres everywhere.

Add Lux Toilet Soap to your shopping list today!

LUX

Toilet Soap

SINGLE?

DOUBLE?

TRIPLE?

TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

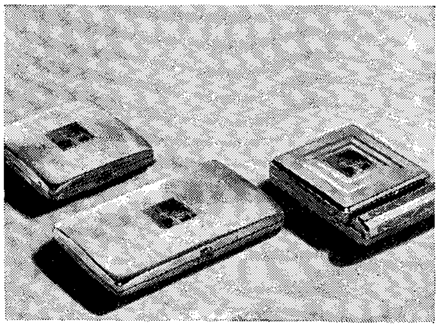
Powder only? Powder and rouge? Powder, rouge, and lipstick? How will you have your vanity case *this* fall?

We've three perfectly new ones for your delectation. A single one, with square gold polished case, that you'd never know wasn't twenty-four karat; a double one, the same finish, but in the new rectangular shape; and a revised version of our famous triple compact, in either gold or silver.

We have our reasons for liking them all. The single one, because it holds such a lot of powder; the double one, because it's just as slim as the single one (quarter of an inch at the tapered edges); and the triple one because, once and for all, the vagaries of the lipstick are defeated.

The prices of these new compacts are pleasant too. $1.10, $1.65, and $3, for single, double, and triple. And all of them come in brown and ivory gift boxes, gold stamped, duvetyn-lined, and practically ready for the Christmas tree.

Other Yardley gifts, as charming and as appropriate, from $1.35 to $14.85. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 452 Fifth Ave., New York; in London, at 33, Old Bond Street; and Paris, Toronto and Sydney.



YARDLEY OF LONDON

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, NOV. 9

IT would have been high time for some time, now, to talk about the winter's good new books had there only been some good new books to talk about. In loneliness, one has emerged in the shape of the Tharaud brothers' "Les Bien-Aimées." As a fraternal literary pair, Jérôme and Jean Tharaud are singular indeed. As early as 1906 they had won the Goncourt Prize between them, and since then they have at any rate won increasing public respect with the twenty-five uncrowned volumes, often on Semitic subjects, that they have signed. They are *mondain* men, globe-trotters with a historical house in Versailles and an entry into certain smart salons of Paris. Yet "Les Bien-Aimées" is a bourgeois love story without chic and with Christian chastity, a voyage which, though it includes Tunis and Marrakesh, is really in the troubled sentiments of the hero, who to our mind is as lovable and livable a fellow as some of the best bachelors of Jean Giraudoux.

Furthermore, the book is rare, among French publications, for its satisfying Anglo-Saxon lengthiness, as well as for the inward organic quality of its fabric as against the epidermal psychological pattern which has so warped the talent of the best French novelists of late. Indeed, "Les Bien-Aimées" is highly romantic; is, in truth, nothing but the emotional journal of a civilized young male to whom the cabalistic initials A.S.C.I. mean *Aimer, Seule Chose Importante*, until later they mean *Aimer Sans Conséquences Intimes* in an unconsummated marriage. The adolescent chapters of the novel are particularly enchanting, wise, and wide, the Tharaud brothers having, after all, not one but two youths to draw on. The result is a novel to enjoy and to recommend.

Though reading it is an agreeable pastime, less can be said of "Tel Qu'en Lui-Même," the new novel by Duhamel, whose disagreeable "Scènes de la Vie Future" may be remembered by Americans forever. His last work also features that North Africa which, since Gide and the Colonial Exposition, has become the finishing school for shady French heroes, Duhamel's being a mysterious and sympathetic convict bent on expiation, dignity, and death, which, though all are big orders, he achieves without any of the pomp that bloats whatever Duhamel touches.

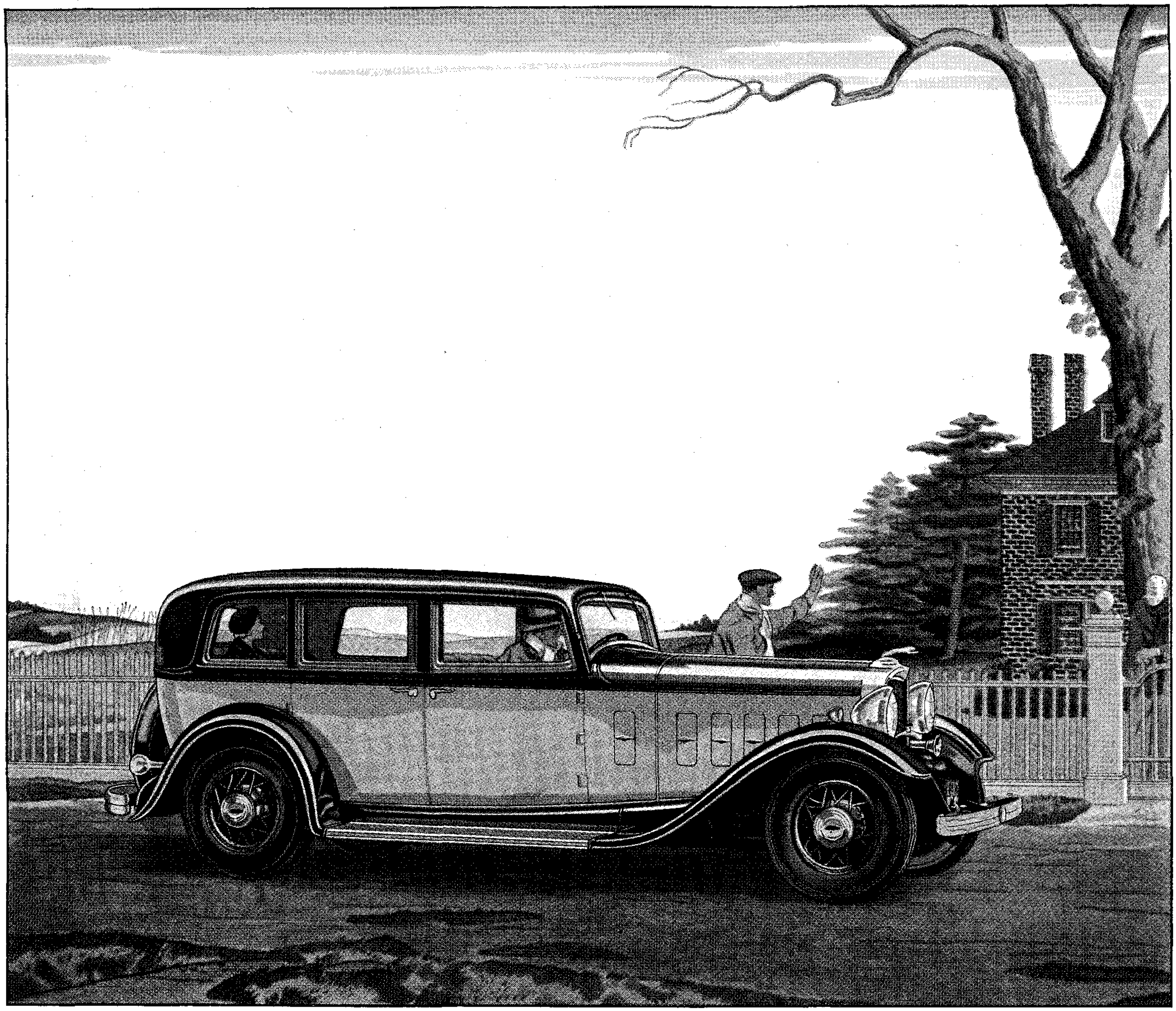
However, if the novels on the whole are still seedy, the biography crop has already come to full flower with Guy de Pourtalès' "Wagner," which will undoubtedly remain the pick of the season. His choice of a Teutonic subject is significant. Last year's most popular *polloi* book was Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel" in translation. This season's work most prized by the select few is Thomas Mann's "Mario und der Zauberer" as "Mario et le Magicien." And so far the only lecturer to pack the Parisians in has been Emil Ludwig.

MUSIC also has been non-French. It is rare that the best two Central European quartets get to Paris, and unnecessarily rare for them both to settle down in different halls on the same night, as the Léner and Kolisch groups recently did. Obviously, one of them might just as well not have come—till later in the week, anyhow.

Less surprising was the triumphal gala concert of Lotte Lehmann at the Champs-Élysées, where she sang at the fullness of her form and with that relatively thinner waistline which the Chicago Opera demanded. The triumphal principle of the gala itself is not so easily understood. In Paris, tickets for galas cost twice as much as is normal, and though Lehmann, as a concession to the *crise*, dropped her hundred-franc top to seventy-five, seventy-five is still a deal of cash for any pleasure less fleeting than pheasant and Burgundy this time of year. Furthermore, for galas it is almost obligatory to dress and to be seen; and certainly it is necessary to pay ten francs for a program, unless, as is the case with Lehmann, one is willing to bet that it *must* consist largely of Schumann. Galas are the best-attended musical offerings in Paris.

In case the French ever get around to playing French music again, Ravel is finishing an opera based on Delteil's excellent prizewinner of a few years back, "Jeanne d'Arc," and has supplied the music to Chaliapin's film version of "Don Quixote," in which the horse has been photographed through an elongating lens, very daring and Daumier. It is almost too much to hope Chaliapin will be as good as his mount.

THE American elections are over and the French press can take a



THE LINCOLN V-8 CYLINDER . . . 7-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . $3300 AT DETROIT

Everything that "Lincoln" stands for

IT IS a very beautiful motor car. Its great power flows smoothly, silently. Its riding comfort is remarkably restful and relaxing.

But the outstanding fact about today's 8 cylinder Lincoln is that it represents everything in beauty and performance that the word "Lincoln" stands for in the minds of informed motorists — and it achieves this at prices well below Lincoln prices of the past. It has the balanced excellence always typical of Lincoln. It renders the trouble-free and enduring service expected of a Lincoln. In every respect it maintains Lincoln's high standards — and expresses these standards even more vividly in the light of advances made in automotive design and engineering.

Present prices of the 8 cylinder Lincoln, as low as $2900 at Detroit with full equipment, are bringing to an ever-increasing number of motorists the complete satisfaction of ownership of a truly fine motor car.

THE LINCOLN

WHERE APPETITE STARTS
White Rock
Always cool before opening
White Rock Water
A natural water
White Rock Mineral Springs
Waukesha, Wis. U.S.A.
Pale-Dry
White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale
White Rock Mineral Springs Co.
Waukesha, Wis. U.S.A.

When you are too tired to eat—see what a difference a glass of White Rock makes! Pleasantly mineral, it restores energy. Brilliantly sparkling it encourages appetite. Absolutely pure, it's a good water to drink at any time.

Buy it in the one dozen bottle cartons—keep a supply on ice always.

White Rock

The leading mineral water

rest from explaining to its readers the main issues of the campaign, which, according to *L'Intran*, consisted of the Democratic nominee's helpmate being known in White House circles as Princess Alice—and a lucky thing for Mrs. Nicholas Longworth it was that they didn't mix her up with Princess Mary. Other journals attempted an explanation of the Roosevelt relations, with Franklin revealed as the son of T.R., as T.R. himself, as the first husband of T.R.'s second wife, as, indeed, practically everybody except himself or Governor of New York. After four years of abuse in the public prints, the Republican incumbent became Houver—or Howver, in exceptional cases. Perhaps Mr. Howver should be told that the *Petit Journal* announced that, in the event of his nonreëlection, he would immediately resign from office, taking Mrs. Howver and Mr. Curtis with him. As usual, the accounts of *Le Matin*, the only pro-American French paper, were not only the most sympathetic but also the most accurate.

On one point, though, the French press certainly agreed. That was on hoping that the one named Roosevelt, whether T.R. or F., would get in. To the jobless thousands in the States he may spell beer, but to the French vintners, already at a loss to dispose of all of last—let alone this—year's vintages, he spells wine. He also spells no tariff, if they understand him correctly. However, as they admitted, they may not; or at any rate no better than his compatriots, which, they suspected, was not very much. Indeed, the whole difficulty of the French in understanding the difference between the Republican and Democratic theories was so similar to the difficulty enjoyed by Americans, except around election time, that they could not be blamed.

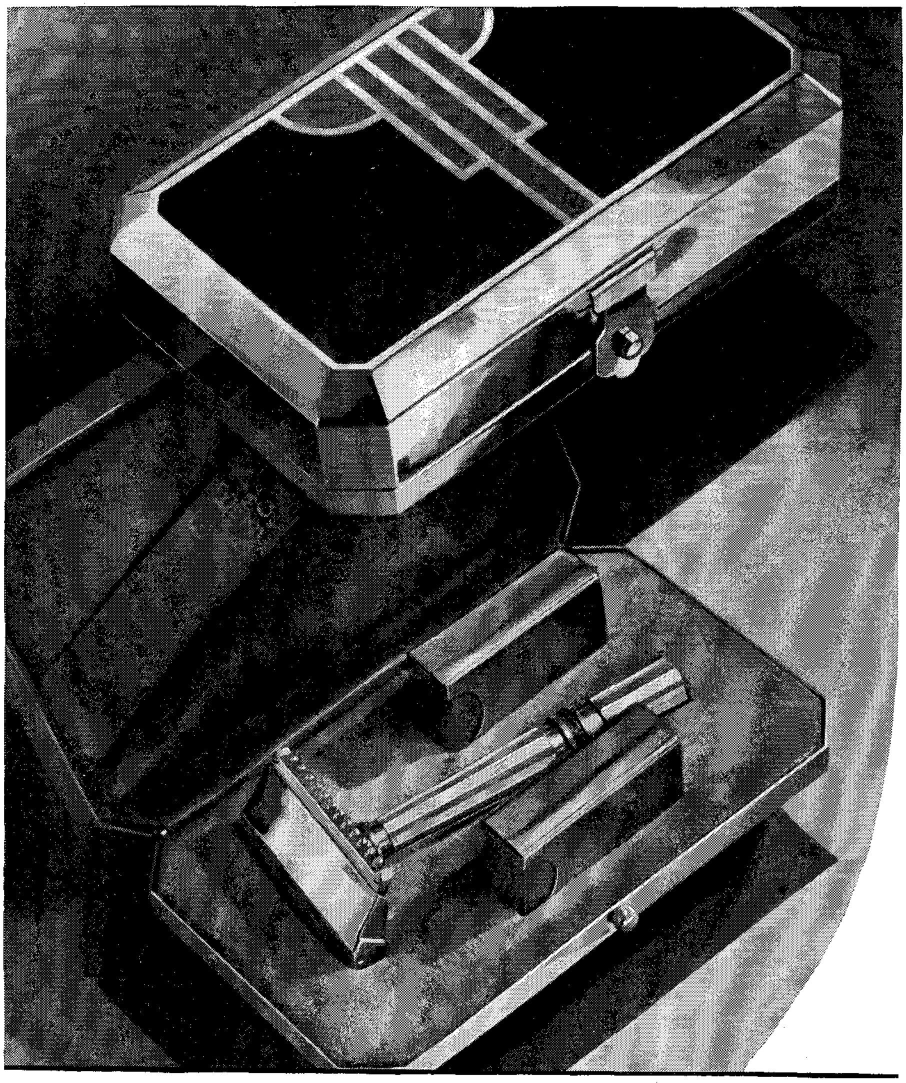
However, one item of dissimilarity from their own electoral campaigns they did appreciate on hearing that the odds stood 3 to 1. "The Americans," they stated with bated breath, "bet on their Presidents like horses." In the French estimation, nothing in the way of elections could have been worse, except possibly a victory by Mr. Thomas.

—GENÊT

•

COLLEGE graduate, 27, 6 feet, attractive, good horseman, boxer, dancer, bridge player, widely traveled; only experience writing; what can I do? F 27 Times.—*Want adv. in the Times.*

You might pick a fight with the horse.



THE PRESENT WITH A FUTURE

Give him a Gem Micromatic Razor now . . . and gain his gratitude the rest of his shaving days. Think of it! Year after year he'll have *you* to thank for the face-fitting bevel, the face-pleasing blades, and the time-saving, one-piece construction. Year after year he'll enjoy *your* gift because he'll really enjoy his shaves. $6.00 buys the stunning razor portrayed above — either chromium plated or gold plated — packed with 10 Gem Doubledge Blades in a richly enameled, chromium plated case. Other sets $1.00 to $5.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us.

American Safety Razor Corporation, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEM De Luxe Razor and Blades

This Time he's setting the pace for All Three

Walter P. Chrysler's new Plymouth Six now on display

"LOOK AT ALL THREE!" said Walter P. Chrysler last April. "Look at all three!" he repeats today.

"For a lot of things have happened since the last time you looked!"

Today, he announces a brand new Plymouth! It's a Six with Floating Power. A BIG, *full-sized* Six!

Not just a new model . . . but a *complete new car that changes the whole picture of the low-priced field.*

This time it's Plymouth that's "out in front!" Setting the pace. Showing the nation what style can mean . . . what values can be these days.

The new Plymouth Six is Walter P. Chrysler's bid for first place in the low-priced field. He has declared war in a battle of engineering brains . . . and he adds with confidence: "May the best car win!"

Walter P. Chrysler stands where he does today because of his remarkable sense of knowing what the public wants. His new Plymouth Six was built to *earn* "Number One" place . . . by honestly winning the good-will of American motorists!

That's why it is not just a Six—but a Six with patented Floating Power. Completely vibrationless.

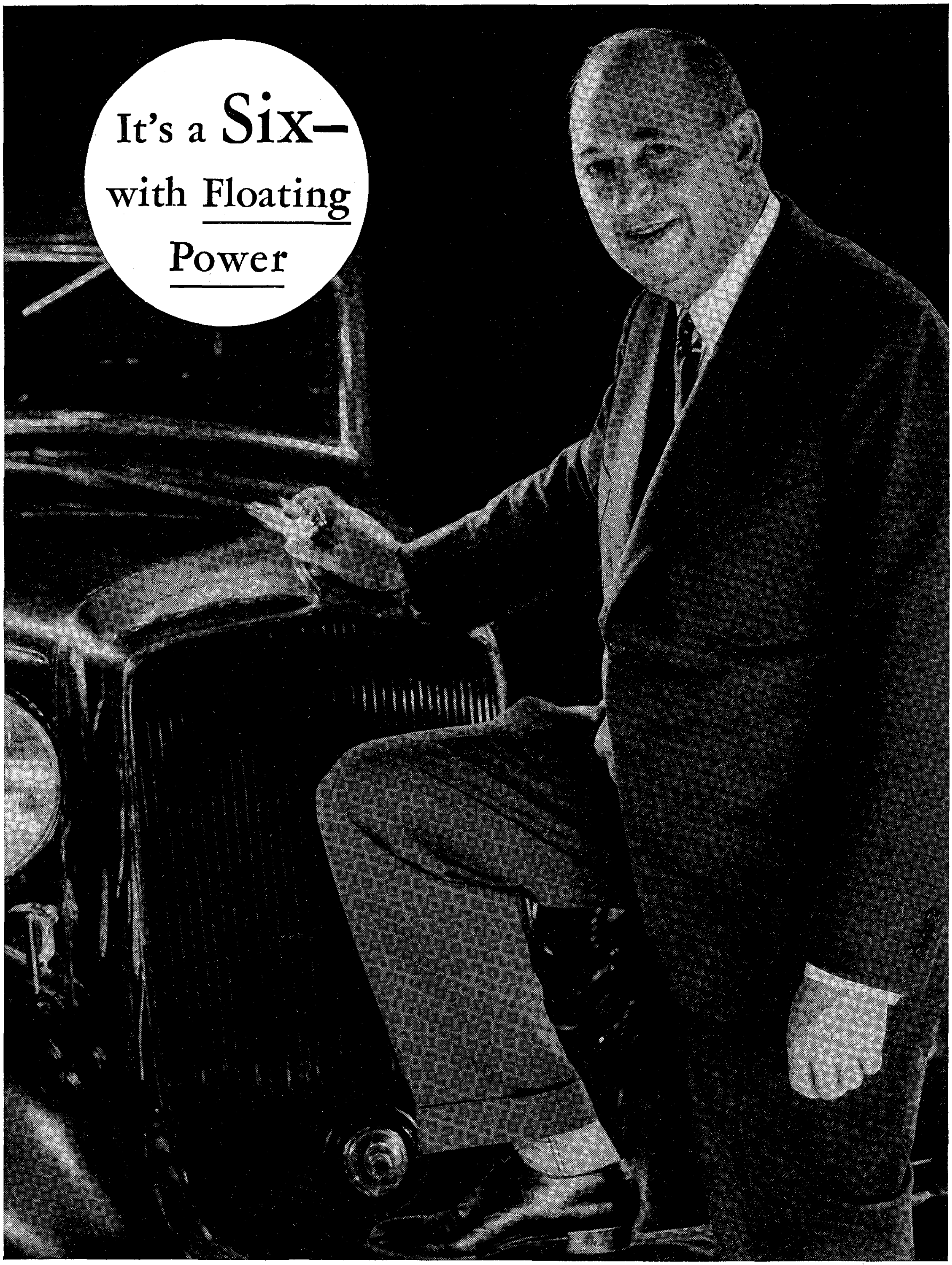
That's why it has hydraulic four-wheel brakes—so Free Wheeling can be enjoyed in security. And safety steel bodies—so you ride with peace-of-mind.

It has big-car roominess . . . big-car performance, and yet, because of brilliant engineering, it has amazing economy of gas . . . oil . . . tires . . . upkeep!

It's a solid car—solid-looking, and solidly built. Honest in every part and detail. It was created by hard, earnest effort . . . keen, straight thinking!

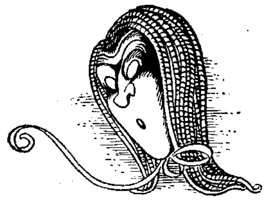
We ask you to look at the new Plymouth Six . . . to "Look at All Three." And decide for yourself . . . "Is Plymouth America's next 'Number One' Car?"

SOLD BY 7,232 DESOTO, DODGE & CHRYSLER


It's a Six–
with Floating
Power

DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



THE BROWSING ROOM

THE ensuing notes are from the diary of an old grad. Recently I had an occasion to revisit the radiant hillside of the college from which I, myself, was graduated these many years ago. The position of that receding milestone occupies a curiously fluctuant place in the middle-distances of my memory, sometimes seeming to have occurred but yesterday, sometimes shortly after the War of 1812. An examination of the archives would show, I believe, that the actual ceremonies were held somewhere between these dates. My re-appearance was celebrated by F.P.A. in a poem which ran, if memory serves, as follows:

Dear old Grampa's
On the campus.

The Hill was bedight with what the late Mr. Henley used to call "reds, magnificent with death and the pride of death, thin, clamant greens, and delicate yellows that exhaust the exquisite chromatics of decay." ("Hawthorne and Lavender," page one).

My visit observed all the approved formalities, including a football game, some hours at choir practice with the finest chorus in this country, and a few calls at one faculty house where they go in rather more violently for string quintets than I find altogether restful. However, my visit to the Hill was marred by only one really serious mishap. After the first quarter, in which the score stood Rochester 7, Hamilton 0, the silence in our grandstand was broken by a solitary burst of conscientious applause. It came from your correspondent, who, as it turned out, had watched the game that far under a slight misapprehension as to which team was which.

It seems to me that the present generation of undergraduates have a rather more luxurious life than we knew. To be sure, that is a standard observation by the senescent alumni of every college and probably has something to do with hardening of the arteries. When the men of my time get together, you would think, to hear us talk, that in our day on the Hill we all wore patched suits of linsey-woolsey, studied far into the night by the light of tallow dips, and washed in the morning, if at all, only after breaking the ice in the pitcher. It is an impression of austerity unsupported by the facts, and needs some such corrective as that administered by an urchin of my acquaintance who became fed up with his self-made father's maunderings in a similar vein. The old boy could scarcely carve a Thanksgiving turkey without pointing out to his ennuied offspring that himself, when young, had enjoyed no such delicacies. Finally the small son yawned and said: "Well, Pop, you've certainly had things nicer since you've been with us."

BUT one thing I am sure the bespectacled undergraduate I used to be is quite justified in envying the youths now thronging the Hamilton campus. That is the Browsing Room which has been inaugurated within the past year in the college library. To my notion, it is one of the pleasantest rooms in all the world. I wish I could give you some picture of it—a long, high-ceilinged room, panelled in old English pine, the benign wood of the higher reaches inset not with coats of arms but with brightly illumined reproductions of the printers' marks of the century when printing was new, the insignia of presses that once throve in Augsburg, Barcelona, Venice, Frankfort; good devices, some of them, having been designed by fellows like Holbein and Dürer, who had a knack for such things. Through the open mullioned windows into which tendrils of woodbine peer inquisitively, there floats the dim, distant hubbub of the college life, the cheering from the far-off athletic fields, the clink of hammer on stone, the recurrent admonitions of the chapel bell, tossing the hours down into the valley. Thick, plum-colored curtains of velvet hang beside the windows, and sprawled all over the room are great, overstuffed plum-colored chairs.

On the shelves are some two thousand books of which none may be taken from the room. It is the notion that each volume on those shelves should represent the best of its kind and, to get into the room at all, a book must pass three liberal vigilantes of the faculty. Several self-imposed rules govern the selections. For instance, there are no *sets* there at all, not even of Jane Austen. And no book is allowed which has on it the curse of being required reading in any course of the curriculum. Then—and now I come to the nub of the matter—two rules govern your own behavior when in the Browsing Room. You may not speak. And you *must* smoke. To one who finds our own great library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue quite unendurable as a place in which to read—a smoker can linger there only long enough to look up an elusive name or date and then rush frantic to the as yet unrestricted outdoors—the Browsing Room at Hamilton seems an answer to an almost forgotten prayer.

I AM aware that there are several such oases in the American college world. Even Yale has one, although the chief librarian had said it would go in only over his dead body, an attached condition which did not seem to diminish the popular enthusiasm for it. He argued that it would be horrid to have the books all smelling of smoke, but it was pointed out to him that there was no protecting from a similar degradation the volumes drawn out and taken to the polluted dormitories. Then there is the Farnsworth Room at Harvard, but its catalogue is not, I think, inviting. The candidates for its shelves seem to have been nominated by a pedant. It has twenty-seven editions of Cicero and no Willa Cather. It has four English translations of "Don Quixote" and no copy of "Death Comes For the Archbishop." It has four Spanish editions of "Don Quixote" and no copy of "My Ántonia." Phooey!

The Hamilton Browsing Room is a more mellow brew, its catholic and civilized list ranging from Euripides to Ring Lardner, from "The Ingoldsby Legends" to "Anna Livia Plurabelle," from "Pride and Prejudice" to Faulkner. On one perfect afternoon, I climbed the stone stairs of its approach, expecting, on a day when earth and sky were so friendly, to find it empty. But every chair was occupied. What a generation of book-lovers, I thought. And then noted that the dear lads were not reading. In fact, they were unconscious! —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Show your "MOUSETRAPS" to the World

IN times like these, the manufacturer who waits in the woods for the world to beat a path to his door, is a great optimist.

But the manufacturer who shows his "mousetraps" to the world keeps the smoke coming out of his chimney.

To make sales in volume today the manufacturer *must* reach *buyers in volume* and the magazine which has proved itself most effective for that purpose is The American Weekly.

Every Sunday this Mighty Magazine crosses the threshold of 5,500,000 homes located in the richest buying areas of the nation—the big cities and the small towns as well.

No other publication on earth offers such tremendous coverage or reaches as many people per advertising dollar.

A color page in The American Weekly, *twice as big as any other magazine page*, costs $16,000.

Divide that sum by 5,500,000 and you get an amazingly low figure, less than ⅓ cent per family reached.

Advertisers who use this magazine get *double action* for their money.

They get action from the dealer because he knows The American Weekly creates action with the consumer.

The American Weekly gets action from its readers because it is the most interesting magazine in the world.

Every issue contains something of extraordinary interest to every member of every household it visits.

People are interested in people and The American Weekly presents stories from the lives of actresses, society folk, kings and queens—their loves, their romances and their tragedies.

For the more seriously inclined, it presents authoritative and informative articles on astronomy, archaeology, religion, natural history, philosophy, biology, psychology.

For the adventurous, tours are conducted to lands beyond the horizon where strange people live and love and die according to other codes and customs.

Romance is served in absorbing serial novels from the pens of famous authors.

Fashions, household hints and the culinary art—each is treated in these varied pages.

That's why every member of every family sees the advertising in The American Weekly and that's why this magazine gets action when it shows your "mousetraps" to the world.

Where this Magazine goes

The American Weekly is the largest magazine in the world. It is distributed through 17 great Sunday Newspapers. In 558 of America's 995 towns and cities of 10,000 population and over, The American Weekly concentrates 70% of its circulation.

In each of 136 cities, it reaches one out of every two families
In 105 more cities, 40 to 50% of the families
In an additional 153 cities, 30 to 40%
In another 164 cities, 20 to 30%

. . . and, in addition, more than 1,750,000 families in thousands of other communities, large and small, regularly buy and read The American Weekly.

Where can you spend your advertising dollar more effectively?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The National Magazine with Local Influence"

Main Office: 959 Eighth Avenue, New York City

Branch Offices: Palmolive Bldg., Chicago . . . 5 Winthrop Square, Boston . . . 753 Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles . . . 222 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco
11-250 General Motors Bldg., Detroit . . . 1138 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland . . . 101 Marietta St., Atlanta . . . International Bldg., St. Louis

THE WAYWARD PRESS

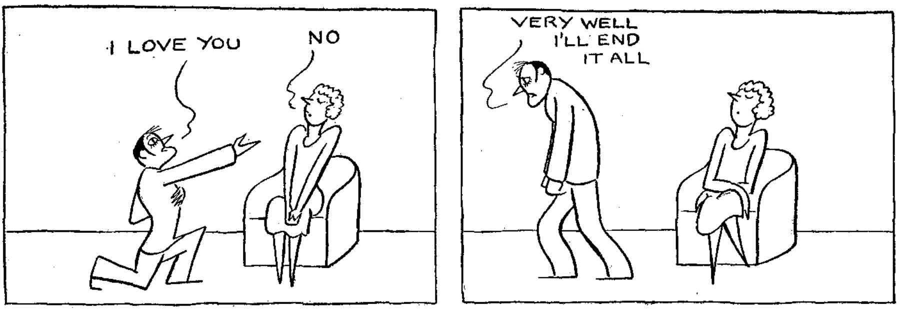
WHO WON?

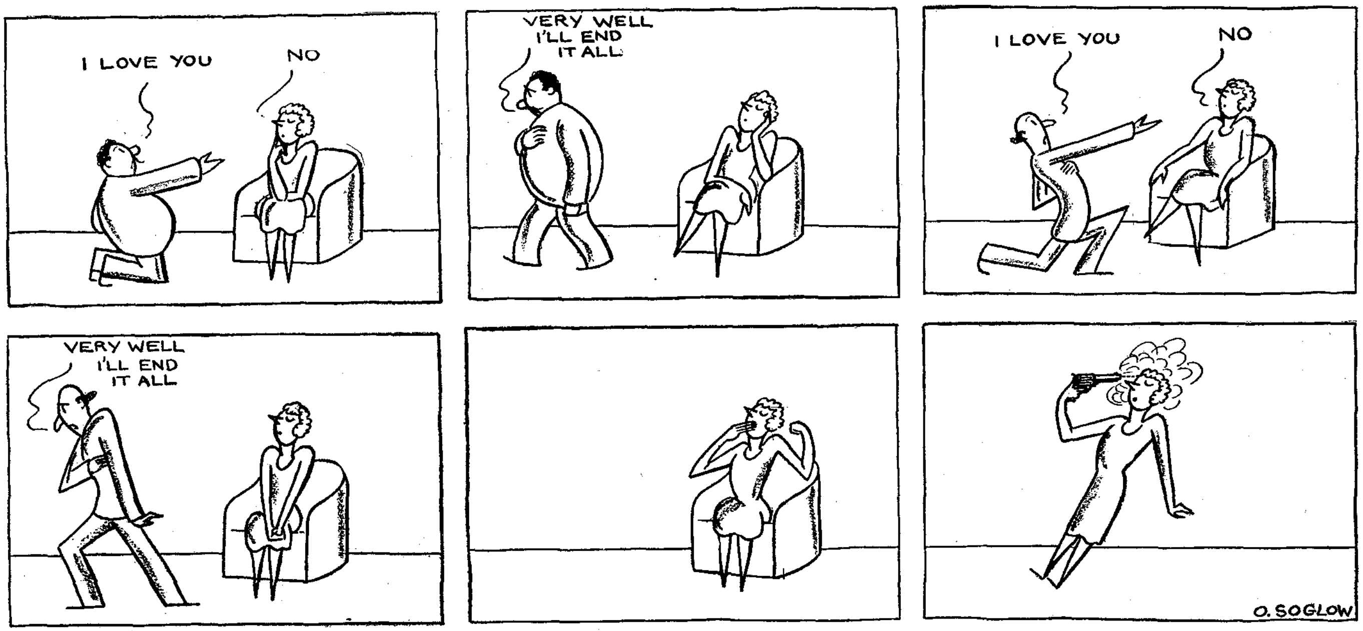
WHEN the last fascinating tabulation of votes by boroughs was locked up and the few remaining cuts of Franklin D. Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy were tucked away in the engraving department's morgue, the boys on the newspapers must have let go with a round of huzzas and an "Everybody up to Prexy's house!" For they had been working hard and long—and for what?

It is all very well to work hard at covering a short political convention or an even shorter hanging, but to try to keep a thirty-six-page paper full of campaign news for six weeks when the same people in the same suits are saying the same things over and over again. There's a job! And if the editors fail to get out a paper which their readers will devour avidly word by word and day by day, who shall point the finger of scorn at them? Horace Greeley, with all his whiskers, could not have done better.

Then, too, in covering a convention or a hanging, there is always the stimulation of a by-line and the chance of injecting so much personal style into the story that George Horace Lorimer may cry, on reading his paper: "Who is this master of English prose? Bring him to me!" But, aside from the recognized diagnosticians who sign their stuff (and then later wish that they hadn't), the gleaners in the field of a political campaign are just hard-working, unsung laborers who get nothing out of it except a pain in the neck from having to listen to, and read, the mass of goulash dispensed by the great minds of the nation. If *you* can't read your paper during a campaign without asking to be excused from the room for a minute, think of the reporters and rewrite-men who have to give their All to every word of it.

ESPECIALLY dispiriting must it be to work on a paper whose candidate is a recognized Goner, as was the plight of the men on the *Herald Tribune* and the *Post*. Whipping a dead horse would be productive labor compared to the job of trying to keep a Hoover tinge to the news during the past two months. The day is fortunately past when party organs feel obliged to ignore their opponents and exalt their favorites in the news columns; so it was not necessary for the Republican news-hawks to rig up in fancy dress and indulge in an orgy of make-believe to hold their jobs. But, after all, if the readers of your paper want Hoover to be elected, you have at least got to Hold the Thought as you sit at your typewriter, and Holding the Thought for Hoover, with the odds at 5–1 on Roosevelt, must have been something of a *tour de force*. The *Herald Tribune* was in a particularly tough spot, with its own Mr. Lippman striking a G-sharp for every G struck on the editorial page, especially with G-sharp the right key. The *Post* put up a plucky fight, although along toward the end the political editorials took on an almost colloquial style, as if the writer had shouted them into a dictaphone while carrying on a conversation with someone else. But the *Post's* cartoonist, Mr. Sykes, was the bravest of them all, for never once did he draw a picture which did not indicate an almost hilarious conviction that the Democratic donkey was in for a cataclysmic annihilation when the final returns should be made known. Mr. Darling, for the *Herald Tribune*, must have had a little more inside information than Mr. Sykes, for he had evidently drawn up a cartoon showing the elephant going home in a barrel at least early enough in advance to have

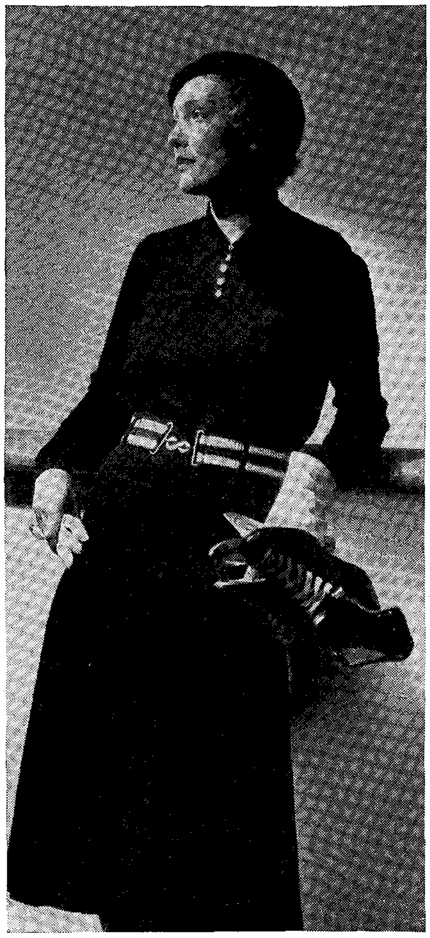

I LOVE YOU
NO
VERY WELL I'LL END IT ALL


I LOVE YOU
NO
VERY WELL I'LL END IT ALL
I LOVE YOU
NO
VERY WELL I'LL END IT ALL
O. SOGLOW

By Appointment
Fortnum & Mason, Ltd. 182 Piccadilly, London.

DIEU ET MON DROIT

A BLACK SHIRT AND A BLACK SKIRT AND BLACK SHORTS TO GO ON SKATES



THERE probably isn't a smarter skating costume on earth. Certainly there is no other place where this one can be found. It makes you look about as slim as a fountain-pen; its freedom lets you skate like animate poetry. It costs $45. The tweed of the skirt is ours only; the design of the jersey shirt is ours only; the shorts are nobody's business but your own..... You may, if you like, go skating bundled like a well-fed bear rug, but not in this outfit. Our christening division has called it Grosvenor House, so you can ask to try on Grosvenor House.

FORTNUM & MASON INC.
697 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

a cut made of it to be rushed into the early election editions.

The *Herald Tribune*, although not madly partisan in its news, manages to get a little more of its political faith into its Sunday magazine than does its Democratic neighbor, the *Times*. At best, a Sunday-magazine section is formidable, but a Sunday-magazine section with political propaganda peeping out from its articles: "Mrs. Hoover. What Is America's First Lady Really Like?—As Told to Will Irwin;" "Backing Up the Shopkeeper," by the Assistant Secretary of Commerce; "Chieftess of the Roosevelt Clan" (Mrs. Theodore, not Mrs. Franklin D.); "Dock Yards to Fame. The Story of Bill Donovan." All that helps keep alive the spark of Republicanism in the unsuspecting readers' hearts and makes it possible for nonpartisans to skim through the *Herald Tribune's* magazine section in practically no time at all. (Except for the article by Mr. Weare Holbrook, who has, over an incredibly long period of time, been turning in weekly humorous pieces which, to one who used to have the same assignment on the same paper, are marvels of ingenuity in their titles alone. We feel for Mr. Holbrook, and doff our hat to him.)

IN a recent issue of the *Herald Tribune* Sunday magazine, Mr. Stanley Walker had a piece on how a metropolitan newspaper handles election returns which, if you will pardon the musings of an old reporter, recalled an incident in a Presidential election of an earlier day and indicated that things run a little more efficiently now than they did in 1916. A young man (the editor of this department, if you are going to heckle) who was known about town as "the worst reporter in New York" had been assigned to "cover the crowds" on that famous Election Night when Mr. Hughes' son announced to the reporters at the Hotel Astor that "the President has retired," meaning that his father had gone to bed confident of his election.

The young reporter had written his highly satirical crowd story (which appeared in the morning paper cut to ribbons by an obtuse copy desk) and was doing a little crowd-covering on his own hook at a place called Jack's, an Irish-bacon joint of considerable popularity during that era. Along about three A.M., when the Irish bacon was just beginning to get good, sudden whisperings among the waiters attracted the hawklike ear of the "cub" (as

THINGS TO MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE ON THANKSGIVING

●

CAVIAR—fresh from Russia, large grey eggs especially selected for us. 5 oz. jar, $3.75; 9 oz., $6.75; 1 lb., $12.

YORK HAMS—noblest of them all, treated by our secret process that gives them a curious extra flavour. They weigh about 12 lbs., we cook them for you free, the price per pound is 90c.

PÂTÉ DE FOIES GRAS—especially selected livers, large succulent truffles. The 7 oz. jar, $2.25.

PLUM PUDDINGS—they come to us from England, close wrapped and in crocks. 1 lb., 95c; 2 lbs., $1.85; 3 lbs., $2.75.

BRANDY SAUCE—the kind that has been poured on plum puddings for countless years in England. 8 oz. bottle, $1.

WEDELLSBORG—a stout cheese from Denmark that we alone have. It sells at 85c per pound.

STILTON—a mature cheese made by the yeomen of Leicestershire and colored with marigold blossoms. The pound, 95c.

STILTON WITH PORT WINE—the same cheese bathed in sound port wine. 12 oz. crock, $1.75.

CHEDDAR—the real English kind from the Blackmore Vale. In 8 lb. loaves. The lb., 55c.

CHEDDAR WITH PORT WINE—no better way to treat this cheese. 12 oz. crock, $1.50.

DUNDEE CAKE—and it is *real* Dundee Cake. 2 lb. tin, $2.50.

CRYSTALLIZED GINGER—a special kind. In half- and one-pound tins. 75c, $1.50.

AKBAR COFFEE—we're proud of it, it's the *only* coffee we have, and we prefer to grind it fresh for you. The pound, 60c.

EARL GREY TEA—a rare blend from China of exceptional fragrance. In half-pound and one-pound tins. 95c, $1.90.

FORTNUM & MASON INC.
697 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

By Appointment
Fortnum & Mason, Ltd. 182 Piccadilly, London.

DIEU ET MON DROIT

WOMEN ARE THANKFUL FOR THIS

● Women everywhere appreciate the exclusive DeVilbiss Automatic Closure which guards their perfume against loss from evaporation. Now perfume can be applied by spraying,—as it should be applied,—without fear of losing costly scents by exposure to the air. Then, too, if a closure-equipped DeVilbiss Atomizer is accidentally upset, the perfume can never leak through this tight seal. See how simple and trouble-free this closure is. It will be found on the more exclusive DeVilbiss models—exclusive in design but not in price—at all the better specialty shops, department and drug stores. The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.

DeVilbiss

Perfume Atomizers

cubs were called in those days) and, on investigation, he heard that, from out of the air, the rumor had come that California was going for Wilson, thereby upsetting great vats of dope and threatening to make Mr. Hughes' smug slumbers into a fool's paradise. The reporter, ever alert for the good of his paper (it was, by an odd coincidence, the *Tribune*, at that time unmarried to the *Herald*), rushed for a telephone booth to see if his editor was privy to this startling development and to ask if perhaps another crowd story would be in demand. But that hive of activity which is, according to Mr. Walker's article, a newspaper office on Election Night was not only slow in answering the telephone but, when it did, spoke in the Finnish accents of a scrub-lady who, at that hour, was the sole occupant of the City Room. That great news-gathering machine, that veritable maelstrom of journalistic activity, the *N.Y. Tribune*, was closed for the night. This accounted, in a way, for the streamer across its front page the next morning announcing "Hughes Sweeps State and Nation."

OF all possible newspaper errors, the *World-Telegram* chose the most flashy on November 8, when, in its early edition, it appeared with an exhortation to voters to "write in McKee," illustrated with a cut showing just how it should be done to avoid spoiling the ballot through misspelling—and printed it "Joseph E. McKee" instead of "Joseph V. McKee." The mistake was quickly rectified, but as, in the next day's tabulation of spoiled McKee ballots, it was shown that 446 people wrote "Joseph E. McKee," you can get a good idea of what the circulation of the early *World-Telegram* is.

THE old newspaper rule of getting all the facts into the first paragraph of a story, in case the copy desk gets fresh and starts cutting from the bottom up, is exemplified for use in schools of journalism in the following lead of a *Times* reporter:

> Samuel C. Chainowitz, who lives with his parents at 545 West 158th Street, felt worried last night when he remembered a conversation he had Monday night with Constantine Gregoroff, his 19-year-old chum, who only two weeks ago moved into a rooming house at 519 West 157th Street to be near his friend and to forget the quarrel which had caused his mother and Andrew Gregoroff, his father, a singer in a chorus, to separate.

You could really cut the story right there. —GUY FAWKES

"ESSENTIAL: absolutely requisite; indispensable"

And you *won't* have to consult a dictionary to verify that definition! You can read the true meaning of "essential" in the texture, color, and contours of your own face, as you use Marie Earle's *Essential* Cream! . . . For, if there was ever a facial Cream appropriately named, it's this one! Daily, night and morning use soon shows the exciting effect of its *double action* . . . You use it first to *cleanse,* to filter deep into the pores and coax loose their impacted soil and make-up. Then—into the very same jar!—your fingers dip again, to spread a second film of this cool, verbena-scented cream; to *nourish.* This time healing oils penetrate the skin, paying back natural beauty oils stolen by steam-heated atmosphere and winter winds.

Creme Antirides
Essential Cream
Marie Earle
Marie Earle
New York
Paris

Beautifying and blissfully restful *are the "Facials" in Marie Earle's lovely Salon — where* ***Marie Earle Essential Cream*** *forms the first step in the famous "Basic Beauty Treatment."*

You'll find ***Marie Earle Essential Cream*** *at all smart New Yorker shops — according to size — $1.90 — $3 50 — $5.75.*

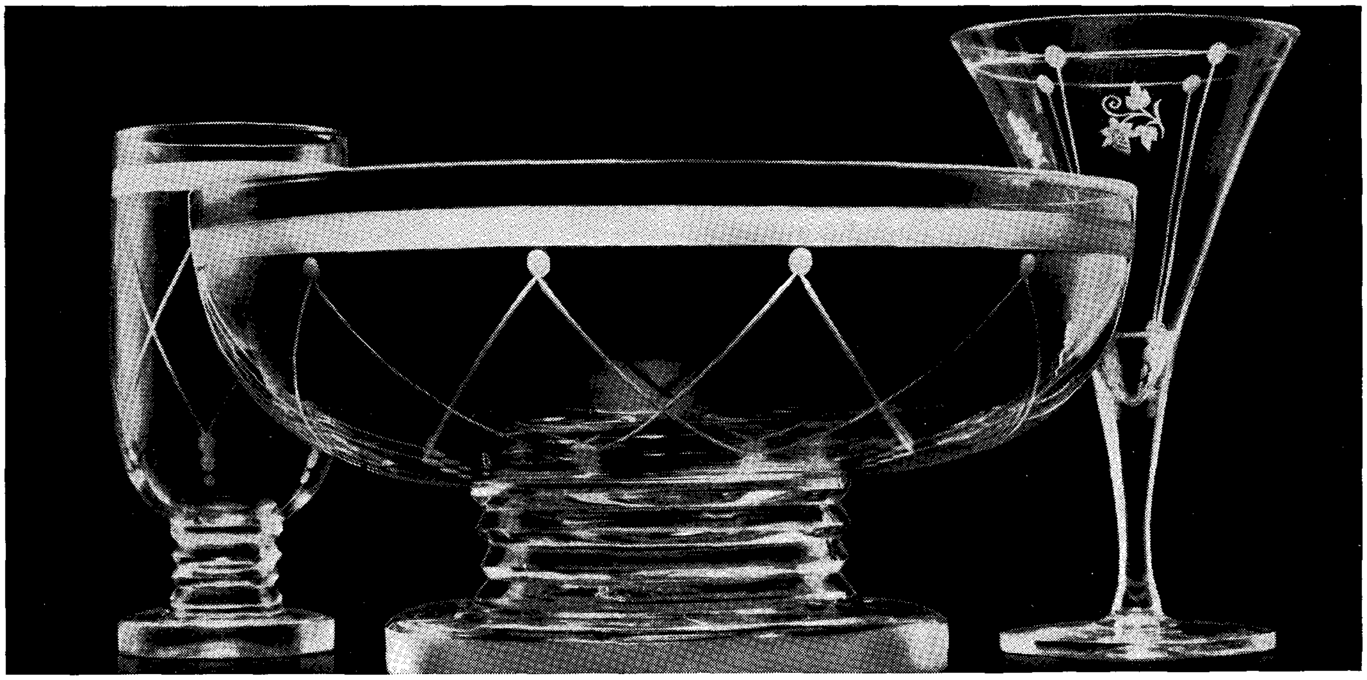
MARIE EARLE, *714 Fifth Avenue*

Marie Earle

The new Saint Tropez design with its smart frosted design. Goblets $48 the dozen.

A gracious bowl for flowers or fruit in the Saint Tropez design. Only $16.

The new Riviera design, gay with its finely engraved flowers. Goblets only $48 the dozen.



Hand-blown crystal is no longer too expensive to use Every day

now at new prices— the celebrated

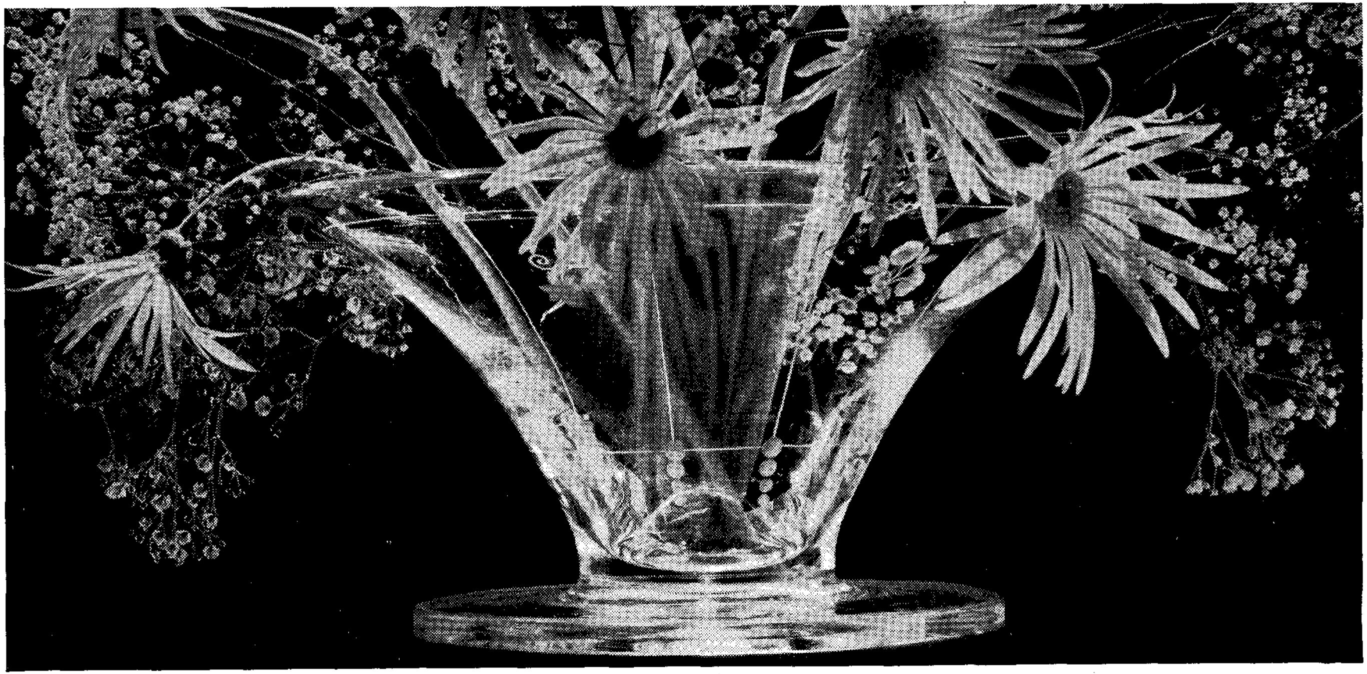
Steuben crystal

The beauty of a hand-created thing is precious. Glass as exquisitely brilliant, as crystalline, as Steuben can only be made by hand!

In each piece of Steuben you recognize the loveliness of an individual masterpiece. For the man who made it learned his craft in a far-off country where the art of glass blowing is a family heritage.

Your friends recognize the diamond-like clarity of Steuben at a glance—no need for the flick of a finger that calls forth that clear bell-like ring machine glass can never give.

The new Steuben designs for fall are a delight—so different, so modern. The prices are a joy, too. You won't be able to resist them. And since every design is an open pattern, it's a wonderful time to supplement the Steuben you already own.



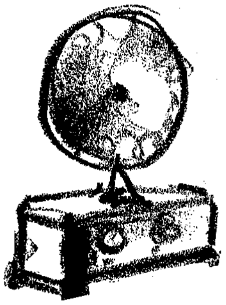
A new Steuben bowl that makes arranging flowers a new joy. Only $15.

Steuben crystal is a product of the Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

OVER THE WAVES

Lyricists Strike Pay Dirt

NO VISITORS, N.Y.



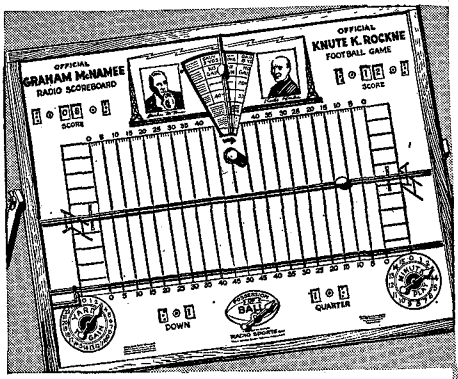
YOU can count on the fingers of one *thumb* the present-day writers of song words who could wear becomingly the mantle of W. S. Gilbert, or even the squirrel neckpiece of Ira Gershwin. Some of them should be fitted out with rompers, the costume for which their birth, bringing-up, and education qualify them; some with sturdy boys' suits appropriate for children belonging in the third, fourth, and fifth grades. Some ought to be garbed in the nightgowns, pajamas, and lounging robes provided for rest cases at Bellevue. And a few, I am afraid, would feel at home only in strait-jackets.

THIS department has been laughed at for prudishness, but has not been laughed out of it. This department has reached a stage where it almost doesn't mind a song whose only faults are inanity, terrible rhyming, and glaring infractions of simple grammatical rules. Unfortunately, the "lyricists," the singers, and the whimperers are not satisfied with that comparatively harmless kind. They are polluting the once-pure air of Golly's great out-of-doors with a gas barrage of the most suggestive songs ever conceived, published, and plugged in one year.

Weeks ago in these fascinating columns, I wrote to the effect that it seemed silly for radio to bar words like God, Hell, and damn and to permit the "comedians" to get by with gags running the gamut from vulgar to vile, and the singers to use the unmistakably off-color "Paradise" and the flagrantly immoral "As You Desire Me." In that piece, I charged Ray Perkins with unnecessary roughness, and a more or less amicable correspondence between us left him unconvinced and me pretty sad. N.B.C. asked Allie Wrubel, author of "As You Desire Me," to rewrite his refrain, cleaning it up. The rewritten version means absolutely *nothing*, but surely we can't complain of that. Mr. Wrubel charged me good-naturedly with responsibility for the N.B.C. edict. I hope I was

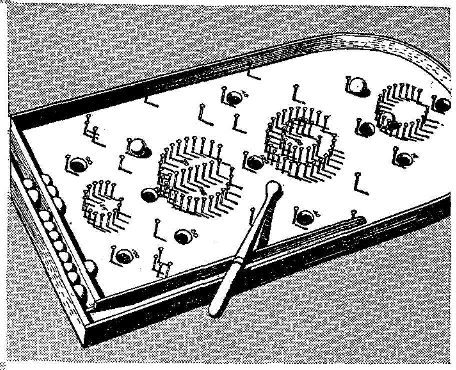
GAMES

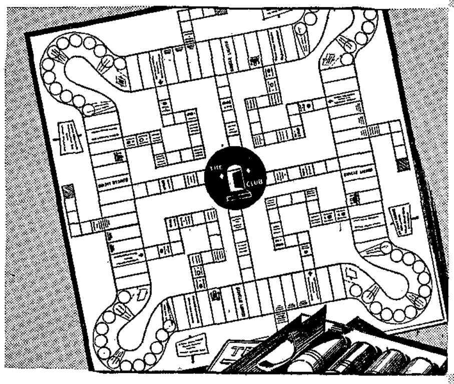
. . . for fireside athletes


OFFICIAL GRAHAM McNAMEE RADIO SCOREBOARD
OFFICIAL KNUTE K. ROCKNE FOOTBALL GAME
SCORE
DOWN
QUARTER

Rockne-McNamee Football and Baseball Game. When not in use as a scoreboard for radio broadcasts, play baseball on one side, football on the other. The most authentic reproduction of our national pastimes. $5.00

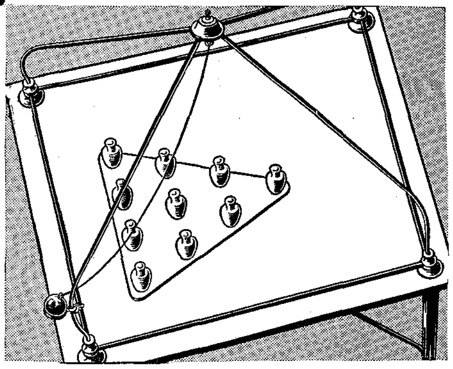
Bagatelle. Gamesters everywhere are turning back to Bagatelle. An improvement over the versions that leave everything to chance—with this, it's *skill* that tells $5.00





Tell it to the Judge. Eddie Cantor contributes this one. Get your auto to the club first and you win—but try and do it. A game for children and adults. 2 to 4 can play . . $1.50

Ta bowl. A table version of genuine bowling. Set up the pins . . . aim the pendulum ball to hit them on the rebound . . . and, as in the real alley game, your aim tells the story. $5.00



Send for our Christmas booklet

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

518 Fifth Avenue, *at 43rd Street, N. Y. C.* 105 Nassau Street, *above Fulton, N.Y.C.*
28 New Street, *corner Exchange Place, N.Y.C.*
Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and other leading cities 1932, A. G. S. & BROS.

Murray Mayer presents an exclusive group of one-of-a-design **Town Coats,** enriched with sumptuous Silver or Blue Fox, Mink, Persian Lamb or Lynx . . . modeled and tailored in the manner of Vionnet, Paquin, Patou, Lelong and Poiret . . . and **reasonably priced** in the manner of Murray Mayer

TOWN
COAT
of Black or Grey
BROADCLOTH
with
BLUE FOX
$135

TOWN COATS . . *$85 to $500*
All-Occasion DRESSES *$35 to $275*
FORMAL GOWNS . *$55 to $295*
STREET HATS . . . *$15 to $45*
SMART FURS . . . . *$150 to $10,000*

Pajamas • Boudoir Gowns • Lingerie • Bags • Jewelry

Murray Mayer Salons INC. **715 Fifth Ave.**

guilty. But the boys in the Columbia studios didn't read my stuff that week and their singers (notably Charles Carlile, who ought to know better) still stick to the original mess. The melody, also by Mr. Wrubel, is pretty enough to deserve what it is getting: a much longer life than is usual under the radio régime.

PERHAPS you wonder why I revive this tedious subject when there is so little chance of a queasy crusader making headway. There are several reasons, and one is that Mr. Wrubel and the authors of "Paradise" ought not to be the only boys criticized when scores of their fellow-geniuses are trying their worst (and with ever-increasing signs of ultimate success) to outsmut them. Another reason is that, queer as it may seem, I don't like indecency in song or story, and sex appeal employed for financial gain in this manner makes me madder than anything except fruit salad. Reason 3: A large percentage of the invisible audience is composed of old people who retain the faculty of being shocked and of children between the ages of nine and sixteen who are not morally damaged by the words Hell, damn, and God, but can't help wondering what the heck when they hear songs that glorify defiance of the seventh amendment to Moses' constitution. Reason 4: A curiosity as to whether there is such a thing as radio censorship, and if so, whether those in charge of it are morons themselves or simply don't know what is what and what is not; and whether they will take the hint lying down when their attention is called to this squawk, as it shall be. Reason 5: A curiosity as to whether the sponsors and their advertising agencies are just plain dumb or as broad as the ocean and as lewd as the sky. Reason 6: Something happened on a very recent Sunday night which rekindled the smoldering ashes of offended prudery and forced me to mention the six-letter surname of a New Testament character with such volume that even the nurse woke up.

The stations I usually play are WEAF, WOR, WJZ, and WABC. Tuning in first on WABC, I found myself listening to a risqué song. Tuning in on WJZ, I heard another one. Similar thrills were waiting on WOR and WEAF, and it was then that I lost control of my tongue and frightened poor Miss Graham out of her nap and her cap. An apology and an explanation were in order.

"Do you appreciate, Henri," muses the Epicure, "that your art concerns one of the fixed things of life? Thrones may totter, one's politics may change willy-nilly, but a connoisseur's attitude toward good food is as unchangeable as the stars. To wit: *The Warwick's* loyal following. And now you know *one* reason why notables from the ends of the earth seek out the whole-souled comfort of *The Warwick* when New York is on the itinerary."

The Warwick
ALBERT F. MILLER . . . ***Resident Manager***
65 West 54th Street • New York
Leases arranged for immediate occupancy
Also . . . Select Transient Accommodations

The BEEKMAN
575 Park Avenue

An exclusive residential hotel fronting on the world's most fashionable boulevard and providing an ideal blend of complete hotel service and home privacy.

Apartments of 2 to 7 rooms, furnished or unfurnished.

Corner 63rd Street

● PEGGY SAGE
MANICURE SALON

Where the smart world acquires its smart manicure . . . where Peggy Sage creates fingertip fashions . . . and you choose from thirteen exclusive shades including the new Chinese Red!

50 East 57th St. • Plaza 3-9011

"Well," she said, "it's Sunday. They probably thought of that and now they're celebrating the Fourth Commandment, which begins [she whisked out the midget Bible that she carries in her hypo case]: 'Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day' and ends: 'Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath Day and hallowed it.'"

NOW, I won't put your credulity to a test by averring that there was nothing except risqué songs on the four stations that night, but between speeches and risqué jokes, the boys and girls managed to crowd in a flock of numbers that were "questionable" in title, or in one or more lines, or in toto. I took down a few titles and print them here so that when you go Christmas shopping, you can visit your favorite music store and buy something educational to read aloud or sing to the baby. Some of them may be classified as bedtime stories, as you will see when you get them. Ready?

"I'll Never Have to Dream Again," "You're Telling Me," "Good Night, My Lady Love," "Pu-leeze! Mister Hemingway!" (a swell tune and a good idea, marred by two or three words), "You Little So-and-So," "Forbidden Love," "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep" (just on the border. They say that in the original lyric, the last word was not "sleep"), "Love Me Tonight," "I'm Yours for Tonight," "Horses Carry Tales" (sung by what I thought was a new Negro quartet which could make "Rock of Ages" sound nasty), "Bring 'Em Back Alive," "And So to Bed" (an ingenious finishing touch), "Please," "Take Me in Your Arms," "Here Lies Love," and "What Did I Get in Return?"

Others you might buy, if the kid is bored by those I have named, are "Ain'tcha Kinda Sorry Now?" and "Thrill Me!" The latter I have not yet heard on the air, but I expect to, for it probably touches a new low for the year. A copy of this number ought to be in every right-thinking, kiddy-loving American home. Why, the refrain goes: "Thrill me with a kiss that's vicious with love delicious . . ." No, I won't spoil a sale. And I'll try hard not to feel so comstocky next time.

—RING LARDNER

•

GENERAL HOUSEWORK, Japanese; my motto, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Last reference 4 years. Tsuchiya, TRafalgar 7-0042.—*The Herald Tribune.*

May we call you "Motto"?

The Lombardy is not only a fine residential hotel . . . its a holiday. A holiday from cares and expense of your own town house.

1 to 7 room suites, furnished or unfurnished . . . private baths each chamber . . . foyers, serving pantry, refrigeration . . . Full course room service without extra charge . . .

Permanent or temporary arrangement

The Lombardy

111 East 56th St • New York

Just off Park Avenue

C. EUGENE HAMES, Resident Manager

Holiday Cruises to Havana

6½-DAYS—$65 Minimum. 2 days 1 night in Havana. Leave New York Dec. 20 "Oriente." Return Dec. 27. Leave New York Dec. 24 "Morro Castle." Return Dec. 31. Leave New York Dec. 27 "Oriente." Return Jan. 3. Same steamer both ways.

10-DAYS—$95 Minimum. 5 days 4 nights in Havana. Leave New York Dec. 24 on "Morro Castle." Return Jan. 3 "Oriente."

14-DAYS—$115 Minimum. 9 days 8 nights in Havana. Leave New York Dec. 20 "Oriente." Return Jan. 3 "Oriente."

See Havana in her gayest carnival mood. The newest, finest, fastest liners in exclusive Havana service—the "ORIENTE" and "MORRO CASTLE"—offer their luxuries for the trip. Special holiday festivities. Interesting sightseeing trips included in fare. Ship is your hotel on 6½-day cruises; Room, bath and meals in fine Havana hotel on ten and fourteen day trips.

Apply General Passenger Department, Pier 13, East River, Foot of Wall St., 545 Fifth Ave., New York City or any Authorized Tourist Agent

WARD AGWI LINES LINE

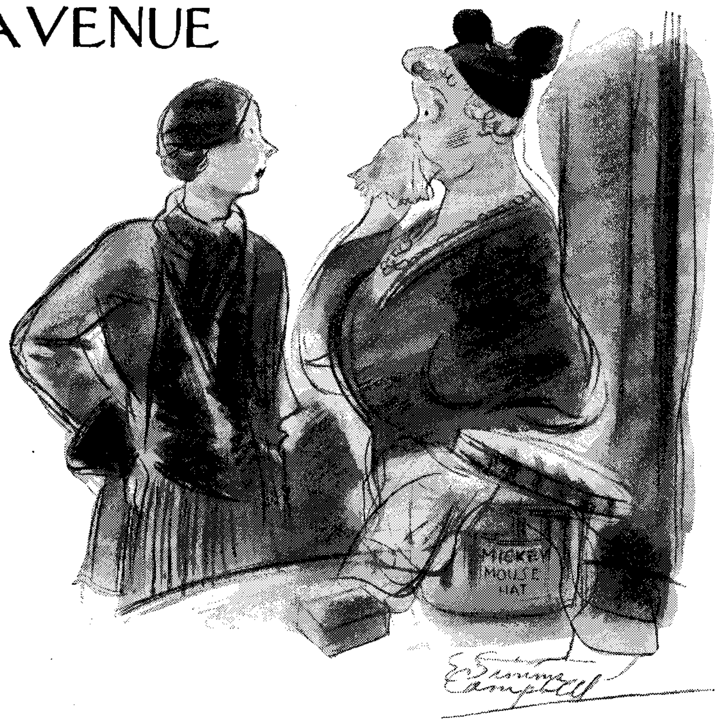
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES

Paris, Nov. 14

PLAID SCARVES, SUPPOSEDLY AMERICAN, ARE TIED IN THE DARNDEST BIG BOWS AND TUCKED UNDER EVERY FASHIONABLE CHIN IN PARIS. EVERY AMERICAN RETALIATES BY SAILING AWAY FROM FRANCE WITH LANVIN'S BANANA-YELLOW DRESS WITH THE BLACK SASH, SCHIAPARELLI'S SUIT WITH THE BOX-BACK FINGERTIP-LENGTH JACKET, LELONG'S DARK-RED CORDUROY STREET CAPE, VERA BOREA'S PEAKED STOCKING CAP, AND ANY ONE OF AUGUSTABERNARD'S EVENING DRESSES IN LUSCIOUS, OVERRIPE COLORS. THE AVANT-GARDE OF FASHION ARE FLOCKING TO SEE THE NEW DRAPED SKIRTS DONE BY LOUISEBOULANGER, A GIRL WHO IS ALWAYS WAY AHEAD. PERSONALLY, WE HOPE THAT IN THE RUSH NOBODY FORGETS TO PEEK AT MAGGY ROUFF'S GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PLEATED SKIRT. JUST LOOKING AT IT MADE US FEEL YOUNG AGAIN.

B. M.



"John's going to get a divorce."

AND IN NEW YORK—

ANY woman possessed of a soul or of a weakness for window shopping finds Fifty-seventh Street irresistible. The minute you get out of a taxi in that siren district, you risk your entire afternoon. Thus it was that I found myself, not so very long ago, wandering into Bruck-Weiss and, greatly to my own surprise, loitering indefinitely on the ground floor. The reason was the hats.

Mind you, I hold no brief for the average hats to be seen around town; maybe because of that darn roll of hair dangling far below them. It is a life work to find a lid that will make your women friends say "How smart" and your men friends say "How becoming." In the pompadour days, you could hope that the pompadour at least bore some relation to the face. The recent output, however, scorn to comply with the shape of the head, the shape of the face, or the coiffure. Now *that*'s off my mind.

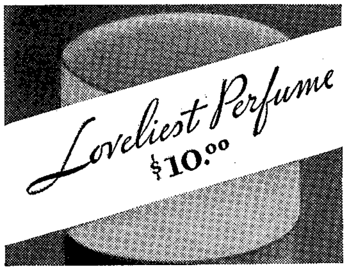
As an exception, Bruck-Weiss are doing great things with ready-to-wear hats, for from twelve-something to eighteen-something, and are having, so they themselves admit, a *succès fou* with the type of daytime hat in brown or black that has a pancake crown and a small brim which comes down over one eye in front and is turned up sharply in back or at the sides, or both. Plenty of you will find these becoming as well as chique. Bruck-Weiss also do dinner and evening hats (which I have a terrible weakness for if they are black, tiny, and made very simply). I liked the little black-velvet caps with veils and discreet-though-glittering rhinestone ornaments, the ciré caps with puffed treatments high in back, and the like. Buy one and feel giddy and daring for a week afterward. And their handbags have always been good. Look at the antelope ones for daytime: Schiaparelli's satchel with the fold on top concealing a zipper closing, Chanel's with a carved prystal bar across the flap, and others—lots of them with black-satin linings and a thoughtful way of including a comb as well as the familiar mirror and purse fittings. Twelve seventy-five and up, which they tell me is unprecedented in this store.

A COUPLE of perfectly huge evening handkerchiefs, with unusually good colors and designs in the prints, were the lure that made Milgrim hear my tread. On the first floor, there is one of the most amusing new evening bags you have seen; it is a round pouch of black or white paillettes with a gate-frame top that opens Way out and a little silver lid on it to hold it together when you aren't rummaging. Their muff bags for daytime are fun, too. They aren't too big or muffy. In caracal or Persian lamb, with the bag rising in a double fold to conceal the zipper, and plenty of room for your handbag-clutterers in the bag and for your hands on each side of it. They have lovely imported handmade sweaters or blouses here, too. I particularly liked the white ones, whether they were of Irish crochet with little collars, or of wool filet, or of trick crocheted wools.

Everybody knows that people who spend all that money at Milgrim usually don't do it to sit before a fire alone; they do it to be seen and commented on. There isn't a columnist in town who would ignore you at an opening if you wore a Milgrim speakeasy dress: very long in the skirt, very peek-a-boo in the décolletage when you remove a deceptive jacket. (I could go for that black slinky one with the deep V-décolletage in back, having another "V" which buttons on the shoulders and covers the back except for a few flashes of white skin.) They have amusing hats to go with these, too: velvet caps with jewelled straps across the hair in back, paillette ones, and a perfectly dandy beret composed of velvet ribbon coming together at the top and separating in strips between. Not smart, but attention-getters, all of them.

IF you get into the kind of state I do—sheer, shuddering horror at the sight of the same old face—Odette Martin, at 601 Madison Avenue, is the girl for you. She has the grandest creams, particularly for one whose face begins to dry up at the beginning of October as if she were in a desert. The cleansing cream isn't too thin and oily; the nourishing cream is rich and absorbs quickly; her circulation creams bring the blood to the surface with a rush. Your best friends won't know you when you get through. Also, another thing about the treatment is

We copied the perfect quality in each that made 3 costly powders famous



Truest Skin Tones
$3.00

Finest in Texture
$2.20

Clinging, thistledown texture, flattering shades, perfume smart as the Rue de la Paix

WE took three expensive powders famous in Paris and America each for one special quality.

We copied these three famous qualities—and created the new Pond's Face Powder!

One renowned French powder is adored by smart women for its illusive, ravishing perfume. It costs $10.00.

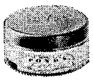
Another is famous for its soft texture which clings long to the skin; its price is $2.20.

The third, an American powder of great prestige, has perfectly blending skin tones that smart women of every type clamor for; it costs $3.00.

You can buy the new Pond's at an incredibly low price—$1.00! This is the same policy which brings you Pond's world-famous Cold and Vanishing Creams at such low cost.

Pond's Powder comes in a fine crystal jar. You can see just the shade you buy.

FOUR perfectly blending shades: NATURELLE—for fair-skinned blondes; LIGHT CREAM—for darker skinned blondes and clear-skinned brunettes; ROSE CREAM—for blondes with a ruddy complexion and brunettes with color; BRUNETTE—for sun-tanned blondes, olive skins and all types who prefer a warm skin tone.



Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for a Free Sample in exquisite glass jar.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. S
118 Hudson Street . . . . . . New York City
Check choice of color: Naturelle ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream ☐ Brunette ☐

*Name*____________________

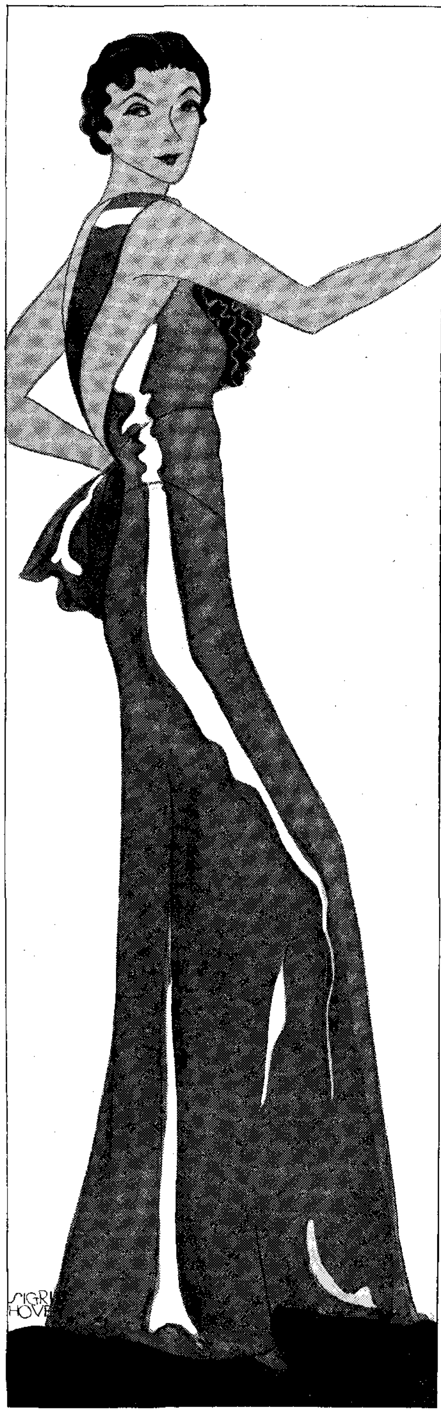
*Address*____________________

Copyright, 1932, Pond's Extract Company

POND'S new face powder 50¢ and $1.00

[PLUS SALES TAX]

Tune in on Pond's every Friday, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Continuous dance music rhythmed for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and Orchestra. WEAF and NBC Network.



IT'S A *Salymil!*

SATIN ciré in an elusive, but vigorous tone of blue...with two crushed poppies of flame velvet offering a strange and effective contrast. The huge bow is not unmindful of a bustle.

$49.50

Salymil Shop . . . 4th Floor

MILGRIM
6 West 57th Street, New York

that you don't have that cooing pawing-around that gets me crazy, nor do you have your skin pulled in every direction. A good, decisive slapping is the technique employed here, and I, personally, loved it. (Watch the makeup, though. I went blandly out in the street with an evening makeup on, like a hussy.)

THREADS - TOGETHER DEPARTMENT: The Shoecraft people are out with evening slippers in a metallic kid they fondly believe is "platinum blonde." Well, it is no more platinum blonde than I am; but it is a very swell pale gold, instead of the gold gold you used to wear With Everything years ago. . . . Coty's hair lotion, perfumed with their various scents, makes your tresses smell something lovely. I don't know whether it does your hair any good or not, but your dancing partners nestle, which is gratifying. . . . If you need a pick-me-up makeup and have twenty minutes to spare, Marie Hervey, in Louis Parme's at 7 East Fifty-fifth Street, can send you out to the most momentous occasion confident that you never looked better in your life. —L. L.

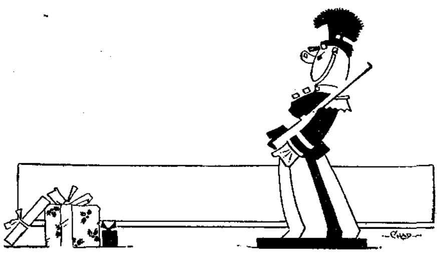
KIDDIES' KHRISTMAS KORNER

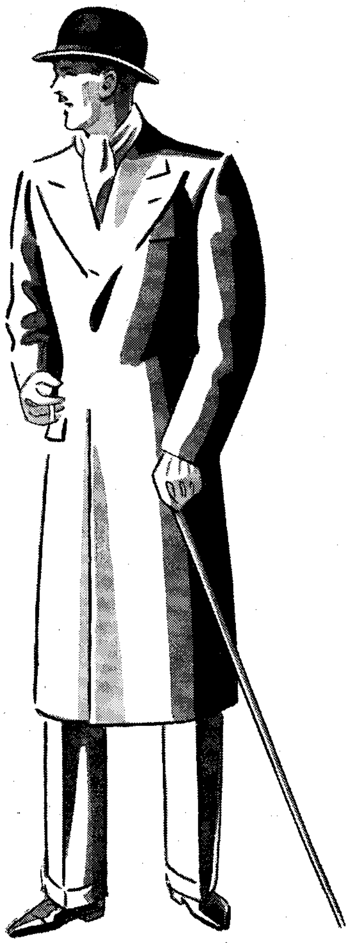
WE old maids have more fun about this time of year, prowling through toyshops to find things to give our nonexistent grandchildren. We are happy at the thought of the childish "Oh"s and "Ah"s that will arise when people we shall never meet find Sealyhams beneath the Christmas tree to complicate their apartment life further. Weeks like these, we have a Mission and love to publish our findings.

So far (we hope you've saved your copies; otherwise, call the Subscription Department, which loves chores), we have made learned discourse on:

November 5 . . . Christmas cards and monograms
November 12 . . . Lingerie, personal effects, photographers, custom luggage, frames and framers, household orders

Today, people with romping offspring, and others with Christmas





Distinguished
OVERCOATS
for Gentlemen

Blue or oxford grey Chesterfields in single and double-breasted models, equally appropriate for business or dress wear . *from $60.*

Luxurious cashmere . . the overcoat for gentlemen who wish a garment of remarkable distinction *$110.*

Camel's Hair Polo Coat . . worn with or without a belt . . . . *at $55 and $95.*

The English slip-on models in smart new patterns and colorings — in fabrics woven especially for us in England . . *from $50.*

DE PINNA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

spirit in their hearts, will be glad to know about:

> Children's toys and books, below Pets, page 56

CHILDREN'S TOYS AND BOOKS

IN a minute or two, we will start advising you sensibly about presents with which to reward youthful merit, but first we want to tell a little story, so we will never, never have to bring the subject up again. It seems that once upon a time there was a little mouse named—*what* do you suppose?—Mickey! And if kids in general go as crazy over him as the shops seem to think they will, prosperity is right around the corner, and a Merry Christmas to one and all.

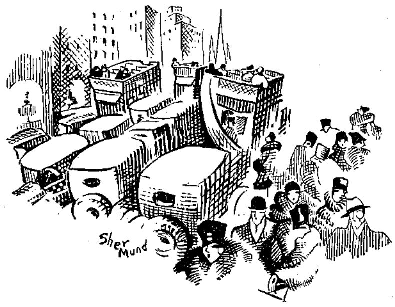
In short, you can't see Santa Claus for Mickey Mouse, to say nothing of Minnie and Pluto. People even write books about them and make them up in soap. Before you get heartily sick of the whole works, though, and go out and buy your darlings an "Encyclopædia Britannica," look at the Mickey-Minnie-Pluto puppets at Bloomingdale, $4.98 each, including strings and instructions; at Saks-Fifth Avenue's prodigious three-foot Mickey with an automatic, waving arm; at Franklin Simon's $1.50 woolly pajamas with a Mickey Mouse design, and a wooden Mouse in every package.

And that, please, settles Mickey. Not another peep out of any of you about mice, or we go home and play with our beautiful Lion-El electric train (all toyshops—*Adv.*) and let you do your own Christmas shopping.

So here are a few places in which to find childish treasures other than You Know Who:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Always unbeatable at children's games and sports equipment, what have they done now but take their entire sixth floor and turned it into a toyshop with a forest setting. All toys are strictly classified: boats in a corner fenced off by a yacht railing, Indian things with a tepee background, etc. Millions of new ideas, and lots of fun for old and young.

Altman: Especially good at constructive



INTRODUCING
Springtime in Paris
Springtime in Paris
BOURJOIS
Springtime in Paris
BOURJOIS
NEW YORK PARIS

TODAY'S SMARTEST PERFUME vogue is this newest essence from Paris—new in fragrance, new in the characterful French artistry of its pale blue and gold containers. Springtime in Paris presents a complete and exquisite beauty-ensemble—perfume, face powder and other gloriously scented accessories for the modern woman.

BOURJOIS
New York · Paris

The Cologne of Cologne
D'EAU DE COLOGNE
No 4711
BLOCKENGASSE No 4711

A Subtle Tonic for the Sickroom

It is an art to keep the sickroom pleasant and cheerful . . . but one that "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne has been practicing for more than a century throughout the world.

Spray or burn it . . . like magic it banishes the pall of unpleasantness and creates a vibrant, healthy atmosphere.

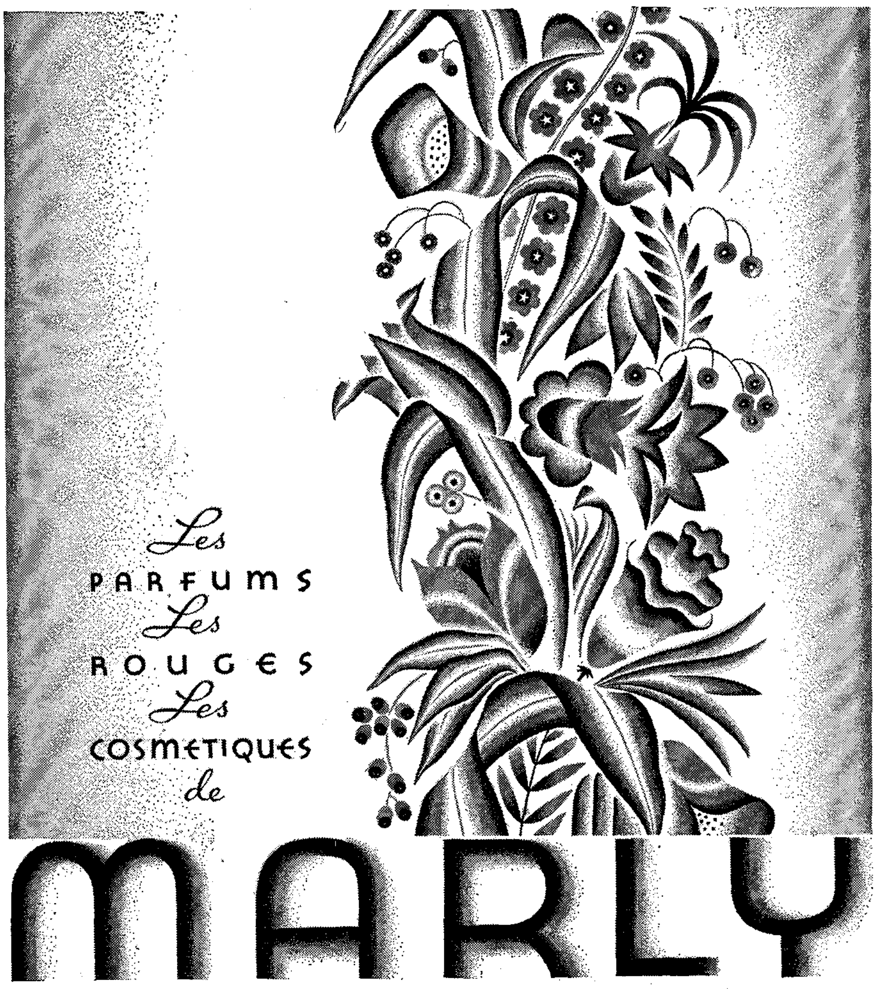
On the body . . . lightly bathed and massaged . . . it banishes bed-fatigue . . . eases tired muscles and radiates an all-over feeling of comfort and relief.

• • •

An unlooked for kindness would be a gift of this century-old refreshant . . . now . . . or during the approaching holidays. An intimate gift . . . it will be appreciated deeply.

Another sickroom secret . . . "4711" FROZOCLONE . . . the solidified Eau de Cologne. Rubbed on temples, and inhaled, it relieves headache . . . fatigue and the enervating effects of illness.

No 4711 Genuine Eau de Cologne
Blue & Gold Label



toys, such as sets of blocks and pegs which, provided the child has a little ingenuity, can become animals, airplanes, tractors, almost anything. These are imported, instructive, swell; $1.25 and up. Also, rubber blocks for babies who pitch things about, and other safe and sane toys which will endear you to the darlings' young mother.

BEST: Their Liliputian Bazaar, while not a toyshop, nevertheless has fine felt-and-gingham animals, and the usual Best collection of soft woolly ones, safe for taking to bed.

BLOOMINGDALE: Punch and Judy dolls made up as mitts to go over the hand, workable from the inside and small enough for young fingers to cope with; $1.49 per character. Airplane-assembling sets include big tri-motored planes and autogiros; twenty-five cents to $7. Whole department is swell.

BONWIT TELLER: No toy department, but Viennese bookends for kids' rooms, in the Gift Shop; $4.50 to $5.50 in pottery, $4.50 in wood. Infants' department has good small toys and animals.

CHILDHOOD, INC., 32 East 65: For those big, important gifts more or less intended for the proud parents. Nursery furniture and accessories in period styles a specialty, both old and reproductions. Excellent taste in general furnishings for children's rooms.

CHILDREN'S CENTER, 18 East 57: It's a cinch getting gifts here to build up a child's eye for beauty, in case Christmas takes you like that. They have taste in pictures for nursery walls and authentic scale models, child-size, of good period furniture pieces.

THE DUGOUT, 235 East 52: Veterans making toys by hand, and in no mere amateur fashion. Some specials: Fluffies—lamb, Scottie, and lying-down kitten made of sheepskin with funny, lovable little faces; $3 to $3.50, and can be bathed. Bird houses; $3 and up. Nice gift for country children.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Madison at 45: Those good Brownie cameras, easy to work and adored by all normal youngsters. Special cases in colored leathers, some with Scout emblems and things.

FRANKLIN SIMON: Good, old-fashioned toyshop, with all sorts of nice things mixed in together. Upright piano, a foot and a half high and playable, complete with simple nursery-rhyme music. On the back of it is a blackboard with

drawer full of crayons and erasers. All for $3.75.

Gimbel: A huge department, crammed full, and we think their dolls'-clothes collection one of the best and most complete in town. Doll group here, furthermore, makes motherly little girls quiver with emotion.

Grenfell Labrador Industries, 476 Fourth Avenue: Handcraft from the North, full of snowbound atmosphere. Toys from fifty cents, including carved-wood dog teams, Esquimau dolls, and tumbling bears. Also picture puzzles showing Arctic scenes. Fine, hand-hooked nursery rugs with more Labrador scenery; $4.50 upward.

Lewis & Conger: If they had nothing in their young-ones department except the portable playhouse, we would list them anyway. It's of canvas pulled tight over an iron framework, has doors and windows and a nice orange roof, will comfortably hold two children or an adult on all fours, costs $7.85, and keeps your infants from working themselves up into a frenzy whenever a good-sized packing box gets thrown out.

Lord & Taylor: Most exciting things: Dolls' house designed by Delano & Aldrich, the demon architects, for $37.50, with all modern improvements. Musical cradle; rocks inmate while mechanism plays "Rockabye, Baby;" $7.50. Remie Scout typewriter; standard keyboard; comes in several colors; $19.75. Many other wonders as well.

Macy: Must you be told they have everything? We remind you only that their dolls' houses and furnishings are architecturally and decoratively correct, unbelievably complete, and endlessly fascinating; and that you save considerable wear and tear by going straight up to the fifth floor from the men's shop, street level, Seventh Avenue building.

McCreery: One of the most impressive collections of dolls' carriages you ever saw, and stacks of trick mechanical toys, among them a fine, big, walking, ear-flapping elephant and a juggling seal (for $1). Good $2.50 movie projector that any child could operate. Films ("Jack and the Beanstalk," "Circus Parade," etc.) are fifteen cents each. No screen needed.

Ovington, Fifth Avenue at 39: Newly won over to toys, they have gone in for boats in a big way, with a twenty-by-ten testing tank and everything. All kinds of toys, of course; but the boats are what they dote on.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: The new toyshop is even bigger and grander than the original one. Your young males will have to be torn away from the Wild West department, which is set in a corral and replete with cowboys-and-Indians appurtenances. They are also still good at imported farmyard setups, big toys on wheels (fire engines, automobiles, and such), and beautiful, correct, stuffed animals.

Max Schling, Seedsman, 618 Madison: Equipment for leetle gardeners: all kinds of tools, watering cans and pots, and good bulbs for simple indoor forcing. A nice educational gift that most children love to putter around with.

Schoenfeld, 1254 Lexington: A toyshop like the one dashing Uncle Charlie used

"BERMUDA IS GRAND . . .
WE'RE STAYING ANOTHER WEEK"

Deep blue water, sun-drenched coral, restful relaxation from the exigencies of every-day life . . . enchanted Bermuda is always a lovely goal for old and young. And now vacations take on an added charm, for a reassuring telephone call can flash across the sea to those at home.

Overseas Telephone Service is available not only to Bermuda, but to the S. S. Monarch of Bermuda, plying between New York and Hamilton. It keeps the traveler within sound of the voices of family and friends, aids materially in making or changing plans. A three-minute conversation between Bermuda and New York costs $15; the S. S. Monarch of Bermuda and New York, $9. Between Bermuda and other American cities, slightly more. Calls are clear, quick, easy to make. A federal tax of 20 cents applies on each overseas conversation.

OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

FIRST TO
Fly
50 MILLION MILES

UNITED AIR LINES is the first air transport system in the world to complete 50 million miles of flight—24 million miles at night! Even more significant than this mileage record, is United's leadership in the development of air transportation; the carrying of 20 million pounds of air-mail, several hundred thousand passengers, and an ever increasing tonnage of air express. With United Air Lines you can enjoy air travel at its best. Multi-motored planes. Pilots whose average experience is 4500 hours. Two-way radio. Four experts aground for every pilot aloft.

Today's Fares Attractive

Low fares banish the old objection, "it costs too much to fly." Span America in 27 hours (31 hours westbound) — fastest coast-to-coast service. Fly from the Great Lakes to Texas, or from Seattle to San Diego, between breakfast and dinner or overnight. Spacious, heated cabin planes. Air travel is interesting, speedy, economical. Direct or connecting service to 137 cities in 38 states.

For Reservations: Call United Air Lines offices in 45 cities or Western Union or Postal Telegraph, leading hotels or travel bureaus. New York Office, 36 W. 40th St., Lo. 5-5170.

USE AIR MAIL—Arrives first—delivered first—read first. 8¢ first ounce—13¢ each additional ounce or fraction.

AIR EXPRESS—Phone any Railway Express Agency Office (Air Division).

UNITED
AIR LINES
Subsidiary of United Aircraft and Transport Corporation

to take you to when you were no higher than a coffee table. They have almost *anything*, but are superb at lead soldiers, forest and desert scenes with all the fixings and figures in correct scale and marvellous color. Young Tarzans will likely go and have to be pulled home by the arm, the safari and lion-hunt stuff is that grand.

SCHWARZ, 745 Fifth Avenue: The only thing to do about this place is seize a free day and go yourself. There is so much of everything, and you may not be like us, who go crazy about outfitted stables with horses and grooms in them, stuffed-plush families of lions and leopards, baskets of life-size furry puppies and kittens, toy kitchens and grocery-stores, and such like.

ALICE STARR, 224 East 57: New bits for children's rooms, chosen with the infant's as well as Mamma's viewpoint in mind. Darling small pillows of cotton broadcloth edged in fringe, with dogs or penguins embroidered on the face, are $1.50 each. Framed nursery prints, naïve in a modern way, from $1.50.

STERN: We never get enough of this toy department, which continues year after year to set the Christmas season right with dolls'-house families for little girls, boxes of things to put together (such as the makings of a clock) for little boys, and toy stages, with complete scenery and characters for Shakespearian revivals, for young romantics of both sexes. They always have all the new things as well, but then so does everybody else.

WANAMAKER: Among endless and enchanting varieties of toys, look for a group of things for children with a scientific turn of mind: Biology sets, $7.50 and up; microscopes, with slides, $2 and up; telegraph sets, $2 (real and workable); rubber-balloon-making sets, with enough harmless chemicals to make fifty balloons, $1. Doll department this year is in the Auditorium next to the Wonder House, and worth looking up. The Fireside animals here are good: soft, of white rabbit's fur, and make noises; $1 to $5.

WHAT follows immediately below is our Christmas Assistance Department for bewildered bachelor uncles. The places named are really service stations, full of books and toys graded by age, sex, etc., together with scientific advice about giving them:

CHILDREN'S BOOK AND PLAY SERVICE, 872 Madison.
CHILDREN'S BOOK SHOP, 18 East 57.
EDUCATIONAL PLAYTHINGS, 20 East 69.
THE PLAYROOM, 816 Madison.
YOUNG BOOKS, INC., 23 East 63.

WHEN, annually, we set out to talk about children's books at exactly this point, it is always a temptation to refer everybody straight to the Child Study Association, 221 West 57, where they make a career of listing and classifying junior reading matter for just such busy shoppers as you-all.

Casmiri
VULCANIA

WEST INDIES & SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES

on a liner which was built especially for voyages to warm climates. (This is a most important point in a West Indies Cruise.)

★

Sail on the luxurious "Vulcania" this winter and have the sort of cruise you have dreamed of.

You can have a stateroom with a private deck — a sort of verandah that is all your own.

You will have a marble Swimming Pool down in the ship for the first and last days . . . and one on deck, near the Smoking Room, for the warm days in the Caribbean . . . a Tennis Court . . . a Ball Room which was copied from Versailles . . . a spacious Garden Lounge that is flooded with sunshine . . . food for epicures . . . perfect service.

And you can see some of the most interesting and famous ports in the West Indies under the expert guidance of Raymond-Whitcomb, the oldest American travel company.

The prices are low.

★

Two winter cruises on the "Vulcania"

February 3 to 17
La Guayra (for Caracas), Curacao, Panama Canal, Havana, Nassau..$167.50 up

February 18 to March 23
St. Pierre, Fort de France, Trinidad, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro (5 days), Pernambuco, Grenada, Curacao, Havana, Nassau, $377.50 up

Send for the details

ITALIAN LINE
1 State Street, New York
RAYMOND-WHITCOMB
670 Fifth Avenue, New York
or any steamship or travel agent

But permit us to remind you out of our lesser store of knowledge that among the newer books is one called "Old New York for Young New Yorkers," by Caroline Emerson, a local history with grand pictures which ought to be fine for working up civic pride in future voters; that Mary Steichen Martin and Lena Towsley have done two new volumes of photographic studies of kids doing familiar things out of the usual daily routine—bathing, tooth-brushing, playing games, going to bed, etc. (the first of these, done last year, was a big success; children of all types loved it, thereby refuting the theory that it is color in pictures that attracts the youthful eye); that the Children's Book Shop, 18 East 57, has lots of foreign story books translated into simple English, including one called "Perez and Martina," a romance about a cockroach and a mouse straight out of old Mexico, where they believe in looking the facts of life in the face; that at Bonwit Teller you can get a picture book telling the story of the Three Bears, with three toy bears and their residence thrown in.

Then, looka what the department stores do for you in the way of special holiday entertainment. Bloomingdale, starting this week, will have Lilliputian Land, with real midgets in the rôles of Hänsel and Gretel, Little Red Riding Hood, etc. Also a giant, and Santa Claus. Gimbel's Santa Land will be all made up to look like the North Pole, with igloos, Esquimau clowns, and a real Arctic team of huskies, one of which is Fritz, only surviving member of the team that made history carrying serum to Nome. Children can be photographed on the spot driving the dog sled, which ought to be a thrill. They will also have movies and the usual Fanny Engle marionette show, starting at eleven in the morning and repeated every hour on the hour. Lord & Taylor have Jack Frost at home in an iceberg, complete with Santa Claus. Macy's Tony Sarg Parade will proceed down Broadway as usual on Thanksgiving Day to open the Tony Sarg show in the Thirty-

Helen Jameson Hall

Happy Days!

In Japan, China and the gay Philippines

. . Go via the Sunshine Belt on famed President Liners

Trade old familiar winter for a thrilling trip abroad: for outdoor days in Hawaii, Japan, China, the varied Philippines; luxurious days on President Liners. All at such trivial cost that staying at home is really (even in these days) very slim economy! Your nearest travel agent will be glad to help you plan—to sail any week from New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco or Seattle.

Warm winter days in California's sun

. . Sail through the tropics via Havana and Panama

You know California in the winter time. And here is a marvelous way to go! 5500 miles of cruising through smooth, sparkling waters. 16 days of gracious living on President Liners—all with every stateroom outside, outdoor swimming pools. First Class fares from $175. Special Class (President Hoover and President Coolidge) from $135. Stopovers in Havana or the Panama Canal cities . . . at no additional fare. Weekly sailings.

In storied places Round the World

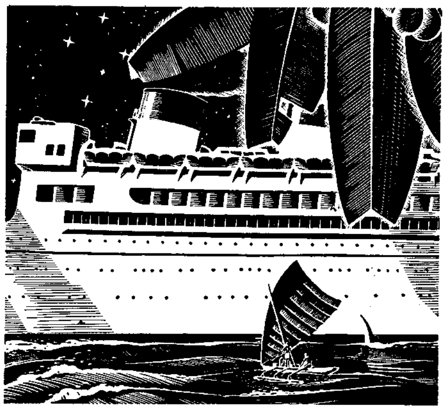
. . Go-as-you-like. Stopover anywhere. First Class $749

Available until December 23rd from the Pacific Coast. The greatest trip of all—26,000 miles Round the Globe *at a First Class fare so low that it may never be repeated!* Visit 22 ports in 14 countries—85 cities or more. Take up to six whole months, stopping over as you please, making sidetrips, continuing on another Round the World President Liner. A sailing every other week from New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle.

Dollar Steamship Lines and American Mail Line

24 Providence St., Boston • 110 S. Dearborn St., Chicago • Union Trust Arcade, Cleveland • 514 W. 6th St., Los Angeles • 604 Fifth Ave., New York • 152 Broadway, Portland, Ore. • 311 California St., San Francisco • 338 E. Broadway, San Diego • Fourth at University, Seattle • 217 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada 465 Howe Street, Vancouver, B.C. • 1005 Connecticut, N.W., Washington, D.C.

SOUTH SEAS
HAWAII
NEW ZEALAND
AUSTRALIA



SEA-GOING LUXURY *at a* STAY-AT-HOME COST

To the isles where winter never comes

HAWAII

Your dollars make a wonderful showing when they buy you a ticket to Hawaii on the famous trio of Matson-Oceanic liners 'Mariposa,' 'Monterey' & 'Malolo.'

They put you up at a palatial, sea-going hotel, with the meals of an epicurean cafe included — they give you "membership" in a nautical country club, with swimming and deck sports in progress all day —they provide entree to talkies and a smart night club—they make five days pass like a week-end and lead to a brilliant climax in Hawaii!

Frequent sailings from San Francisco and Los Angeles. Inclusive-Cost Tours cover comprehensive itineraries at minimum cost.

Same Splendid Service through to NEW ZEALAND & AUSTRALIA

From California to New Zealand in 16 days and on to Australia within 19 days on the "Mariposa" or "Monterey," via Hawaii, Samoa and Fiji. First Class and Cabin Class fares, attractively low.

NEW YORK TO CALIFORNIA.
First Voyage of the New "Lurline."
Sailing from New York January 12.

Details at any travel agency or

MATSON LINE
OCEANIC LINE

NEW YORK CITY CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES SEATTLE PORTLAND

fourth Street windows, and they will have, besides, a little arrangement called the Blue Grotto, where you pay an entrance fee and get presents from midgets. Saks-Fifth Avenue have got hold of a prestidigitator who does tricks with rabbits and hats, fishbowls, bird-cages, et al., at 12 noon, 3 P.M., and 4:30 daily. From December 1 on, they will also have Punch and Judy in the French and German versions; and Freckles, the performing pig, who is swell. At Stern, they have Santa Claus, and a full-sized merry-go-round on which the kids get a free ride thrown in with a fifty-cent surprise package. *That* ought to hold them for a while.

PETS

DOGS

BEFORE you put any dogs on your list, you should first of all be sure—have it in writing, if possible—that the people you're giving the dogs to want dogs. It would be nice if you knew what kind of dogs they want, but if you don't and they won't tell you, make your choice dependent on how much space they have indoors and out, number and sex of children, and the like. It's best to make your purchases straight from a reputable kennel, to insure good breeding and training, cleanliness, and freedom from distemper. If styles in dogs make any difference, it might interest you to know that dachshunds, Scotties, and English bulldogs are extremely popular just now. Well, here they are:

Small Dogs

BEAGLES: Not as low-hung as dachshunds, but just as much fun; Edward A. Hurd, Rumson, N.J.

BEDLINGTONS: A branch of the terrier family rapidly becoming popular here; Mrs. Anthony Neary, 36-05 Thirty-third St., Astoria, L.I.

BOSTON TERRIERS: H. N. Clasen, Boston Post Rd., Darien, Conn.; Mrs. M. C. McGlone, 1422 Pelham Parkway South, New York City.

CAIRNS: Tapscot Kennels, Wilton, Conn.

CHIHUAHUAS: About the smallest dogs there are: Etty Haven Kennels, Larchmont Manor, N.Y.

COCKER SPANIELS: Sand Spring Farm Kennels, Morristown, N.J.; Freeland Kennels, Monmouth Rd., West Long Branch, N.J.

DACHSHUNDS: Astarte Kennels, 71-33 Seventieth St., Glendale, L.I.; Voewood Kennels, 19 Dupont Ave., Gedney Farms, White Plains, N.Y.

PEKINESE: Meridale Pekinese Kennels, 254 Schenck Ave., Great Neck, L.I.

POMERANIANS: Mrs. V. Matta, 2618 Ditmars Boulevard, Astoria, L.I.

It's a new thrill
dancing to
George Olsen's Music
in the
Terrace Restaurant

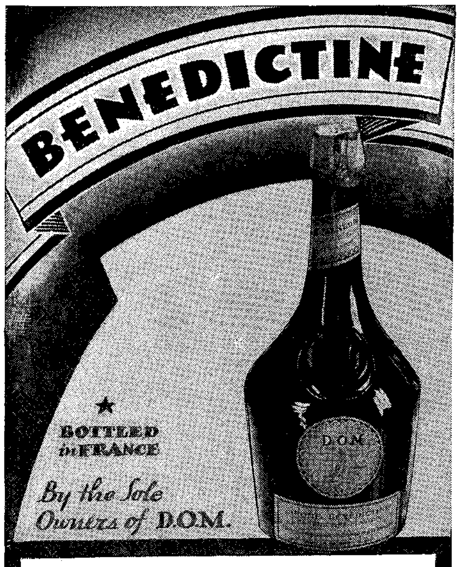
A LITTLE soft note...a little sweet note ...a gay note, a blue note.

"And that's how we make music!" says George Olsen now holding forth nightly in the enchanting Terrace Restaurant of the Hotel New Yorker.

Join George and his boys for a gay round of dancing tonight. You'll love it!

Superb Dinner, $2, no couvert. Supper couvert, $1.25, except Saturdays, then $2. Saturday Luncheon with dancing, $1.00.

HOTEL
NEW YORKER
34th St. at 8th Ave., New York City
RALPH HITZ, *President*


BENEDICTINE
BOTTLED in FRANCE
By the Sole Owners of D.O.M.
D.O.M.

Contains 12% Alcohol
Imported under Regulations applying to Flavorings. A slight increase in sugar content—otherwise only original ingredients. Try it flavoring a cocktail.
AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES
Send 20c for Sample Bottle and 19 New Recipes
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., Inc. · Importers
Sole U. S. Agents, 10-A Hubert Street, N. Y. C.

Shepard Barclay invites you to the
BRIDGE TEAS
at The Roosevelt every Monday afternoon. Talk by Mr. Barclay at 2:45, followed by play. Prizes at each table. Tea at 4:30. Fee $5 a table.
SHEPARD BARCLAY BRIDGE CLUB
Phone Van. 3-9200 The Roosevelt

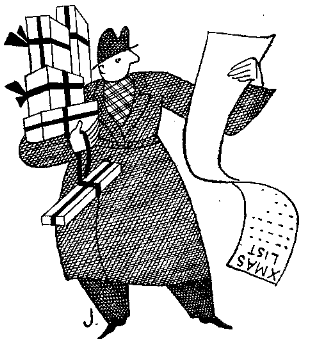
Pugs: They may come back with the Victorian hats and puff sleeves; Dr. A. P. Munn, West Long Branch, N.J.
Scotties: Monagh Lea Kennels, Red Bank, N.J.; Boglebrae Kennels, Sand Hill, Huntington, L.I.; Reverly Kennels, Noroton, Conn.

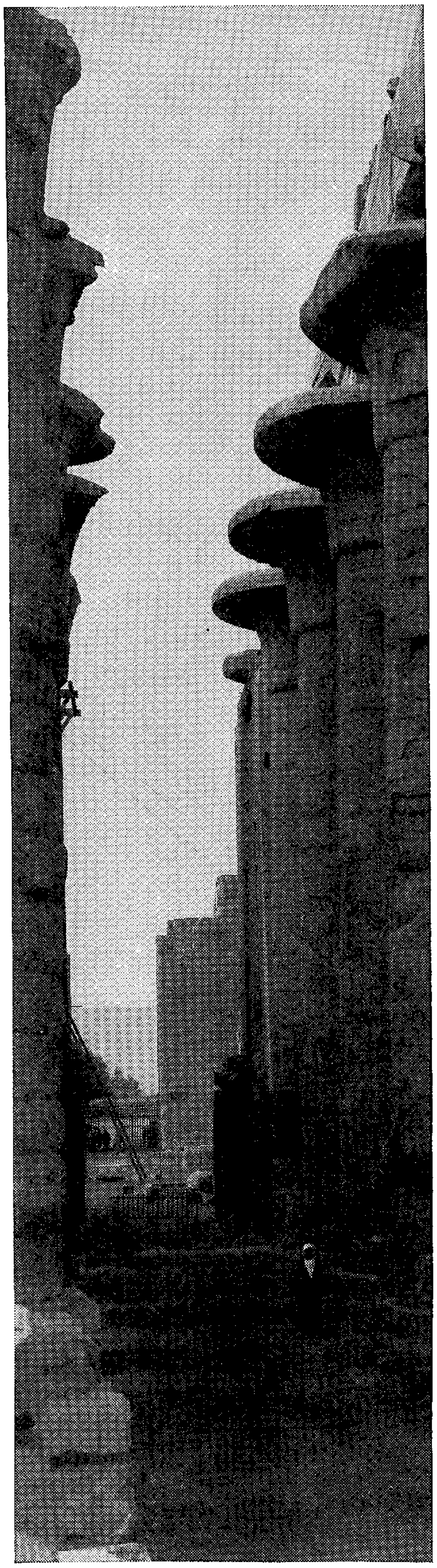
Bigger Dogs

Airedales: Livesey Kennels, Kings Rd., Madison, N.J.
Chows: Ledgelands Kennels, Tuxedo Park, N.Y.
Doberman Pinschers: Avondale Farms, Towaco, N.J.
English Bull Terriers: Bronxboro Kennels, 2489 Sedgwick Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
English Bulldogs: Sparrow Bush Kennels, Port Jervis, N.Y.; W. T. Drew, 536 South Third Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.; Mrs. W. A. Richards, 320 Jericho Turnpike, Huntington, L.I.
Irish Terriers: Sassy Kennels, Fayetteville, N.Y.; Marcus Bruckheimer, 2114 Third Ave., New York City.
Poodles: Ruebette Kennels, 169 Cottage Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
Samoyedes: Very swank and, for an Arctic husky breed, very friendly; Norka Kennels, New Milford, Conn. (If you're interested in Alaskan or Siberian huskies, get in touch with W. Dustin White, Ryegate, Vt.)
Springer Spaniels: Marobar Kennels, Wyandanch, L.I.

Biggest Dogs

Collies: The kind Albert Payson Terhune puts into his stories, from his own kennels, Sunnybank, Pompton Lakes, N.J.; also, Bellhaven Collie Kennels, Red Bank, N.J.
Great Danes: Brae Tarn Dane Kennels, Khakum Wood, Greenwich, Conn.; Steinbacher's Great Dane Kennels, Ridgefield, N.J.; John J. McDevitt, Teaneck, N.J.
Irish Wolfhounds: Halcyon Kennels, Goshen, N.Y.
Norwegian Elkhounds: Like Hoover's; Kettle Cove Kennels, Magnolia, Mass.
Old English Sheepdogs: Walter Graham, Red Bank, N.J.; Mrs. W. K. Hitchcock, Pleasantville, N.Y.
Russian Wolfhounds: Perchino Kennels, Hunter Brook Road, Peekskill, N.Y.
Saint Bernards: Col. Jacob Ruppert, 1639 Third Ave., New York City; Hercuveen Kennels, 8365 Shore Road, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Sunset Kennels, Mt. Nebo Road, Sewickley, Pa.
Setters: Rumson Farm Kennels, Rum-





MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

Spacious and distinguished cruise favorite

FROM NEW YORK JAN. 31

69 DAYS
25 PORTS

● New idea in cruising: pay-as-you-go for just-what-you-want 'round the whole Mediterranean.

$550 (up) for 69-day ship cruise with shore excursions optional. All First Class.

$855 (up) for complete standard ship-and-shore program. First Class throughout.

$300 (up) for ship cruise, shore trips optional. Tourist Class.

$510 (up) for complete Tourist Class standard ship-and-shore program.

SHORE EXCURSIONS

3 options: (1) Buy shore excursions before sailing or aboard ship, when and as you please. (2) Complete standard shore program, all First Class, $305. (3) Complete standard shore program, Tourist Class, $210.

PORTS AND PLACES

FUNCHAL · CASABLANCA · SPAIN GIBRALTAR · ALGIERS · PALMA · LA GOULETTE · VALETTA · MESSINA · ITALY JUGO-SLAVIA · GREECE · ISTANBUL · RHODES LARNACA · BEIRUT · PALESTINE · EGYPT MONACO · CHERBOURG · SOUTHAMPTON

● Study the different rates, options. See the deck plan, itinerary. Inquire your agent, or any Canadian Pacific office: New York: 344 Madison Avenue, at 44th. Boston: 405 Boylston Street. Philadelphia: 1500 Locust Street. Buffalo: 160 Pearl Street, and 31 other cities in the United States and Canada.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

"BOSTON SO SOON?"

Eight times a day, American Airways planes leave Newark Airport for Boston, and vice versa. The flying time is 2 hours. Limousine transportation at either end makes it 3¼ hours from center to center. Hartford and Providence are stops on the Boston run.

American Airways, Inc., offers you hours to put back in your pocket . . . rebates on your travel time, to use for business or pleasure at your destination. You can travel in clean comfort and security, in heated cabin planes, over this nation-wide system—*and save, on the average, two-thirds of your travel time.*

Daily schedules of special interest to New Yorkers, in addition to the Boston run, are Montreal, 3½ hours; Syracuse, 3 hours; Rochester, 4 hours; Buffalo, 4¾ hours . . . New York to Los Angeles with the loss of only one business day!

Reservations from Postal Telegraph, Western Union, hotels, travel agencies, or American Airways, Inc., 122 E. 42nd St., New York (call Lexington 2-2620):

Use Air Mail; it arrives earlier and gets better attention when received. . . . Use General Air Express, for fast day and night service to all parts of the country.

MONTREAL
SYRACUSE
ALBANY
BOSTON
ROCHESTER
PROVIDENCE
BUFFALO
HARTFORD
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
CLEVELAND
AKRON
COLUMBUS
OMAHA
ST. JOSEPH
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
TERRE HAUTE
EVANSVILLE
CINCINNATI
LOUISVILLE
NASHVILLE
CHATTANOOGA
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
EL CENTRO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
DOUGLAS
EL PASO
AMARILLO
WICHITA FALLS
ABILENE
FT. WORTH
DALLAS
BIG SPRING
SAN ANGELO
WACO
AUSTIN
HOUSTON
SAN ANTONIO
GALVESTON
CORPUS CHRISTI
BROWNSVILLE
LITTLE ROCK
TEXARKANA
MONROE
SHREVEPORT
MEMPHIS
BIRMINGHAM
ATLANTA
MONTGOMERY
JACKSON
MOBILE
BATON ROUGE
BEAUMONT
NEW ORLEANS

AMERICAN AIRWAYS, INC.

A Division of The Aviation Corporation

son, N.J.; Inglehurst Kennels, Dunellen, N.J.

Shetland Sheepdogs: Anahassit Kennels, Wentworth Farms, Rosemont, Pa. (Collies, too.)

Canine haberdashery is available at Abercrombie & Fitch, Hammacher Schlemmer, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Altman, Macy, and Wanamaker.

Should your own pup need a bit of holiday sprucing-up, grooming, or plucking, note these names: Charles Klenke, 2231 Eighth Avenue; Dr. G. Rohrer, 40 West 61; Medor Kennels, 21 East 47, all in New York City.

FINS, FUR, AND FEATHERS

If dogs don't appeal to your Santa Claus mood, take a turn around the pet shops for something different:

Empire Tropical Fish Import Company, 126 Church Street (corner Murray): Tropical fish exclusively and extensively, from guppies up.

Herrmann's, 140 E. 34: Tropical fish, aquariums, and a new bird department.

Holden's, 516 Madison: "Bowlettes," small globular aquariums on decorative pedestals, plus a pair of fish; Christmas stockings for dogs and cats, too. Also canaries that pull little carts about and feed themselves from them.

London Pet Shop, 300 Fifth Avenue: Many one-of-a-kind pets, so hurry. Among the birds: butterfly finches; blue or yellow love birds; cockatilli.

Madison Avenue Pet Shop, 1016 Lexington: Articulate birds, alligators, hybrid tropicals, and such goldfish as comets and calicoes.

Vondy's, 58 West 8: Tropicals, turtles, and shoals of goldfish, among them Japanese veil-tails and Chinese lion-heads.

Geo. Wohlstadt Bird Company, 186 Greenwich Street: Brazilian cardinals that sing, troupials that whistle bugle calls, and toucans that look ridiculous. Mules, macaws. Pet monkeys, too.

For cats of the prizewinning variety, you can get in touch with: Doris Bryant, 70 West 11, for Siamese, the rare blue-point type as well as the regular fawn and brown ones; Elsie Hydon, Central Avenue, Bogota, N. J., for Persians, blue, black, or white; Mrs. R. W. Grosset, 723 West 177, for Persians, silver, blue, or cream.

For a Shetland or a Welsh pony, call on Michael Oakley, 216 East 24.

•

CALIFORNIA'S IOWANS HAIL
PRAIRIES THAT BORE THEM

—*Headline in the Des Moines Register.*

Bore them, now it can be told, unspeakably.

Eases the Journey back to Health

VICHY CÉLESTINS

VICHY FRANCE
CONTENTS: 1 PINT 13 FLUID OZ
VICHY
CELESTINS

Extensively prescribed by the Medical Profession for stomach and liver affections and disorders of nutrition in general

The famous natural alkaline mineral water of France

American Agency of French Vichy, Inc.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

SUPERLATIVE in all the details of a gracious environment. For Winter occupancy, a few distinguished apartments of moderate size. Wood-burning fireplaces. Service pantries with electrical refrigeration. Cuisine and complete hotel service of unusual excellence. Leases now being negotiated.

Mayfair House
610 Park Avenue at 65th Street
EDWARD H. CRANDALL

OPEN EVENINGS
TEL. VOL. 5-4026
MARCONI BROS. Inc.
114 E. 59 St.
Cor. PARK AVE. N.Y. City
VICTROLAS RECORDS RADIOS

CHEZ VOUS
INCORPORATED
ARTS ✓ ✓ ✓ INTERIORS
20 East 58th Street, New York City
Telephone Wickersham 2-1520

MUSICAL EVENTS

"Salomé" Without a Remonstrance—Our Fourth Experiment

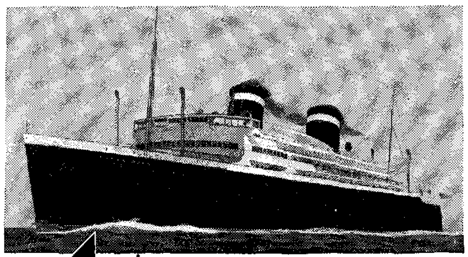
A QUARTER of a century ago, the directors of the Metropolitan Opera & Real Estate Company announced that Richard Strauss' "Salomé" was "objectionable and detrimental to the best interests of the Metropolitan Opera House," thereby notifying the director that any repetitions of the piece were Out. The late H. E. Krehbiel told the tale fully and fervidly in his "Chapters of Opera," noting "the moral stench exhaled by the decadent and pestiferous work," which he set down gently as an "exudation from the diseased and polluted will and imagination of the authors." Maybe he didn't care for "Salomé."

Since then, "Salomé" has continued Out at the Metropolitan, although its composer took delight in conducting the Dance of the Seven Veils when he led an orchestral concert in that auditorium about ten years ago. More of it was brought into the once-profaned precincts by Mme. Maria Jeritza when she sang with the Musicians' Symphony Orchestra last week. She introduced a potpourri, constructed by Dr. Strauss, which included the seduction scene, the famous dance, and the finale. This time nobody shivered, not even at the apostrophe to the head of John the Baptist, a necrophilic masterpiece which might be described as Salomé's *Todeslied.*

FRITZ REINER, conductor of this concert, proved his operatic gifts, holding the large and somewhat unwieldy band together and ripping off the climaxes magnificently. The music, once considered cacophonous and morbid, now sounds almost mellifluous and hygienic—not, in fact, any more taxing than "Der Rosenkavalier." The sampler was sufficient argument for a hearing of the opera some day, in case it no longer is considered objectionable and detrimental. Mme. Jeritza whooped out her tones enthusiastically, winning baskets of flowers which she tossed to the audience, along with "The Blue Danube" and Brünnhilde's "Ho-

A trip abroad en route to CALIFORNIA
VICTORIA, B. C. and SEATTLE, WASH.
via Panama Canal

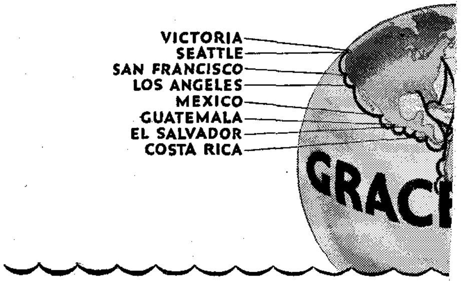
Go by Grace Line!—and add the spice and variety of shore visits or inland excursions in 6 sunny, glamorous countries en route! . . . *plus* the luxury of palatial new liners which speed you to California in 16 days, *including* ample leisure ashore in Havana, Panama, the beautiful West Coast Central Americas and Mexico!



4 NEW LINERS

First American ships having all outside staterooms with private baths: Santa Rosa, Santa Paula, Santa Lucia, Santa Elena. Single rooms. Double rooms. Apartment suites. Controlled ventilation and temperature. Club, as gay as you could wish. Smart orchestra. Huge dining hall with dome that rolls back for outdoor dining. Spacious Sports Deck and largest tiled outdoor pool on any American ship. Beauty, brilliance, luxury, speed—and yes, *really:* economy!

New York: 10 Hanover Sq.; Chicago: 230 N. Michigan Avenue; Boston: Little Building; also New Orleans, Los Angeles, Seattle



GRACE LINE,
10 Hanover Square, N. Y., or
2 Pine St., San Francisco.

Please send me full information about your new ships, sailing dates, and New York-Central America-California itinerary.

Nam
Addi
City

More than a famous hotel... The Ritz Tower is rather an enduring landmark in the smart social life of New York. Naturally such an hotel lives up to its reputation in elegance of appointments, suavity of service and excellence in cuisine.

The Ritz Tower

PARK AVE • at 57th St • NEW YORK

J. E. FRAWLEY... General Manager

SUITES FURNISHED OR ARRANGED WITH YOUR OWN TREASURES . . . TEMPORARY ARRANGEMENTS OR LEASES FOR IMMEDIATE OCCUPANCY.

yo-to-hó" as encores. It was a great night for Mme. Jeritza and her admirers. The words of Jokanaan in the seduction scene were sung admirably by Nelson Eddy, who doubled efficiently as announcer of election returns.

Paul Whiteman and his accomplished orchestra demonstrated a "Fourth Experiment in Modern American Music" at Carnegie Hall a little less than nine years after the historic Aeolian Hall matinée which delivered Mr. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." This time there were paraphrases of Ravel's "Bolero," Kreisler waltz rhythms, and Gershwin melodies, along with arrangements for "Modern American Orchestra" of "An American in Paris," the Gusikoff-Machan American Concerto, and the second Gershwin Rhapsody, as well as Ferde Grofé's "Grand Canyon" suite. There was nothing experimental about these doings. If they proved anything, it was that we seem to be at the end of a definite jazz phase and that everything is all dressed up, waiting for some new place to go.

The most interesting item was a "Concerto in Three Rhythms," composed by Miss Dana Suesse for Mr. Whiteman, and scored by the diligent Mr. Grofé. Miss Suesse, a nimble pianist, interpreted herself shiningly in adventures with fox-trot, blues, and ragtime accents. Two of her earlier essays, the "Syncopated Love Song" and the "Jazz Nocturne," contain the germs of largely popular songs, and the adagio of the concerto uncovered a theme which before long probably will be called "Some Night by Moonlight" or the like of that.

The concerto sprawls a bit—a good symptom, for it indicates that the composer isn't satisfied with orthodox treatment of current idiom. This very tentativeness lends an improvisatory charm to Miss Suesse's concerto, which is based on rhythms but really deals mostly in moods. It's an able effort and it deserves more performances.

As for Mr. Whiteman, he was as convincing as ever, none the worse for the dietetic rigors which have deprived our wits of their favorite simile for magnitude. May he indulge in many more—and even nobler—experiments!

—Robert A. Simon

•

For traveling Mrs. K—— wore a suit of bran and Spanish tile with accessories to match.—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Independent.*

An old spinach costume.

"'Tis a fine day, Sir"

Every day is fine that starts with Hartley's Marmalade for breakfast. Appetites respond to the appealing freshness and delicious flavor of this most famous blend of ripe Seville Oranges and pure cane sugar.

Treat yourself to a new delight for breakfast tomorrow. Ask your grocer for Hartley's Marmalade.

R. U. DELAPENHA & Co., Inc.
57 Laight St. New York

For tea—Hartley's on Crackers

HARTLEY'S IMPORTED Marmalade
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF HARTLEY'S JAM

ANNOUNCEMENT
Mr. Luis R. de Ortega
Well Known Artist

Formerly of Emile, Your Hairdresser and Mars—Hairdresser is now affiliated with THE MOST EXCLUSIVE HAIRDRESSING SALON in NEW YORK

theodore
Coiffure d'Art
16 East 52nd Street New York
VOlunteer 5-7273

A Dandy Thanksgiving All Prepared

An intriguing assortment of foods and tidbits appropriate for the holiday . . .

- Fresh Russian Beluga Caviar $9.00 lb.
- The National French Soup "Petite Marmite" quart tin (4 persons) 85c
- English Stilton Cheese—Port Cured Earthen crock 12 oz. $1.35
- Mince Meat (moist) quarts $1.25—pints 65c
- The French Aristocrat Dessert "Baba aux Rhum"—a delicious Royal Cake 6 to 8 portion tin $1.50

Prompt Service and moderate prices. Phone for representative to help plan your menu. Catalogue N.

maison glass
Foreign Table Delicacies
15 East 47th Street New York
WIckersham 2-3316

EGYPT
the NILE
for winter
... and spring

An entrancing and completely different scene . . . age-old cities, temples, pyramids, ancient treasures . . . yet all the advantages of superlatively modern comfort. On the Nile, mother of Egypt's greatness, Cook's luxurious Steamers and Dahabeahs are the paramount Transportation Service. Regular schedule commences Dec. 7 from Cairo to the First and Second Cataracts.

Let us give you full information

THOS. COOK & SON
WAGONS-LITS INC.
587 Fifth Avenue, New York

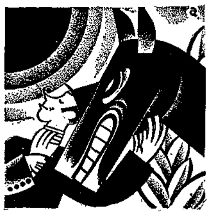
THANKSGIVING...
and a Vendôme Turkey
that is specially fed to taste better—especially prepared for you by the famous Vendôme chef—and generously stuffed with the delicious new Vendôme Pecan and Virginia Ham dressing.
The cost?—The butcher's price, plus $1.50 for the stuffing and roasting.
And all the tasty fixings to go with your dinner, available at exceptionally low prices.
Write for Catalogue N
Vendôme
Distinctive Table Delicacies
18 East 49th Street New York
WIckersham 2-2224

Not a Luxury—Actual Necessity

Tap & Game Rooms—Cellar or Pent House
O. CHARLES MEYER & CO., Inc.
37 & 39 W. 8th St. near 5th Ave. N. Y.
Correct paneled rooms $350.
Paint & Grain your room $100.
Real club and wing chairs $38 and $45.
Complete one room apts. $301; two rooms $563.
For those in search of quality

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Bigger and Better—
Jumpers vs. Riders
—Back in Belmont



IF the National didn't lead a whole procession of events around the corner, it certainly turned one itself. Maybe some of the horses that held sway in the old Garden were as good as a kind perspective has made them seem, but no show was ever better balanced than this year's. Devotees of the harness horse could feast their eyes on Seaton Pippin, Glenavon Trumpeter, and Field Adjutant (not exactly having it out, for the first is still in a class by herself); on four pairs for phaëtons with appointments all correct, the chief of which seemed to be a good-looking girl; on a half-dozen real top ponies, driven in all possible hitches—and even, briefly and unintentionally, in some impossible ones.

There was a lot of new blood in the saddle classes, and no foregone conclusions; everyone got his entry fee's worth of exercise, if not of ribbons. Jane Bancroft's good mare, Likely Lady, was going at the top of her bent and was all set to win several classes until she was stripped, whereupon she lost all her animation and personality, and looked like a tailless peacock. Little black Mountain Echo, after a summer of few shows and many victories, was more sparkling and captivating than ever, but his stablemate, the vaunted Mountain Pippin, was, alas, as inadequate as many another beautiful woman when asked to do something strenuous.

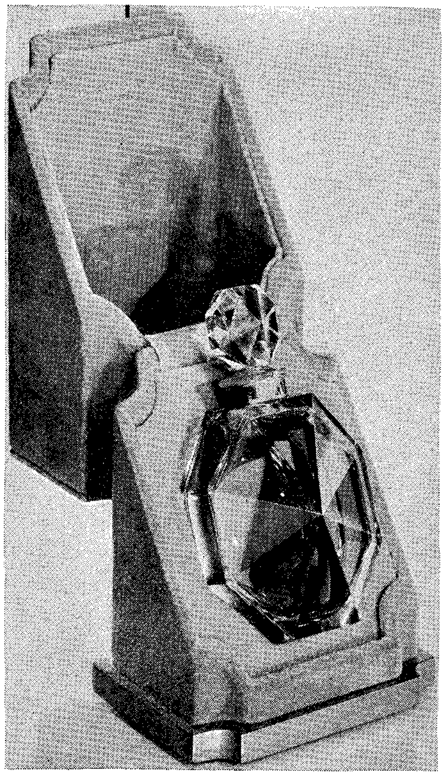
THE five-gaited horses, although they were a little out of their element of big and little colonels, Rebel yells, and mint juleps, and lacked a gallery pet like Sweetheart on Parade, were the best we Yanks had seen in our bleak clime. But the only classes that could empty the club rooms were the hunters. Never had so many grand, fresh horses been seen together, never had performances been so excellent, never had so many God-fearing people coveted their neighbors' goods. The famous Whitney grays more than lived up to their advance notices, the Gimbel string was well on their heels, and Alvin Untermyer's recently acquired

SURRENDER ✶

. . . She will, if you give it
He will, if you wear it . . .

Surrender, Ciro's exciting perfume, is now available in a smaller, new size—a gift as flattering to the giver as it is to the recipient. Provocative, glamorous, it seems a daring distillation of all moods: cool hauteur and tropic passion—elfin mischief and romantic languor. Surrender's fragrance subtly, thrillingly hints, "remember me!"

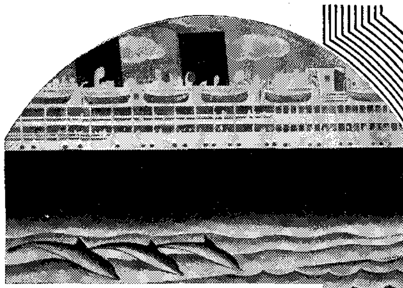
Surrender's package is itself a gift. A distinctive velvet case, mirror-lined, holds a jewel-faceted crystal bottle of flashing beauty. At all fine shops, as illustrated, $27.50; the smaller size, a lovely replica, is $15.



PARFUMS
CIRO
20, Rue de la Paix, Paris, France; New York: 565 Fifth Ave.

Enjoyable Economy to

FLORIDA and HAVANA



SAVE money and enjoy a swift, clean, healthful trip! Big modern liners. A delightful sea-jaunt, with deck sports, dancing, excellent meals and spacious staterooms with every convenience for comfort. Glassed-in promenades, handsomely appointed lounges, etc. Every feature included in the ONE LOW RATE.

Visit two celebrated winter resorts, MIAMI and HAVANA, on one trip.

Express service, New York to Miami without change. Overnight service between Miami and Havana. Also sailings to Jacksonville, calling at Charleston.

Wide Selection of Attractive All-Expense Cruises including

FLORIDA, HAVANA and TEXAS

AUTOMOBILES CARRIED

very low rates when accompanied

CLYDE-MALLORY *Lines*

545 Fifth Ave., New York
Boston Philadelphia Chicago
or Authorized Tourist Agents

AGWI LINES

Ulic looked and jumped like a dream. With such a rich display, the chances of having the spectators agree with the judges were about as good as those of filling a straight flush, and even the judges came out of the ring looking rather dazed.

The civilian jumpers were also excellent. They waded right into the combined armies of four countries and beat them thoroughly; in fact, whenever obstacles and barriers were involved, the man in the street stole the show. The American team seemed to have gone rather to pieces without its mentor, Major Chamberlain. The horses apparently had heard that "defences" were to be penalized and decided that a frequent and varied use of them would be the perfect way to satisfy whatever grudges they held against their riders. The French horses seemed to be even more erratic, and much less brilliant, than usual, and were entered in very few classes. This left the Irish and Canadians at the top during the first part of the show, a repetition of what had happened at Boston the week before.

THE United Hunts, after their trial of rural sports this spring, got right back to Belmont Park and out-and-out race horses, though to be sure one event in six called for hunters. The weather was cold, the wind blew, there were more photographers than subjects, mink coats were *de rigueur*, and favorites were beaten with clockwork regularity. Pete Bostwick was up on several, but in five races he never got that little more which spells victory. John Sanford's Golden Meadow won the Gwathmey Memorial like a real good horse and gave everyone a thrill, for there's nothing more satisfying to our picture-book minds than a gray out in front over turf and hedges.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

Mrs. Louisa Brown told police that the last thing she remembered before going to bed was seeing her mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Brown, smoking her pipe in a downstairs room.

Police say the pope probably started the fire.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Holy smoke.

•

One piece of furniture with 3 uses! Comfortable sofa, with 3 silk floss (kapok) filled cushions! Restful double bed! And twin beds, too! Change from one to the other in no time at all!—*Detroit Advertising News.*

Stop using exclamation points, will you?

Healthful days of Sport— AT LOW COST!

A resort's individuality combines the personalities of both its guests and those who serve them.

If you love healthful, outdoor sports, good times and good fellowship, you'll enjoy Pinehurst and find congenial companions there.

8 days *All Expenses* **$110**

This includes round trip railroad and Pullman fare from New York City; all meals, room and bath at Carolina Hotel, and full golf privileges. Leave any Saturday night.

Hotel rates equally reasonable for a shorter or longer vacation. For details, reservations or booklet, phone our New York Office, WIckersham 2-5577 (Hotel St. Regis) or write General Off., Pinehurst, N.C.

Carolina Hotel Now Open.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

The Barbizon

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Known for Faultless Attendance and Individual Service.

A Center of Arts and Social Activities.

Delightful Rooms, each with Radio—Swimming Pool, Gymnasium, Squash Court, Solarium, Music and Painting Studios.

At rates which harmonize with 1932 incomes.

As Little as $10.00 per week
As Little as $2.50 per day

140 East 63rd Street
Corner of Lexington Avenue
New York City
Write for Booklet C

PIN ONE DOLLAR to this advertisement and we will send you, postage free, a riotously funny MAP OF MANHATTAN in full color, on glazed linen. Size 26 x 20". Swell for your private bar or as a generous cocktail tray. That's it—do it *now!* Address Liveright, Inc., Publishers, 31 West 47th St., N. Y. C.

FOOTBALL

The Decline of the East

THE football we have seen hereabouts this autumn has supplied us with one sad conviction: the game is now more a pastime than a religion and it no longer arouses quite the fine collegiate frenzy it once did. There is still a loyal drunk in the row behind you at any stadium; his enthusiastic gurglings, though, are now more likely to be greeted with ennui than with applause. The goalposts fall after the game, but it is a fat alumnus who reaches the crossbars first, not a spry and stupid freshman. The truth is that the big colleges in the East, where football started, are growing the least bit tired of the game now that it is played more efficiently in the Midwest, on the Pacific Coast, and even in the South. The South is where football has most recently come into its own.

We have been meaning to make this point for some time and a correspondent kind enough to notice our failure to do so has sent us a description, by the Birmingham *News*, of a celebration in honor of Jimmie Hitchcock, who is captain of the Auburn team and a resident of Bullock County, Alabama:

> Following Auburn's great 19 to 6 victory over Tulane, a headgear was put on the Confederate soldier's monument in Union Springs, a football placed in his arms and he was called Hitchcock by the hundreds of admirers in Bullock County of the Plainsmen's flawless and inspiring captain.... The entire population of Union Springs and several hundred people from surrounding communities turned out for this gigantic occasion because they wanted to pay homage to the all-American playing of their idol, Jimmie Hitchcock, a fine Christian boy and a super athlete.

This is the kind of thing that Eastern football really needs. The statue of the Christian Student which used to stand on the Princeton campus has had a bottle placed in its arms; it has been draped with a cap and gown, a beer suit, and a frock coat that was supposed to be the property of a dean; but, so far as we know, it was not dragged from retirement and called upon to double for Captain F. Tremaine Billings after the Yale game last week. Until the unlikely day that such a thing occurs, it will be wiser, at intersectional games, to place your bets on outland teams.

WE do not mean to imply that the Yale-Princeton game was not a very spirited affair. It was, all things con-

BUSINESS &

Old Sue-&-Settle Man

A decision handed down last week by the U. S. Supreme Court showed that Old Man Venner is still at it. He knows what courts are for—rich old Clarence Venner does.

For half a century, Old Man Venner has been bringing suits, winning almost none of them and always making money. Shrewd lawyer, he first buys a few shares in a company, then ploughs his way through charters, by-laws, reorganization plans, indentures, until he turns up a crop of legal weeds. Company officials are duly informed of the irregularities. If they do not see fit to buy up his stock at a thumping good price, into the courts goes Mr. Venner, injured minority stockholder.

August Belmont once stated on a witness stand that James Jerome Hill's Great Northern had paid Old Man Venner between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000.

The New York Central would not

A taste of TIME—favorite magazine of 405,000 Intelligent Families

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

15¢ AT ALL NEWS STANDS • 135 E. 42ND ST., NEW YORK • YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $5

Loew's 72nd ST-LEXINGTON
BET. LEX and 3rd
Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Nov. 18, 19, 20, 21
JOAN CRAWFORD in "RAIN"
WALTER HUSTON
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Nov. 22, 23, 24
2—BIG FEATURES—2
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
"CABIN IN THE COTTON"
Bette Davis
Dorothy Jordan
and
"THEY CALL IT SIN"
Loretta Young—Geo. Brent

At 51st STREET
Fri., Sat., Sun., Nov. 18, 19, 20
JOAN CRAWFORD in "RAIN"
with WALTER HUSTON
Mon., Tues., Nov. 21, 22
"THEY CALL IT SIN"
Loretta Young—Geo. Brent
Wed., Thurs., Nov. 23, 24
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
"CABIN IN THE COTTON"
Bette Davis—Dorothy Jordan

American Premiere
WERNER KRAUSS
Europe's Foremost Character Actor
HERTHA THIELE
Star of "Maedchen in Uniform"
'Mensch Ohne Namen'
(The Man Without a Name)
with ENGLISH screen titles
A UFA Production
Little CARNEGIE 146 W. 57th St. | 35c to 1 P. M.

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM (Girls in Uniform)
"It is the year's ten best pictures rolled into one."
—William Boehnel, World-Telegram.
CRITERION THEATRE B'way 44 St.
TWICE DAILY 2:50 & 8:50
3 times Sat. & Sun.—2:50—6:00—8:50
Only Showing in Greater New York This Year

CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. Ev., Nov. 30, at 8:30
1st N. Y. Recital This Season
ITURBI
(Baldwin Piano)
Judson Mgt.

SHUBERT Theatre, 44th W. of B'way.
Eves. 8:30; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
AMERICANA
J. P. McEVOY'S NEW REVUE HIT!
COMPANY OF 80
with PHIL BAKER

SAM H. HARRIS Presents
"Dinner At Eight"
A New Play In Eleven Scenes
by
George S. Kaufman & Edna Ferber
MUSIC BOX Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40 sharp
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30

JOHN GOLDEN presents
WHEN LADIES MEET
by RACHEL CROTHERS
ROYALE Thea. W. 45th St., CH. 4-0144,
Eves. 8:45, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45

Opening TUES. NIGHT, NOV. 22
Cornelia Otis Skinner
THE EMPRESS EUGENIE
also Wed. Mat. & Eve. and Fri. Mat.
THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII
Thursday, Friday, Saturday Eves.—Sat. Mat.
LYCEUM, West 45th. Evgs. 8:50, Mats. 2:50

sidered, the most exciting game we have seen so far this season, almost a compendium of all the disturbing elements good football games should have with the single exception of spectacular runs, of which there were none. There was Purnell's fingertip catch of a forward pass and a Yale end's hairbreadth failure to catch one; there were two periods of stubborn "inside" football at the start of the game and two periods of gambling, opportunist football at the end. There were the usual schoolboy plays that every Princeton team picks up somewhere: a Statue of Liberty and a queer spinner, with the line so unbalanced as to appear demented, and the ball-carrier unable to reach the line of scrimmage. There was Yale's brisk march to a touchdown and the freakish way Princeton ends downed punts which the Yale safety man had carelessly expected to roll into the end zone. Twice McPartland of Princeton managed to start running the ball toward his own goal; Yale made no less than three goal-line stands. The spectacle of Yale taking the ball on downs at crucial moments was, in fact, growing slightly monotonous by the time Princeton, unable to score from inside the five-yard line, managed to get the tying touchdown from outside the twenty, on Kadlic's pass to Fairman.

WE like the informality that always manages to cling even to big games at Palmer Stadium, an informality which includes a dreamy Western Union boy who spends the afternoon riding his bicycle around the outside of the field, earnestly trying out his coaster-brake; a divertissement, part polo and part Prisoners' Base, in which an R.O.T.C. officer mounted on a spavined horse tries to ride down townies in the meadow at the open end of the Stadium before the townies can scuttle to shelter in the scaffolding under the stands; the moment of utter confusion on the Princeton bench when Bales discovers that a cleat has come off his shoe and an assistant manager has to borrow a new shoe that will fit him; and two college bands dressed in last summer's white flannels, with the bandleaders in topcoats instead of gold braid and brass buttons. There is nothing at the Princeton-Yale game to suggest the gorgeous, stylized spectacle that football has become in the South and West—except possibly the cheering sections, sharply outlined against a pepper-and-salt background, because polo coats, not coonskins, are now the proper football uniform for noncontestants. —R. L. T.

GILBERT MILLER presents
JUDITH ANDERSON in
FIREBIRD
By LAJOS ZILAHY
with HENRY STEPHENSON
Opening MON. EVE. Nov. 21
Empire, B'way & 40 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

PAULINE LORD in
THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN
"A genuinely witty, blissfully absurd play."—Atkinson, N. Y. Times.
with WALTER CONNOLLY
Henry Miller's Theatre, 124 W. 43 St.
Evenings 8:45. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:45.

MOROSCO Thea. 45th W. of B'way. Op'g SAT. NOV. 19
LEE SHUBERT, in association with BASIL DEAN Inc. presents
AUTUMN CROCUS
A New Play by C. L. ANTHONY
with
FRANCIS LEDERER PATRICIA COLLINGE

2nd Year
ELMER RICE'S SUCCESS
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW
with
PAUL MUNI
In his original rôle
PLYMOUTH Thea. W. 45th St. Lack. 4-6720
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

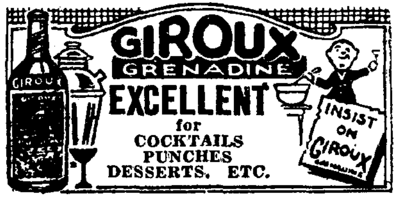
HERMAN SHUMLIN Presents
"CLEAR all WIRES!"
A New Play by Bella & Samuel Spewack
with THOMAS MITCHELL
"SHREWD SATIRE . . . A ROARING YARN."
—Atkinson, N. Y. Times
TIMES SQ. Thea. W. 42 St., Eves. at 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30.

Guthrie McClintic presents
CRIMINAL AT LARGE
by Edgar Wallace
Belasco—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Pulitzer Prize Winner 1931-32
"OF THEE I SING"
A New Musical Comedy with
WILLIAM GAXTON LOIS MORAN VICTOR MOORE
NIGHT PRICES:-ORCHESTRA
200 Seats $4.00, 500 Seats $3.00
46 St. Thea. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
The Good Earth
dramatized by OWEN DAVIS and DONALD DAVIS
from the PULITZER PRIZE novel by PEARL S. BUCK
GUILD THEA. 52nd St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30

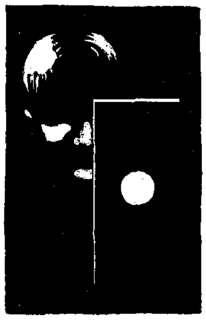
MARTIN BECK in association with Lawrence Langner and Theresa Helburn presents
CHRYSALIS
June WALKER Osgood PERKINS Margaret SULLAVAN
Humphrey BOGART Lily CAHILL Elisha COOK, JR.
Eves. $1.10 to $3.30 incl. Opening Night
Thurs. Mats. 55c to $2.20. Sat. Mats. 83c to $2.75
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45 St., W. of 8th Ave.



GIROUX GRENADINE
EXCELLENT for COCKTAILS PUNCHES DESSERTS, ETC.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Grim and the Gay



IN "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," the movies have not been timid or tentative or silly. They have very deliberately and honestly given us a substantial account of life in Southern prisons, where it would seem that none of the amenities of modern prison reform is allowed. The picture is convincing. There can be no doubt that the makers of it are informed as to the routine in the prisons, and their claim that they were assisted by men who knew both sides, the prisoner's and the keeper's, of existence in these places seems obviously true. This account appeared in the *American Mercury*, and it was written by a man still in hiding: an escaped convict, just as is the hero of the piece itself. The documentary quality of the original reminiscence is not lost on the screen. It is a ruthless picture, a shocking one, an instructive one.

PAUL MUNI plays this convict who escapes twice; the first time to make a place and career for himself before his identity is discovered by the police, the second time to vanish into the dark abysses of the underworld, of refugees from justice, and, of course, of contributors to the *American Mercury*. The prison scenes have a convincing ring about them: the flogging of the men, the blazing days on the hillside breaking stone, the misery of the bunk rooms, the nastiness of the mess rooms—all this is really stirring, and the escapes (especially the ingenuity of the first) are exciting. For his rôle as a bum, as a prisoner, as a victim, Paul Muni is well qualified. It seems to me that he conveys well the sense of abuse but that he never quite suggests the man of enterprise; of the enterprise either to crash through the bounds of such restrictions as he does here twice or, having escaped, to advance with quite such facility to a position of importance in the engineering world. There is a softness of temper about his whole behavior, even in the moments of violence, which the circumstances hardly warrant. This very quality, though, is to his advantage at the end, and the tragic conclu-

Apartments

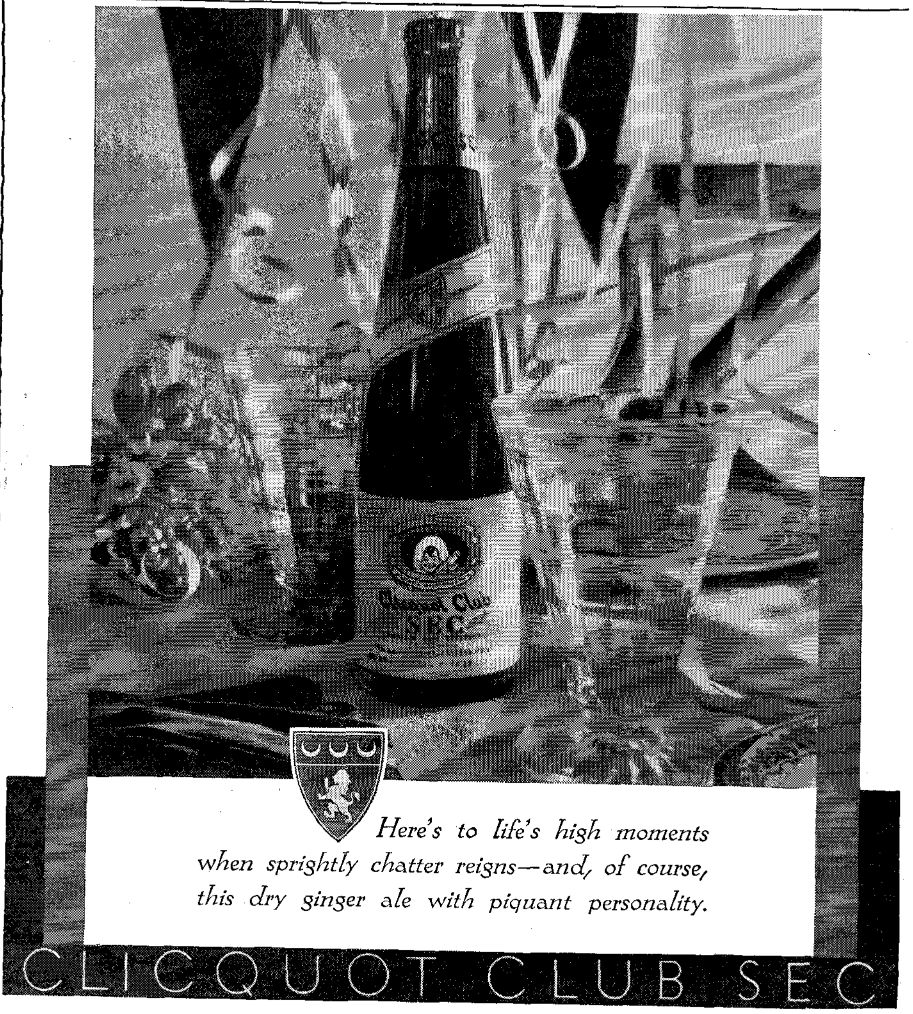
The Plaza, located on Fifth Avenue at the entrance to Central Park . . . accessible to shops and theatres . . . surface and subway transportation at the door . . . unusually spacious rooms, high ceilings . . . apartments of any size desired.

The Savoy-Plaza is just across the Square . . . new and worthy counterpart of The Plaza . . . offering everything requisite to a discriminating patronage . . . serving pantries in every suite. The moderate rentals make both of these hotels desirable as your winter residence.

The PLAZA
NEW YORK
FRED STERRY
President
JOHN D. OWEN
Manager

HOTELS OF DISTINCTION

The SAVOY-PLAZA
NEW YORK
HENRY A. ROST
President


Here's to life's high moments
when sprightly chatter reigns—and, of course,
this dry ginger ale with piquant personality.
CLICQUOT CLUB SEC

Alfred Nelson Co
Established 1888

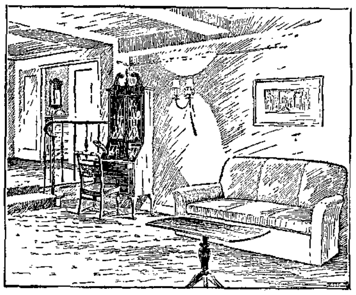
TAILORS AND
BREECHES MAKERS

WINTER
OVERCOATS
NOW $125

CUSTOM TAILORED
to Individual Measure
from Finest Materials

580 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Ten
PARK AVENUE



2 Rooms $95
26 ft. dropped living room with railed gallery

3 Rooms $125
All apartments with complete outside kitchens

Also 4 rooms, terrace and penthouse apartments

Furnished if desired.
Hotel Service Available

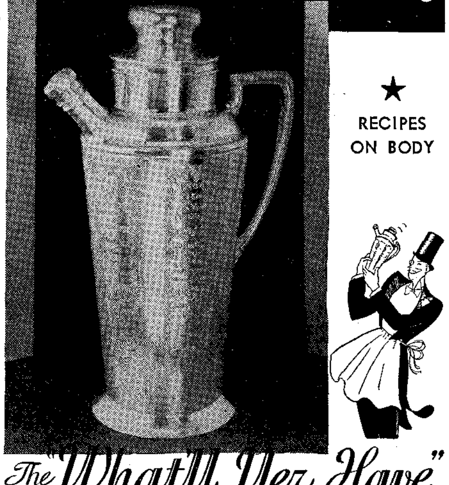
sion gains force by it. Altogether, the picture is one to give alarm to experts in penal matters, and it may well warn us not to be indiscreet in Georgia.

ANOTHER picture very much on the grim side of things, one remarkable for its photography and for its authenticity, is "Kameradschaft," at the Europa. Based on the Courrières coal-mine tragedy of 1906, in which fourteen hundred French miners lost their lives, it gives us the doings in a mine when a crash comes: the fumes, the shadows of figures, the falling of the shoring, all beautifully adapted to that sombre taste of the Germans. Something is made also, carried even to the point of symbolism at times, of the feeling of real friendship underlying the surface hostility of the French and the Germans on the border, a subject remote and beyond our provincial New York concern.

ALL the pictures this week are not definitely lugubrious. In fact, "Trouble in Paradise," one of the amusing comedies of the season, considerably relieves the general tension. Ernst Lubitsch and Herbert Marshall together, with proper help from the ladies Hopkins (Miriam) and Francis (Kay), present an item about a couple of scamps and their vivacious purloinings which is all very ornate and glittery, with Venice and Paris for the appropriate background. Herbert Marshall, also appearing in a watery, nitwit piece on the gigolo theme called "Evenings for Sale," brings a genial manner to the screen. Without making any great fuss about it, he manages to be a likable person, one of those finished comedians England sends us now and then for our pleasure. There is the René Clair imagination in "Trouble in Paradise," but Lubitsch picks his inspiration wisely. The thing is light, anyhow, which is a rarity; so light that you are a little surprised now and then that the characters don't suddenly burst into a song or swing around and give us a little dance number. Instead, they make love with gallantry and rob each other with a pretty ease, which is enough.

IN "Mensch Ohne Namen," you can have a momentary glimpse of the lovely Hertha Thiele of "Maedchen in Uniform," but otherwise you won't be much regaled, and you will find that the man has had a name with us for a long time and that the name is Enoch Arden. —J. C. M.

18 ways to become A GOOD MIXER!



★ RECIPES ON BODY

The "What'll Yer Have" BEVERAGE SHAKER

Has 18 grand recipes embossed—*actually!*—on its gleaming sides to show you HOW. Beautifully fashioned of fine Apollo Quality Silver Plate (inside and out). Holds 1½ luscious quarts. Has large practical inside strainer. A gift to rejoice the heart of any amateur bartender. At your favorite dealer. $7.50

BERNARD RICE'S SONS, INC.
NEW YORK CITY

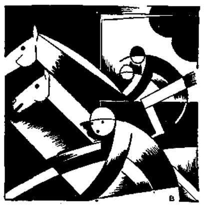
GARFEIN'S
REAL OLD-FASHIONED
AMERICAN THANKSGIVING
TURKEY DINNER
100% KOSHER
Served from 11 to 9 $2.25 per person
—Advt. in N. Y. Times
Like the Pilgrim Fadders used to eat?

Please note that our address is omitted, above. It's:
10 Avenue A, *at 1st Street*
And we'll mention that this year's price is $1.75 per plate—not $2.25;
—and that the Pilgrim Fadders never ate a finer dinner;
—and that a 'preview' tonight will give you a rare experience, a new taste treat: the zest of fine Kosher cooking.
GARFEIN'S
Reservations: DRydock 4-3297

WOMEN
who realize the necessity of having only the best, particularly in an instance of such personal importance, should visit the only continuous daily
DEMONSTRATION
of the new
SELF-SETTING PERMANENT WAVE
L'ondulation Indéfrisable
The cost is $7.50 and no further upkeep is required.
by JULIAN
world's leading authority on the art of the Self-Setting System and exclusive representative in America and Canada. Awarded French Prize.
Suite 1803 Chanin Building
122 E. 42nd St. LExington 2-3918
La Permanente des élégances

THE RACE TRACK

Bowie Hopes — Luck and the Two-Year-Olds—Pot au Brooms



Bowie always brings one back to earth with something of a thud—and I don't mean the train ride to the course — after the pleasantness of going racing at Pimlico. Still, no one will mind even the tipsters and crab-cake vendors, and the people who eat beside the track, if winners are easy to find. The big stables are taking an interest in purses this year and will race right through to the end, for it looks like a hard winter.

THE last important races for two-year-olds left a trail of irritation behind. Swivel won the Pimlico Futurity, and the fat purse that went with it, after showing a gameness (she was kicked several times) and stamina that overcame her opposition in the last two furlongs. I had not paid much attention to her since she was beaten by White Lies at Belmont Park this May and let her stable down badly in the Lassie Stakes at Arlington. Still, when it was all over, I remembered how well she had run to finish second to Notebook in the Selima Stakes. If one played numbers—and who at the Maryland tracks doesn't?—well, Swivel was No. 13. Curiously enough, this was the number on the saddlecloth of Kerry Patch in The Futurity at Belmont Park.

On the whole, the Pimlico Futurity was not a truly run race. Not that Repaid should have won. He suffered less in the tangle at the first turn than most of the others and was in front turning for home, but once he'd gained his advantage, he failed to hold it. I don't recall another race in which two-year-olds were so well bunched at the end of seven furlongs. I daresay there were not ten lengths between the first and the eighteenth horses as they turned into the straight. From my perch in the crow's-nest, they looked—pardon the comparison—like a pack of hounds at the start of a run.

ONE must have a lot of luck to win races like these, and Joe Widener's was out at Pimlico, for his Golden Way might have won the Futurity and

• THE GIFT OF THE YEAR •

THE INTERNATIONAL KADETTE Radio

THINK of it—a radio so small—so light—you can carry it like a camera.

The only radio that operates on any 110-volt circuit, A C or D C—25 or 60 cycle current.

And yet, in spite of its tiny size it gives forth full-volume programs—crystal clear and with superb tone. It's a distance-getter, too. It will bring in stations for hundreds of miles.

The Kadette Radio is the hit of the season. Everyone wants one, either for their own enjoyment or as a gift for—

✓ **The business man**—hides away in the desk drawer, unseen but ever-ready.

✓ **The traveling man**—gives him full radio entertainment wherever he goes.

✓ **The student**—ideal where space is limited, and you needn't consider electric current conditions—just send one.

✓ **The convalescent**—much enjoyed because it sets right by the bedside where it can be easily operated.

✓ **The home**—perfect for the bedroom, guest room, kitchen, sunroom, library, or recreation room.

✓ **The traveler**—the Kadette operates aboard ship and an inexpensive adaptor makes it suitable for 220-volt current prevalent in European countries.

See this sensational little radio. For sale at leading department stores, sporting goods, radio, music, electric dealers and others. You will marvel at its compactness—its portability—and performance.

Cased in genuine bakelite—choice of colors. Special de luxe model for boudoirs and pastel shades harmonizing with any decorative treatment.

Price complete with tubes $\$25^{00}$
De luxe and special colors slightly higher

Distributed in New York City and vicinity by
E. B. LATHAM & CO.
250 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Telephone Algonquin 4-2200

INTERNATIONAL RADIO CORPORATION
26 William Street • Ann Arbor, Michigan

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

The New Yorker
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription for The New Yorker—

☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$7.00

(Canada, 1 year $8.10; 2 years $13.20; Foreign, 1 year $6.00, 2 years $9.00)

Name..

Address..

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

I loved you Wednesday..
but that was before your hair turned Gray!

..A woman is just an optimist if she expects a man to withstand the blow of silvered locks. Frankly, gray hair is the time-honored badge of age ... it is hardly the charm to sear a man's heart — or bedazzle his board of directors.

..Clever women have learned to recolor gray hair with Notox. This new scientific method is undetectable—never gives your hair that artificial dyed look! Instead of crusting the hair with a plate of dye, Notox colors your hair inside the shaft where nature does. That's why Notoxed hair looks so soft, lustrous and natural, no matter how much you wave, wash or sun it!

..Remember you can use Notox even for those first gray strands. Its artful shades blend indistinguishably into your own natural color!

..The best hairdressers use Inecto Rapid Notox exclusively. Or buy it at any smart shop. Resent a substitute. No product *like* Notox exists.

Send for free copy of the fascinating booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE," and the address of a convenient beauty shop that features Notox. Write Dept. 36, Inecto, Inc., 33 W. 46th St., New York

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX
Colors hair inside where nature does
Salon: 33 W. 46th St. • Consultation Free • BRyant 9-7387

the Walden Handicap with better fortune—and better handling. In both races Golden Way was a long way behind half a mile from home. In the Futurity, he had to fight his way through to finish a length behind Swivel; while in the Walden, his saddlecloth was snatched by Coltiletti, on Garden Message, at the most important moment of his run—and interference of this sort unsettles a horse more than bumping. Of course, Golden Way was placed second by the disqualification of Garden Message, but there was little consolation in that. Sam Riddle's smile, incidentally, was positively beatific after his War Glory led all the way in the Walden.

Mate was not quite good enough to win the Riggs Handicap, although he beat Blenheim, who had beaten him for the Whitney Plate, by more than twenty lengths. White Clover II pegged Mate back at the end of a mile and a half, and is a horse to have on your side for the handicaps to come at Bowie. He'll be a grand jumper next year.

THIS department may give an award for the most badly named thoroughbred of the season. At the moment, I think the prize should be an elementary French grammar, to go to whoever christened Pot au Brooms, who is by Pot au Feu from Broomiola. I believe the Jockey Club, through its registrar, exercises a sort of vicarious censorship over the names of thoroughbreds. That is to say, one may not register one of three words or of more than fourteen letters, or name a horse after a trademarked article. It seems too much to hope that a little imagination and good taste should also be required. Why not a Better Names for Horses Week some time in February?

COLONEL TANTIVY MARTINGALE has declined to improve the breed of the thoroughbred, suh, at Bowie (you can't bet buttons in the mutuels) and is writing a monograph on how to tell cooked diamond-back terrapin from the lesser breeds.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

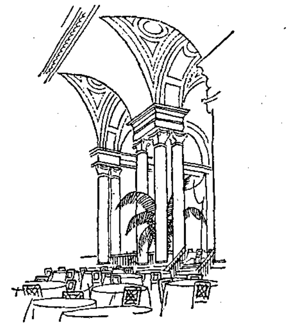
America's Foremost Lady Ventriloquist
EMILY WALTERS
(Formerly of Vox and Walters)
Is At Liberty to Hear from Good Male Ventriloquist
Address: 2630 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.—*Adv. in Variety.*

Somewhere a voice is calling.

Not A Bad Suggestion!

If you're tired of looking at apartments that don't suit ... why not get tired of overlooking one that will?! ... ESSEX HOUSE is not only not expensive, its rents are not even adequate . . . and in any event, it doesn't cost anything to talk the matter over!

ESSEX HOUSE
160 Central Park South
ALBERT AUWAERTER, *Manager*
Terrace Apartments, Duplex Penthouses
1 TO 4 ROOMS FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED
GUEST SUITES BY DAY • WEEK • MONTH
Telephone: CIrcle 7-0300



GEORGIAN ROOM
is now open for
LUNCHEON ONLY

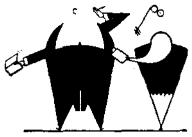
The
GRILL NEPTUNE
for
DINNER *and* SUPPER
with DANCING

Music by WILLIAM SCOTTI and the Hotel Pierre Orchestra

HOTEL PIERRE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET
REgent 4-5901
CHARLES PIERRE, *Managing Director*

THE ART GALLERIES

Marin—Miró

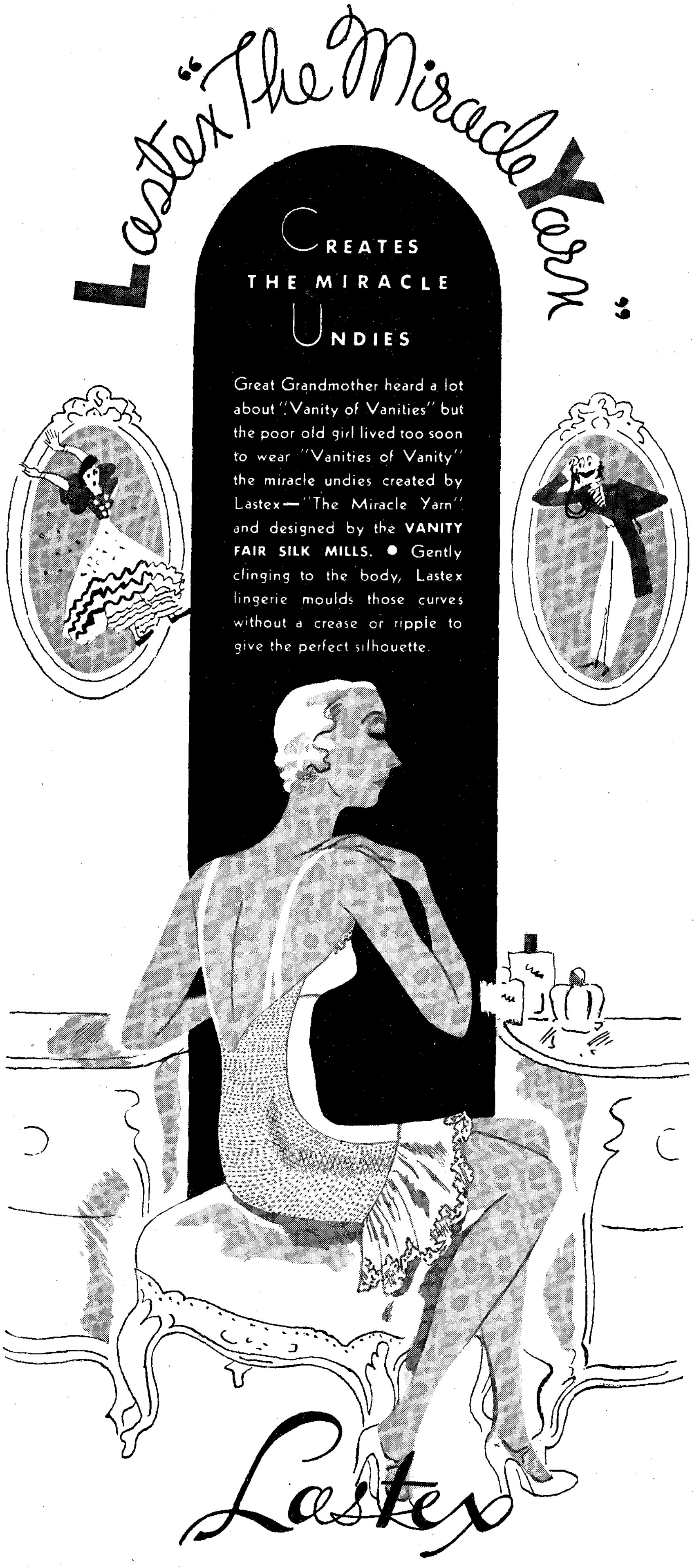


THE John Marin show is now on at An American Place. Need I say that Marin is the most significant and poignant and accomplished landscape-painter of this generation in America? In truth, Marin occupies a place similar to that which Ryder had forty years ago. He goes his own way and quietly keeps his own gait; no art is freer from echoes and fashions than his, with its curious inner feeling of the movement of buildings and mountains or the heave and push of sailboats, with its daring short-cuts and its emphatic complexities of statement.

In method, Marin is at the opposite pole from Ryder; instead of clinging to a single picture for a decade, like the older artist, refining, readjusting, laboring tenderly toward the last right stroke, Marin until last year worked in water color and carried to the limit its swift economies. When he does not completely hit the mark, he follows Manet's happy advice and tries again; for he is inexhaustible both in his capacity to be stimulated by landscape and in his ability to respond with appropriate invention.

LAST year, Marin abandoned the medium in which he has no contemporary rival: he showed a series of oil paintings. While one sympathized with his impulse to master a new set of technical problems, in most of the paintings last year one could find nothing that Marin had not already said better in water color. One still felt in the treatment of the pictures the method of water color, but what was spontaneity in one medium was thinness and superficiality in the other. In oils, Marin was plainly a novice, and the question was: Was the change worth the effort?

Marin's oil paintings this year are a pretty complete refutation of one's doubts and distrusts; they have a quite different story to tell. He not merely demonstrates a mastery of the medium, but in his seascapes and his more or less abstract interpretations of New York he extends the range of his art by a couple of octaves; in these pictures, he uses color to achieve a depth and solidity that was possible in his



CREATES THE MIRACLE UNDIES

Great Grandmother heard a lot about "Vanity of Vanities" but the poor old girl lived too soon to wear "Vanities of Vanity" the miracle undies created by Lastex—"The Miracle Yarn" and designed by the **VANITY FAIR SILK MILLS.** ● Gently clinging to the body, Lastex lingerie moulds those curves without a crease or ripple to give the perfect silhouette.

1790 BROADWAY NEW YORK

DRINKS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Let's make it a gay, old-fashioned holiday! Here's how...

Imported

HOLLOWAY'S
LONDON DRY

The only genuine imported distilled gin (non-alcoholic). The same as of old except minus the 45 per cent alcohol, in order to comply with the law.

"NUYENS" VERMOUTH

For delicious *dry* cocktails and other drinks use this French vermouth, made and bottled in France. Non-alcoholic but with that real matchless zest.

"NUYENS" GRENADINE

For cocktails, punches and other mixed drinks, you need this famous flavouring syrup, made in France since 1802. It tastes better and goes further.

DYKAREE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Here's the secret of the delightful Bacardi flavoured cocktail... 1 part lime or lemon juice, 1 of Dykaree, 3 of Holloway's London Dry; shake with ice.

NUYENS CORDIALS—Creme de Menthe... Creme de Cacao... Maraschino... Apricotelle. *Also from Paris, the celebrated* Grand Marnier...*and delicious* Old Fashioned Cocktails. *From Germany, world-famous* Gilka-Kümmel.

AT GOOD FOOD SHOPS

Sole U. S. Agents:
B. B. Dorf & Co., Inc., 350 West 31st St., New York

THE
STAGE

Searching and forthright critique of the play, it points you to the plays you want to see.

Entertaining in text, with the trivia in theatre news, the gossip and chit-chat of stage personalities, it enriches your pleasure in the plays you see.

Opulent in illustration, it renews your enjoyment in the plays you saw.

25 cents
on principal newsstands

earlier work only by linear emphasis. Is it an accident that some of these oils have, also, the special warmth and intimacy that comes through the presence of living creatures in the foreground?

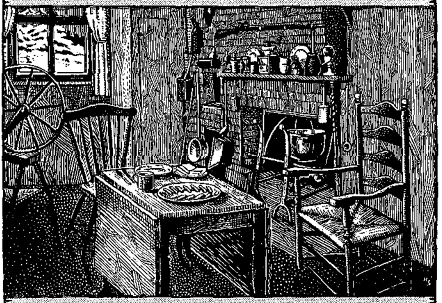
A few years ago, Mr. Waldo Frank could write: "The fact that Marin . . . paints a world without men and women is a symbol." But now the symbol has changed, even as the medium has changed; the lyricist, filling his lonely mood with images of sea and mountain and skyscraper, no longer rejects man's presence: the foregrounds are populated. No one has given better than Marin the queer, dismayed excitement of being alive in the streets of New York; no one else has such a magical way of turning the passive remoteness of a scene into an event—something one not merely sees but lives through. There are three or four pictures in the present exhibition that seem to me at the very top of Marin's accomplishment—and I know of no one today in America who has climbed higher.

MR. PIERRE MATISSE has followed his show of Maillol's drawings, pure examples of fine draughtsmanship and great beauty of line, with the drawings of Joan Miró. Miró's art stands in accidental but ultimate contrast to Maillol's. His paintings are arrangements in lines and rectangles of color; some of the drawings are teasing linear elaborations that haunt one, as the puzzles of one's childhood did, with faces that cannot quite be seen and suggestions of members that dissolve into something else. Miró's drawings are witty and amusing; and wit and amusement have their place in art. (For which reason a glance at Max Ernst's Surréaliste capers at the Julien Levy Gallery is in order.) But Miró's drawings are also a little repetitious; and repetition has small place in wit and amusement.

Such a refinement of abstraction finally brings the painter to the point where the Dutch artist, Mondriaan, has carried his art: a white rectangle cut in four by two black lines. When the last black line has been taken away, the art will have reached its final purity of form: it will be nonexistent. In the case of both Miró and Mondriaan, I am not ready to say, with the little boy in Hans Andersen's fairy story, that the Emperor has no clothes. I would merely remark, with an eye to the gray November sky, that the Emperor must be rather cold.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

GETTING READY FOR THE THANKSGIVING BREAKFAST



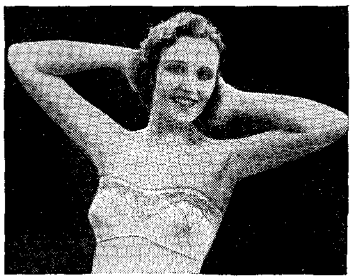
In the old Vermont Kitchen—even before Milo and Sally Crane Jones moved to Fort Atkinson in 1834—sausage made from the old Jones recipe was prepared for the family's Thanksgiving Breakfast.

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

Made from Succulent Pork Roasts and choice cuts of Wisconsin porkers —seasoned with home ground spices—
ALL MEAT VALUE with NO WASTE

Place a Standing Order With Your Jones Dealer

Most Little Pigs go to Market
BUT
The Best Little Pigs go to Jones
Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson, Wis.



Modern art in corsetry

With the New Concave Waistline.
EVENING BRASSIERES
Strapless and with the uplift bust.
Prices in accord with present conditions

Circle 7-5655

Miss Eleanor inc.
(Formerly with Mme. Binner.)
44 West 56th St. New York

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH

by Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University 5 years and who has trained over 4,000 secretaries at the

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1450 Broadway at 41st St., N. Y. City

REPLY, IN KIND

[A RESPONSE TO MR. ARTHUR GUITERMAN'S POEM, "SWEARING OFF."]

Dear Arthur: Though your verse in THE NEW YORKER
Was fine—indeed, it really was a corker—
And though it brought a ray of true amusement
To one whose life is burdened with assessment,
To one who's really far more taxed than taxing,
Whose source of greatest joy lies in relaxing
The wrongs and sorrows of his fellow-men,
Yet must I, spite of that, take up my pen
To show you where you're wrong, where you get off,
And make you pray before you've time to scoff.

If you'd but had the grace to come and call,
Would I have kept you waiting in the hall,
Twirling your hat and fidgeting your toes
And counting up your assets and your woes?
No! I'd have ushered you into my den,
Offered a cigarette, produced a pen,
Commented on the weather, said: "Sign here.
That's that. And now, some time, a chat, a bite, some beer?"

Or had you come along instead of writing
A most sarcastic piece of verse, indicting
Me and the rest of us who sat up late
Tearing our hair and wondering how to state
What were the capital and assets true
Of a successful writing man like you,
You would have learned what tact and good will lurk
Behind the "Taxes and Assessments" smirk.

We rated you on what you didn't own, we must admit,
But had we based our estimate on your chief asset, wit,
Your tax would have exceeded even Mr. Morgan's own.
So now you see you've very little reason for your groan.
If you'll come down to lunch some day, I'll give you a sensation.
Based on your asset (see above), I'll grant you cancellation.

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE,
Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments, City of New York

• •

PACKS OF SEALYHAMS

"IN England," remarked the sickle-mouthed young man from Prague, "you hunt the fox with packs of Sealyhams."

Mrs. Craig-Higgs, sitting with her stitchery at the opposite side of the grate fire, went instantly taut. Her definite profile went up. Her stitchery went down. Her mouth opened. No words came.

She had had her misgivings about the young man from the moment her son, Cosmo, had fetched him in. A young man named Czys! There was something not quite—not quite reconcilable in a young man named Czys, Johann Czys, sitting in the drawing-room of The Boltons, South Kensington, London, S.W.7. All the same, there he sat, an extr'ord'n'ry young man indeed, his little mouth clamped in its moon-shaped smile, his eyes bulging, his whole appearance rather like one of those amazing insects who can project their eyes at one.

"I read it in a book, Madame," he went on in his precise English, his words clear as bells in the shocked silence. "The book explained all about foxhunting in England, Madame, and about the wonderful packs of Sealyhams." Sealyhams? Yes, there was no doubt about it now. He had said Sealyhams. Mrs. Craig-Higgs' ears rushed out, you might say, to embrace the word—unbelieving, dismayed, yet not misled. Eternity went by before she could bring herself to speak, and even then her voice was hoarse with shock. She said: "Did you say *Sealyhams?*"

Mr. Czys shot his eyes out a little further. How bright they were! How too interested! How un-English! He even projected his boat-shaped

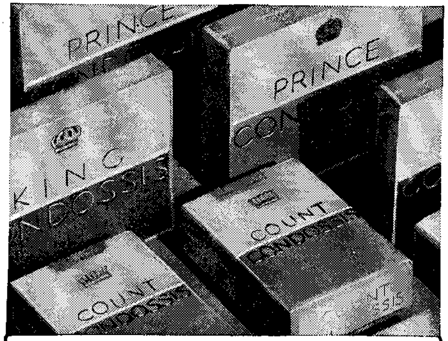
IN AN INGRAIN

THE SILK IS DYED FIRST

SLIP your hand into a Propper *Ingrain* stocking, and see how clear in texture it is . . . how smooth and even the tiny stitches are ● That's because, in an *Ingrain* stocking, the silk is dyed *before* the stocking is made... (most stockings, you know, are made first and then just "dipped" in dye) ● It makes a real difference! Because they are clearer, these lovely Propper *Ingrain* stockings look sheerer than they are — and you have a stocking that wears and yet is *incredibly* flattering ● Ask to see the Propper *Ingrain* at . . . $1.65

PROPPER
INGRAIN
HOSIERY

CHRISTMAS CIGARETTES
for the Cultivated Taste



we will send them
BY MAIL

Of course you never thought of cigarettes because *most* cigarettes are so commonplace. BUT CONDOSSIS cigarettes . . . that's very different!

A gift of CONDOSSIS is not only supreme evidence of your own cultivated taste but a gracious compliment to the cultivated taste of the person who receives them.

Formerly created for royalty and a select group of epicures, CONDOSSIS cigarettes have been made available to all who would appreciate the fine taste and aroma of choice Macedonian tobacco and its perfect blending with selected domestic leaves.

CONDOSSIS cigarettes are packaged with a magnificence that truly befits the purple. The sheer elegance of the special Christmas packages creates an anticipation of rare smoking pleasure that is most faithfully fullfilled.

You can secure these exceptional cigarettes at most clubs and hotels and in the better shops, but in order to accommodate readers of the *New Yorker* who may have difficulty in securing them conveniently, we offer this opportunity to purchase them direct . . . by mail. Check your requirements on the coupon below which gives package sizes and prices.

Members of the Royal Family

COUNT CONDOSSIS	20 FOR 20c
KING CONDOSSIS	10 FOR 25c
PRINCE CONDOSSIS	10 FOR 15c

CONDOSSIS
TOBACCO CORPORATION
305 East 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $..............for which please send me Condossis cigarettes as follows:
COUNT CONDOSSIS (a blend)
( ) Special Xmas Packet of 100 at $1.00 each $........
( ) Cartons of 10 packets—200 at $2.00 each $........
PRINCE CONDOSSIS (Pure Macedonian)
( ) Special Xmas Packet of 100 at $1.50 each $........
KING CONDOSSIS (Pure Macedonian)
( ) Special Xmas Packet of 100 at $2.50 each $........
ROYAL FAMILY SAMPLER
( ) Contains 20 each of Count, Prince, King
Price, $1.00 $........
Total

Postage prepaid in the United States and possessions.
Minimum Order $1.00

Name____________________
St. and No.____________________
City__________State__________
Please write your dealer's name on margin below

body forward a little, too, out of the chintz-covered chair, as though he hoped to bridge the short yet boundless interval between them. Mrs. Craig-Higgs was briefly conscious of the darkish shelves of bound volumes of "The History of the Rifle Brigade" back of his alien bullet-head. He was now saying: "I can't remember the name of the man who wrote the book, but I do know he was English."

Mrs. Craig-Higgs' response came sharp as a pistol shot. She said: "No!"

"Oh, but yes. I am sure," said Mr. Czys.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs drew her chin in. Her eyes narrowed. From her tweed knees her stitchery was slipping in little jerks toward the floor. "Reahlly!" she said. "But, reahlly, Mr.— Mr.—"

"Czys," said Mr. Czys, smiling his smile. "The book said that—"

"My late husband," put in Mrs. Craig-Higgs in ringing tones, "was a celebrated Master of Fox Hounds."

"Splendid! Then you will be able to tell me something I did not quite understand about the Sealyhams, Madame."

"My dyah young man! What—what an extr'ord'n'ry idyah—what—the fox—Sealyhams! Are you familiar with the construction of the Sealyham, young man?" Words were inadequate, and Mrs. Craig-Higgs, drawing herself back and up till she seemed almost towering out of her chair, resorted to pantomime. She shot out a long tweed arm. She said: "The fox!" The arm described a swift, clean arc, like a fox skimming across the Midlands. "A Sealyham!" The arm went placidly galumphing, galumphing, until it was stopped in the middle of a galumph by the sickle-mouth saying: "*Packs* of Sealyhams, the book said, Madame."

MRS. CRAIG-HIGGS stood up and then swooped to rescue her stitchery. "Will you kindly excuse me? My son will rejoin you immedjatly." She nodded formally and swept tweedily toward the door, turning on the draughty threshold to say: "Do you know what would happen to a Sealyham that dared touch an English fox, young man? He'd be shot. The people of England would shoot him!"

"The fox?" asked Mr. Czys.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs opened her mouth. No words came, only a kind of hoarse gasping. She went out. She closed the door very firmly. Going along upstairs, she could see the moon-shaped smile moving on ahead of her, like the grin of the Cheshire cat.

—FRANCES CRANE

Your Signature—
TO SERVE YOU BETTER!

You register at some hotel—and go about your business.

But—what happens in an emergency? You're a stranger in a strange city. You need quick action. You have no time to answer personal questions—to establish yourself. Why chance finding yourself in a complicated position when you come to Chicago?

Write us on your letterhead. Ask for a Knickerbocker PREFERRED GUEST CARD. You become a friend—at once—a known and recognized personality. Your signature will help us serve you better. Write us *now!*

Chicago's HOTEL
KNICKERBOCKER
Walton Place (East of Michigan Blvd.)
Adjacent to the business section—
Yet away from the noise and grime.
Outstanding Accommodations - Low Rates

VISITING HOUSEMAN SERVICE

The same reliable, experienced Houseman will vacuum clean, polish floors, wash walls and woodwork, polish metal, etc., each week, each fortnight or each month at reduced rates.

•

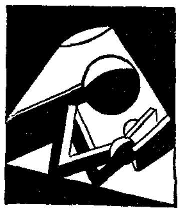
JOSEPH A. McANERNEY
COMPANY, INC.
"Care of Fine Homes"
872 LEXINGTON AVENUE RHinelander 4-5767

THE Surrey HOTEL
20 EAST 76th STREET
New York City

A smart residential hotel catering to the finest clientele. Short or long terms for furnished or unfurnished suites, at surprisingly moderate rentals.
OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT

BOOKS

Post-Civil and Pre-World War Times



OUR history perhaps has been too short as yet for it to contain many of those enigmatic and mysterious figures one encounters so often in Europe's past, but of those we do have, Mary Lincoln is certainly one of the most interesting. Her career was a succession of puzzling questions, to which research has only recently begun to find definite answers. How deeply was she involved—without the President's knowledge, of course—in the back-door schemes of contriving politicians? Was her life with Lincoln, and his with her, happy or unhappy? Or, to go further back to the greatest mystery of all, what was the explanation of those strange episodes leading up to their marriage—the courtship, and its sudden breaking-off; and the odd fact that, though she seemed to have done the jilting, he seemed to consider her the injured party; and the equally sudden reconciliation and marriage?

Even during her lifetime, rumor played constantly around her head. She was at heart a Secessionist, with three brothers in the Confederate Army. She was a Southern spy, keeping the enemy supplied with information about all the White House plans. She was a heartless wanton, spending fortunes on clothes while other mothers were sorrowing. Even after the assassination of Lincoln, scandal still pursued her, for the story spread that, in moving out of the White House, she had taken half its valuables with her; and one sees a culminating irony in the fact that, through all her peregrinations in the years that followed until she was finally committed, as insane, to an asylum, there was probably no one in the nation more hated than the widow of the martyred President.

Carl Sandburg, in his new book, "Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow," published by Harcourt, Brace, makes his way through this tangle of the incredible and the uncertain with a calm reason and a sound understanding. Much of the scandal that surrounded her has, of course, long ago been dispelled. She had, indeed, in a sense, three brothers in the Confederacy, but they were half-brothers, with whom she had had little to do, and anyway the Civil War was notoriously a great divider of the border families. Her extravagances and her making-off with White House property (though this charge was never proved) are both symptoms of the malady of her mind; and indeed it is now only too pitifully evident that all the actions that made her so reviled during her widowhood—her strange tales of persecution, the wild charges she directed against public figures, her flights here and there—would all now be instantly recognized and acted upon as evidences of approaching insanity. And again, Mr. Sandburg attacks the questions still open to dispute, such as the confusion surrounding her marriage, with a simple reasonableness and an understanding of the human values involved that do much to clarify the issues.

But it is as a story of the woman herself that I liked the book most. There are many works of historical importance on her life, but it is rarely that you encounter one that is lit by so sure a sympathy as this is. There is no overemphasis, no forcing of situations into melodrama — indeed, the story is so simply told as almost to make one forget the telling—but from it the figure of Mary Lincoln emerges as one too pitiful perhaps to be truly tragic, but moving beyond words.

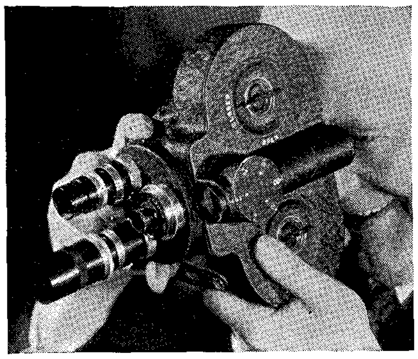
THE fourth volume in Mark Sullivan's series of memorabilia of the recent past, "Our Times," has just been published by Scribner. This one is subtitled "1909-1914," and deals with the events of that period. Though one may doubt the depth of Mr. Sullivan's observations, there can be no question of their scope, for in this book he manages to treat of almost every manifestation of American life during those years (the Carnegie bequests, the career of Irving Berlin, "September Morn," the decline of the corset, the rise of Henry Ford), all jumbled together in a way that is, in spite of its easy-going inconsecutiveness of method, sharply accurate in its detail. Also, there are illustrations that are sublimely reminiscent of the times.

This volume, too, has a special interest, for it deals at some length with the career of Theodore Roosevelt, both when he was President and afterward; and to this, and particularly to the Roosevelt-Taft imbroglio, Mr. Sullivan contributes a wealth of information, drawn from his close association

The world's finest home movie gift is a

filmo

. . . PERSONAL MOVIE CAMERA & PROJECTOR



● *The Filmo 70-D Personal Movie Camera, with three-lens turret head and seven film speeds, provides a versatility and flexibility which allows the merest novice to make professional-quality movies. $245 and up in Sesamee-locked case. Other Filmo Cameras as low as $92. Filmo Projectors, $135 and up. Bell & Howell pays the Federal tax.*

THE finest gift with which you could thrill your family this Christmas is a Bell & Howell Filmo Personal Movie Camera and Projector. Movies you make yourself—of family and friends—at home or on your vacations and travels—will provide endless pleasure, now and in years to come.

Filmo, being the finest, gives the finest personal movies. That's why it's the choice of kings, princes, world celebrities, and other discriminating personal movie makers. Yet it's the thrifty choice for any family, for *no Filmo has ever worn out!*

Filmos are amazingly simple to operate. To take a picture, sight through the viewfinder and press the button—and "what you see, you get." Showing movies requires but a moment to thread the film. Then, with a press of the button, life-like movies of your children, family, and friends flash on the screen in brilliant, theater-quality reproduction. Make *this* the greatest Christmas of all. Give the fine thing—Filmo.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration today, or write for literature. Bell & Howell Co., 1839 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill. New York, Hollywood, London (B & H Co., Ltd.) Established 1907.

• • •

Filmo Cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.) in the yellow box, available everywhere. Filmo Cameras and Projectors may be equipped (under license of Eastman Kodak Co.) for Kodacolor movies in full color.

BELL & HOWELL

FILMO

Made by the world's leading manufacturers of fine professional and personal motion picture equipment.

Professional Results With Amateur Ease

BELL & HOWELL CO., 1839 Larchmont Ave., Chicago
Gentlemen: Please send me your book on personal movie making equipment, "What You See, You Get."

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

We turn snapshots into

CHRISTMAS CARDS

UNUSUAL • INDIVIDUAL
AND NOT EXPENSIVE

THE simplest and most effective way to obtain a personal, unique, and appreciated Christmas card.

Choose the snapshot that will most interest or amuse your friends. Then bring the negative to one of our three conveniently located stores.

Our salesmen will help you design a smart photographic card—take entire charge of making it up, in any quantity you desire, by expert photographic methods.

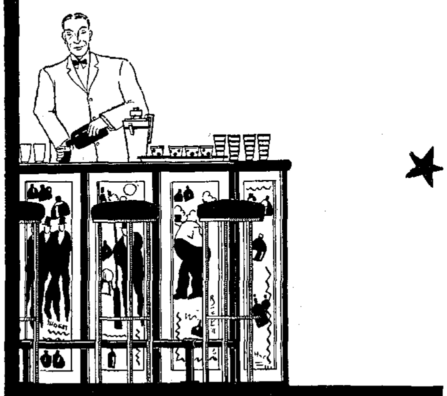
Surprisingly economical.

EASTMAN KODAK STORES, INC.

Madison Avenue at 45th Street
745 Fifth Avenue--Squibb Bldg.
235 West 23rd Street near 7th Ave.

KODAK

RENT A BAR
for that big night!



A TEN DOLLAR BILL covers a multitude of scintillating fun with this grand James Mont idea! A dashing smart bar is set up right in your home, completely installed for gay usage, gleaming chromium foot rail and all—for this insignificant sum. Mont rental service is just another phase of this handsome shop, where you can find decorative accessories and bars for the home with a really refreshing new spirit in design.

Bar-rental information by telephone

JAMES MONT INC

484 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK • WICKERSHAM 2-6471

with the political life of that period. All in all, the book is well worth having, as are the other volumes in the series.

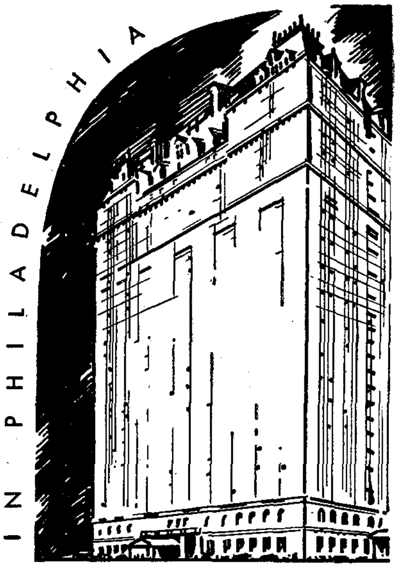
THERE'S a new Galsworthy book out, too: "Flowering Wilderness," published by Scribner. It has to do with the Charwell family (pronounced "Cherrell," please, and don't forget it), to whose doings Mr. Galsworthy has turned his interest, after having said nearly all there was to say about the Forsytes (pronounced "Forsytes").

I have never been one of Mr. Galsworthy's admirers, and this book does nothing to convert me, but it did at least help me to understand more precisely just why I don't like him. It seems to me now that, in spite of his undoubted expertness in the method of the novel, his work is made artistically almost unintelligible by a dismaying confusion in his conception of human values. One finds in him, anyway, so great a tendency to confound snobbishness with nobility, ostentation with pride, meanness with virtue, and bumptiousness with wit, that one is always a little at a loss as to just what he is driving at (his heroines seem like silly fools, his heroes like villains, and his villains like quite pleasant fellows), and one ends this book with a rather fuzzy feeling that perhaps if one had read it standing on one's head, one would have understood it better.

But maybe you like him. This new one is about Dinny Charwell (you know, the sister—wasn't she?—of the one that got mixed up with all those archeologists) and her rather melancholy love for the young poet, Wilfred Desert.

I WISH I had room to say more about "The Second Son," by Dominique Dunois, translated by Gladys Billings and published by Macaulay, a sombre but extremely sympathetic story of French village life and its mixed intrigues; and about "Men Are Like Street Cars," by Graeme and Sarah Lorimer, published by Little, Brown, a really lively and amusing little tale of sub-deb doings; and about "Hold Your Tongue," by Morris L. Ernst and Alexander Lindey, published by Morrow, which deals brightly and entertainingly with that incongruous mess, our libel laws, giving enough examples of strange laws and decisions to make your head swim.

But I must leave them to quote you a bit from Richard Halliburton's "The



● You will recognize in the distinguished atmosphere of the Bellevue-Stratford an unmistakable assurance of irreproachable service in every department. You will enjoy its beautiful appointments— and its location in the very center of business and social life. Rates are consistent with present times.

BELLEVUE
STRATFORD

● CLAUDE H. BENNETT, *Gen. Mgr.*

HOTEL MARGUERY

270 PARK AVE. *at* 47th ST.
WICKERSHAM 2-9000

SINGLE ROOMS $4 and up
With bath
DOUBLE ROOMS 5 and up
(Twin Beds) bath
SUITES . . . 10 and up
Living room, bedroom and bath

Restaurant
MARGUERY
NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE
RENDEZVOUS FOR DINING
ERCOLE MARCHISIO
Director

REDUCE
YOUR WEIGHT

Involves no dieting, no strenuous exercising nor drugs, 1 to 4 pounds lost per treatment, men and women. Doctor in attendance. Results guaranteed. Suite 1 E, 853 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. *CIrcle 7-2695*

Flying Carpet," published by Bobbs-Merrill, in which, it seems to me, an all-time high in sheer grotesquery is reached. Our dear Richard had been touring the world in an airplane painted gold and black and scarlet, but when he reached Venice the sight of all those canals down below was too much for him. So he landed, and with a companion (known as Whoopee, by the way) plunged into the Grand Canal and started swimming.

Even as he swam, however, the instincts of a travel-book writer didn't desert him; if you'll believe me, he paused now and then to view the points of interest along the way. But let him tell it. Aw, go on, let him:

"On down the Grand Canal we splashed, undismayed. [It was some floating refuse that had caused the dismay.] Palace after palace drifted by—pink ones and yellow ones, gray palaces and gold. . . . In one of these palaces Byron lived and loved; in another, Byron wrote much of his poetry:

> Open my heart and you will see
> Graved inside it, Italy.

"From a window farther down, Napoleon watched the water carnivals pass. In this palace Wagner first dreamed the glorious strains of *Tristan and Isolda* . . ."

So on they went, splashing and staring, until they reached the Rialto bridge, which "was in the process of rebuilding when Shakespeare wrote *The Merchant of Venice.*" There a policeman, unused to the Halliburton ebullience, nabbed them.

But isn't our Dick a card, though? Think of thinking of poetry at a time like that. —R. M. C.

READERS of THE NEW YORKER may be interested to know that Harper has just published "The Fifth New Yorker Album," a collection of drawings which appeared in this magazine during the past year.

•

Slice apples and cook in medium syrup until tender. To every cup of apple compote, add one quarter cup grape juice. Chill thoroughly and serve in sherbet glasses with a war.—*New Rochelle Standard-Star.*

We haven't paid for the last war yet.

•

It makes a bath that refreshes, relaxes, and stimulates! You step out of your tub ready to meet all comers.—*Soap adv. in the Sun.*

And meet them with a smile.

OPENING SATURDAY, JANUARY 7.

Whitehall
Palm Beach, Fla.
American or European Plan
Rates $10 up per day
Including Meals
Full Whitehall Standard of Service and Cuisine
New York Office-The Berkshire, 21 East 52nd St. "PLaza 3-5800"
MARTIN SWEENY, Manager

Speeded-up
NERVES?

■ Do you wonder why your wife says you're cross, and your secretary can't follow your nervous directions?

Maybe you're really ill. Again, maybe you've just overspeeded your nerves with too much caffeine, (the drug in ordinary coffee).

Caffeine causes your nerves to express themselves in irritability, sleeplessness, nervous indigestion.

Here's a way to enjoy both coffee and calm nerves. Try a two weeks' test of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag (caffeine-free) Coffee. Drink it morning, noon, and night. Double your usual number of cups if you like. You will still be enjoying the finest possible blend of Brazilian and Colombian coffees. But 97% of the caffeine, which is tasteless, is removed.

For a few days, your system *may* miss its caffeine. After that, you'll feel steadier, calmer,—and you'll still have all the healthful refreshment and flavor of that grand drink, coffee.

Ground or in the Bean . . . Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Vacuum packed. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back.

Sign, Tear Off and Mail This Coupon Now!

Try Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee. Buy from your grocer. Or, send 15 cents in stamps for a can of Kaffee-Hag. Use this coupon.

NYK 11.19
KELLOGG COMPANY, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me a can of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee (97% caffeine-free). I enclose 15c in stamps.
Mr. Mrs. Miss ....
Street ....
City ....
State ....

"By the way, George—are your shoes FLAT-BOTTOMED?"

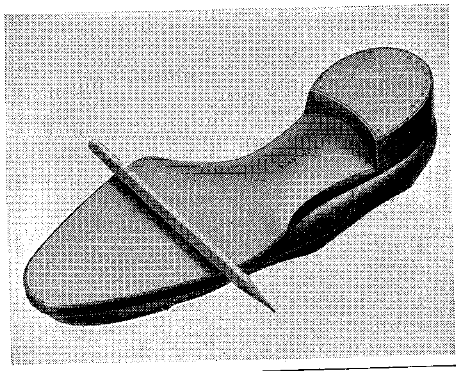
Flat bottoms are characteristic of genuinely fine shoes alone. » » »

The perfect leveling of the sole (as it should be for smartness, comfort and long wear) can be done only by fine shoe craftsmanship. » » »

It would be folly to employ such craftsmanship for ordinary shoes. Diamonds are not mounted in common brass rings. Therefore, to test the quality of a shoe, lay a pencil across the sole. If it's *flat*—you can be certain that the shoe will serve you economically and well. »

Try this test on Nettletons—sold by leading shoe merchants everywhere. A. E. Nettleton Co., H. W. Cook, Pres., Syracuse, N.Y.

TRY THE PENCIL TEST



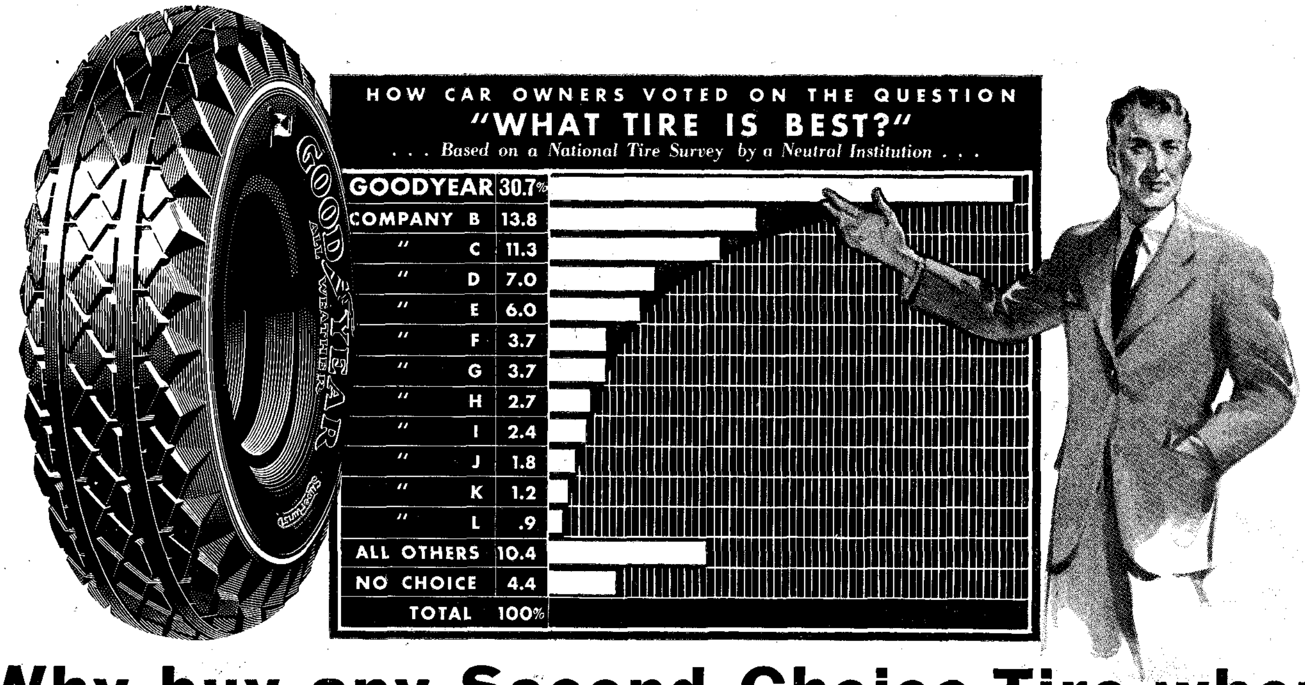
Nettleton

SHOES

NOW

\$8.50 TO \$14

Hand Stitched \$20



HOW CAR OWNERS VOTED ON THE QUESTION

"WHAT TIRE IS BEST?"

. . . *Based on a National Tire Survey by a Neutral Institution* . . .

GOODYEAR	30.7%
COMPANY B	13.8
" C	11.3
" D	7.0
" E	6.0
" F	3.7
" G	3.7
" H	2.7
" I	2.4
" J	1.8
" K	1.2
" L	.9
ALL OTHERS	10.4
NO CHOICE	4.4
TOTAL	100%

Why buy any Second-Choice Tire when FIRST-CHOICE costs no more?

IF YOU are looking for the greatest tire values which your good money can buy in this year 1932, here are a few simple truths worth knowing:

The only bargain worth buying is *the best tire you can get for the price.*

And *the best tire at any price is* GOODYEAR.

Who says so? The public which buys and uses tires. The public has voted Goodyear Tires best by a margin of better than 2 to 1.

A great and unbiased institution settled this question in a scientific, nation-wide, honest and disinterested survey.

The vote was taken in every state—in cities, towns and on farms.

The question was asked by mail—and nothing could shade or influence the answer.

The result checks with every investigation made by the leading publications of the country on a large enough scale to secure an accurate answer.

It checks also with the sales figures of the rubber industry, which well knows that *more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.*

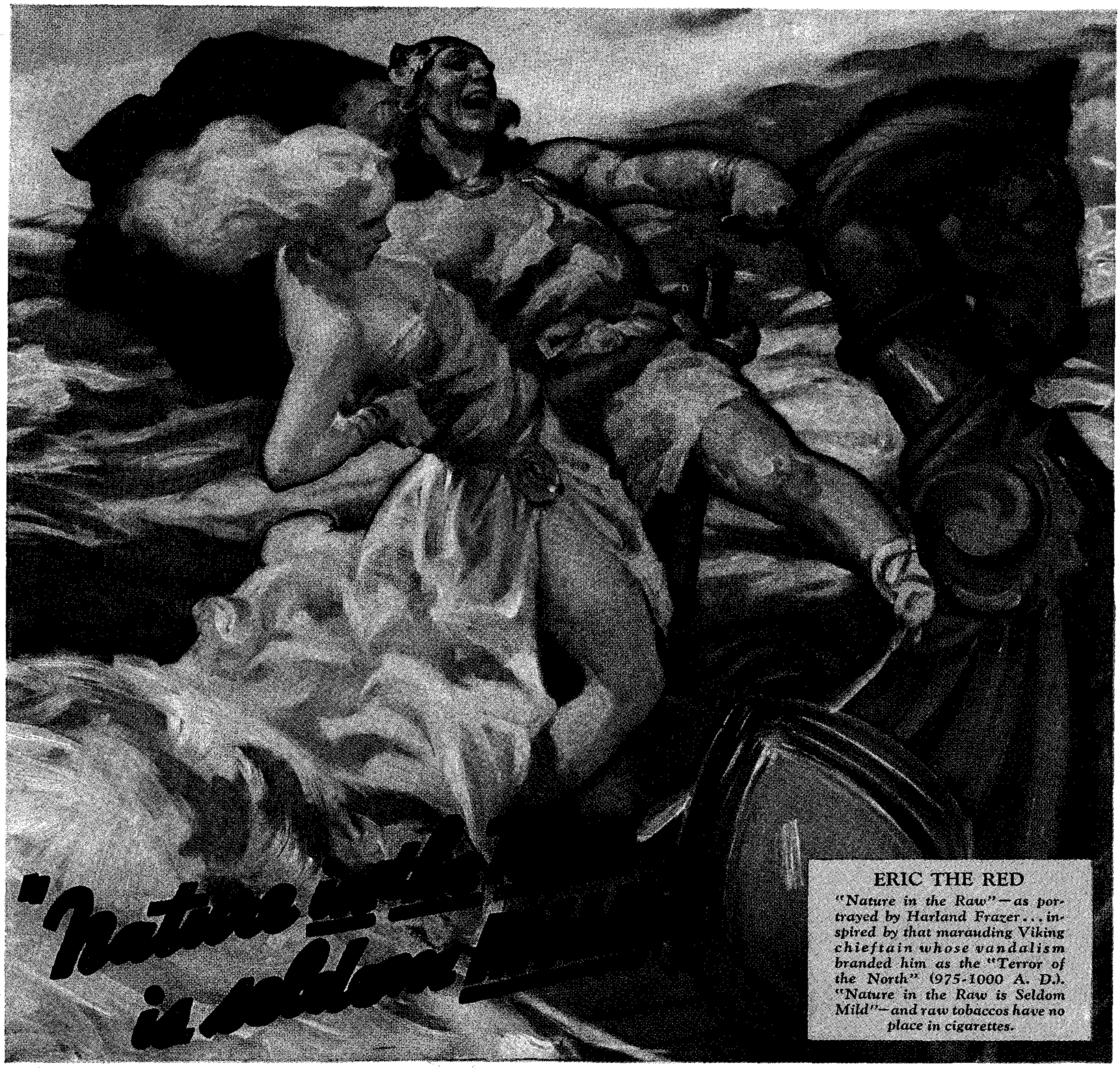
You can't set aside this *first-choice* if you're looking for the biggest combination of safety, comfort, value and long mileage you can get in a tire.

Knowing these facts, knowing their own happy experience, millions of motorists therefore say to themselves: "Why buy any *second-choice* tire when FIRST-CHOICE COSTS NO MORE!"

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1932, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



ERIC THE RED

"Nature in the Raw"—as portrayed by Harland Frazer . . . inspired by that marauding Viking chieftain whose vandalism branded him as the "Terror of the North" (975-1000 A. D.). "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes.

CIGARETTES

No raw tobaccos in Luckies —that's why they're so mild

WE buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world—but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard Lucky Strike as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that Lucky Strike purifying process, described by the words—"It's toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that Luckies are such mild cigarettes.

"It's toasted"

That package of mild Luckies

Copr., 1932,
The American
Tobacco Co.